SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXIII JUNE, 1918 NO. 6

THE YOUNG DEAD

BY MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT

THESE who were born so beautifully
Of straight-limbed men and white-browed, candid wives,
Now have walked out beyond where we can see;
Are full-grown men, with spent and splendid lives:
And these that only a little while ago
Without our help would stumble in steep places,
Need never our hands, stride proudly on, and so
Come to a dawn of great, unknown spaces.

O lithe young limbs and radiant, grave young eyes,
Now have you taught us beauty cannot fade;
This summer finds a rounding of the skies,
And all the summer night is overlaid
With calm, a strength, a loveliness, a lending
Of grace that will not go, that has no ending.

* * *

And I had planned a future filled with bright
Upstanding days that found and held the sun
Even where shadows are. When these were done,
Sleep, with a heart made curiously light . . .
I dreamed so much . . . as all men dream at night . . .
Of tasks, and the fine heat of them; the cool
That comes by dusk like color on a pool:
Now this is over and new things begun.

Now this is over, and my dreams are caught
Up in a great cloud terrible and unsought,
And all my hours, so straightly marked before,
Are blown and broken by the wind of war;
I only know there is no time for reaping;
The trumpets care so little for my sleeping.

* * *

After great labor comes great calm, great rest,
The wonder of contentment, and surcease,
And once again we feel the wind and see
A flower stirred, or hear, amidst the peace,
The inarticulate music of the bee:
Taste sweetness where sweat was, and, what is best,
Behind the veil that hangs across our sight,
One moment know the changelessness of light.

Copyright, 1918, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And so I have no pity for the dead,
They have gone out, gone out with flame and song,
A sudden shining glory round them spread;
Their drooping hands raised up again and strong;
Only I sorrow that a man must die
To find the unending beauty of the sky.

BRITISH WAR PICTURES

LITHOGRAPHS BY BRANGWYN, BONE, KENNINGTON, CLAUSEN, PEARS, NEVINSON, SHEPPERSON, ROTHENSTEIN, AND HARTRICK

HOW is England doing it?

One answer to this question is found in the series of lithographs by her foremost artists, selected examples of which are here reproduced. The British Government wanted a pictorial record of England during war time which should be permanent. Nine of her best draftsmen were appointed, each under a main heading to depict six subjects, the artist selected for each main subject according to his known ability to do that subject well. We have, then, in these lithographs the first attempt by a number of artists working in unison to put on record some aspects of Britain's activities during the Great War. The fact that nine men have covered nine different fields of labor does not mean that all fields of British activity in the war are covered. But enough of the field has been gone over to supply a varied and comprehensive view of the whole. Some of the artists represented in this series are well known to American art lovers. Among these are Brangwyn, George Clausen, Muirhead Bone, and Will Rothenstein.

As becomes a nation fighting on both land and sea, naturally the eye is first caught by the groups by Eric Kennington and Frank Brangwyn, A. R. A., entitled "Making Soldiers" and "Making Sailors." With a sure hand and a pleasing sympathy for "Tommy," Kennington shows him both in training and in the trenches.

The Brangwyn lithographs are a delight to all who love his powerful and colorful black and white, and doubly so in that they show a wonderful range of feeling.

Clausen and Bone plunge us into industrial activity. In "Making Guns" and "Building Ships" we see the stupendous machinery necessary.

Rothenstein strikes a softer note in "Work on the Land," as does Shepperson in "Tending the Wounded." The delicate tracery of Rothenstein's horses and his wonderful skies of white paper are a rest to the eye, while Shepperson's sympathetic but graphic story gives us food for sober thought.

And then Nevinson, the cubist, in his strong, modern "Making Aircraft," shows us the new and strange perspective of country and city over which the planes pass, with glimpses of their making.

One complete set of the lithographs has been presented to the Harvard Club of New York by Cambridge University, England, in memory of those Harvard graduates who have fallen in the army of the British Empire in the present war. Another complete set is to be sent to exhibitions throughout the United States.

To see these prints is to gain a much more intelligent and comprehensive idea of the way England is making war. Yet quite apart from this and the question of patriotic interest, the use of the simple, dignified, honest lithograph as a medium is, in itself, noteworthy. They have already drawn the attention of many of us in America to the interest and value of the lithograph as an art print; and as several of our own artists, commissioned by our Government to go to France to draw our own men and their efforts in the Great War intend to use lithography, we may hope to see this modest and beautifully honest medium come again into its own.

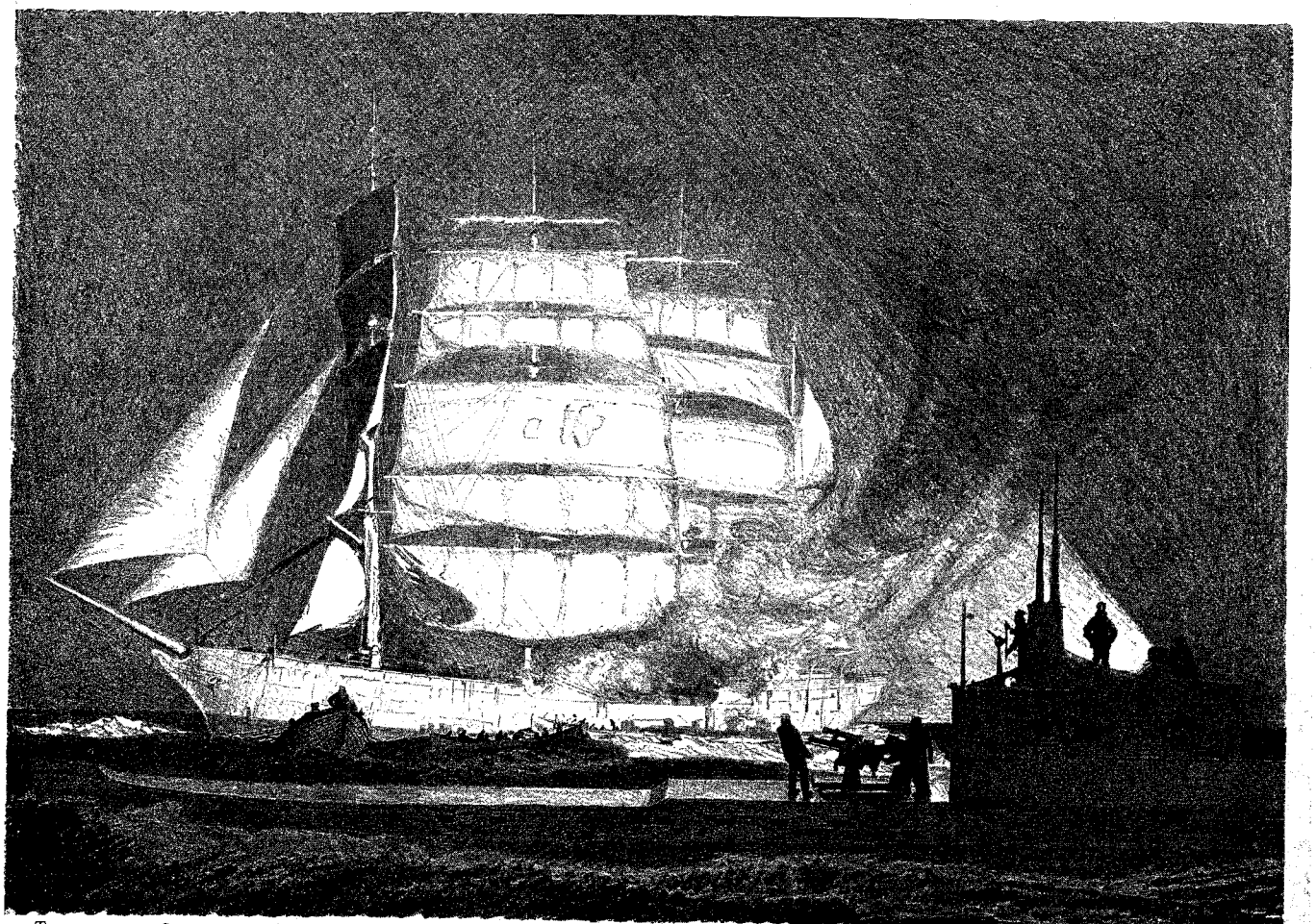
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAKING SAILORS.—FRANK BRANGWYN.

The Lookout.

The reality of the vigil which is being kept by the British fleet in the North Sea.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



TRANSPORT BY SEA.—CHARLES PEARS.

Maintaining Export Trade.

Even the old-time square-rigged ship is called upon to do her bit. This one has done hers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAKING SOLDIERS.—ERIC H. KENNINGTON.

Eric H. Kennington

In the Front-Line Trench for the First Time.

In the trenches the soldier's rifle is his life. It gets more care than many a lady's jewel. See the rag tied around the muzzle to prevent dirt or mud fouling the barrel in case it touches the side of the trench.

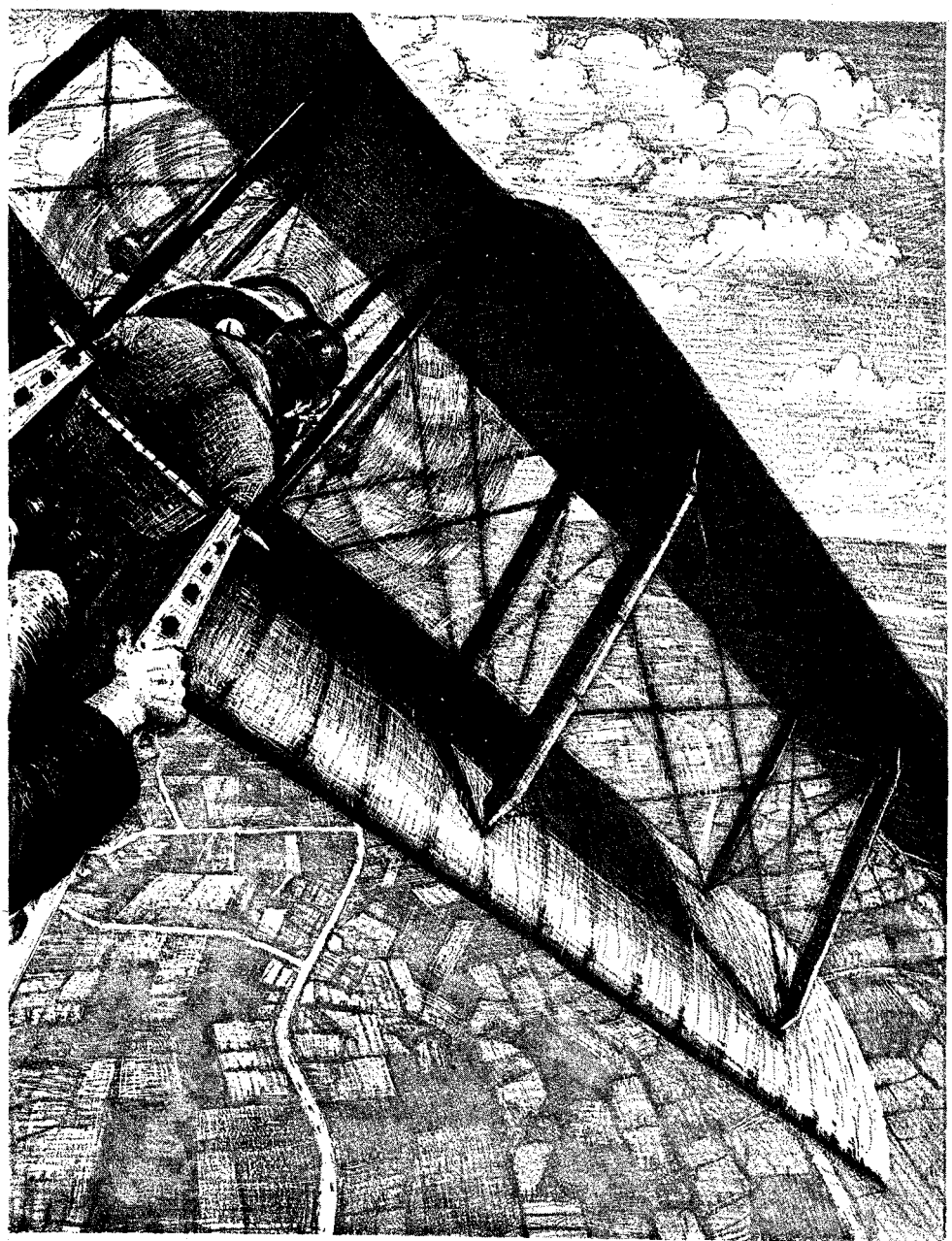
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TENDING THE WOUNDED.—CLAUDE SHEPPERSON, A. R. W. S.

Advanced Dressing-Station—in France.

In connection with this splendid sympathetic drawing by Shepperson, it is interesting to remember that he was first introduced to the American art lover by drawings in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for Roosevelt's articles on Cromwell.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

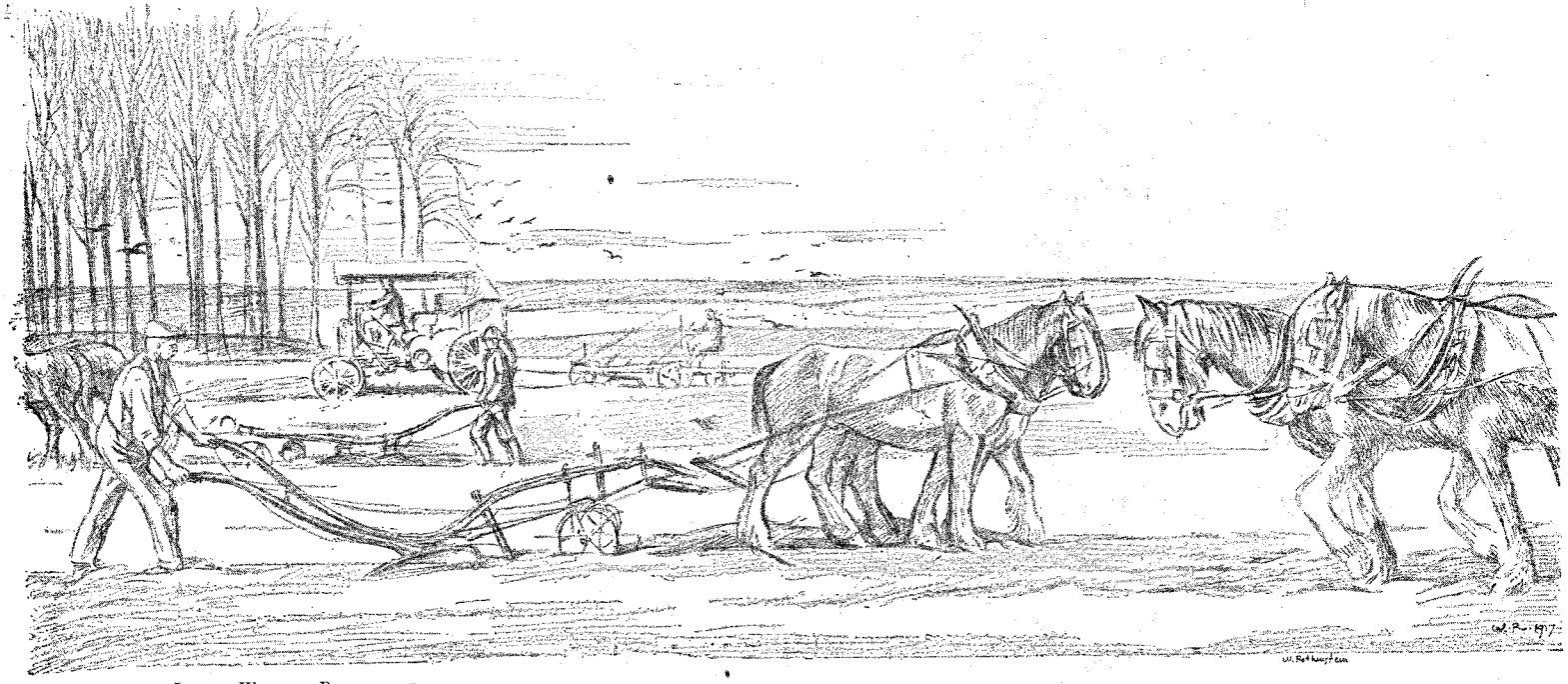


MAKING AIRCRAFT.—C. R. W. NEVINSON.

Banking at Four Thousand Feet.

The curious sensation of the man back of the pilot, of being motionless while the torque of the propeller in front is mad with motion and the flat checker-board of the earth swiftly comes and goes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WORK ON THE LAND.—WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN.

Ploughing.

A new kind of co-operation. The tractor sent by the authorities to help the small farmer and his horses in the spring ploughing.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WOMAN'S WORK.—A. S. HARTRICK, A. R. W. S.

On the Railways—Engine and Carriage Cleaning.

The new and very real woman of to-day, unmindful of her dirty, greasy man's attire, blithely strolling along, swinging her dinner-pail.

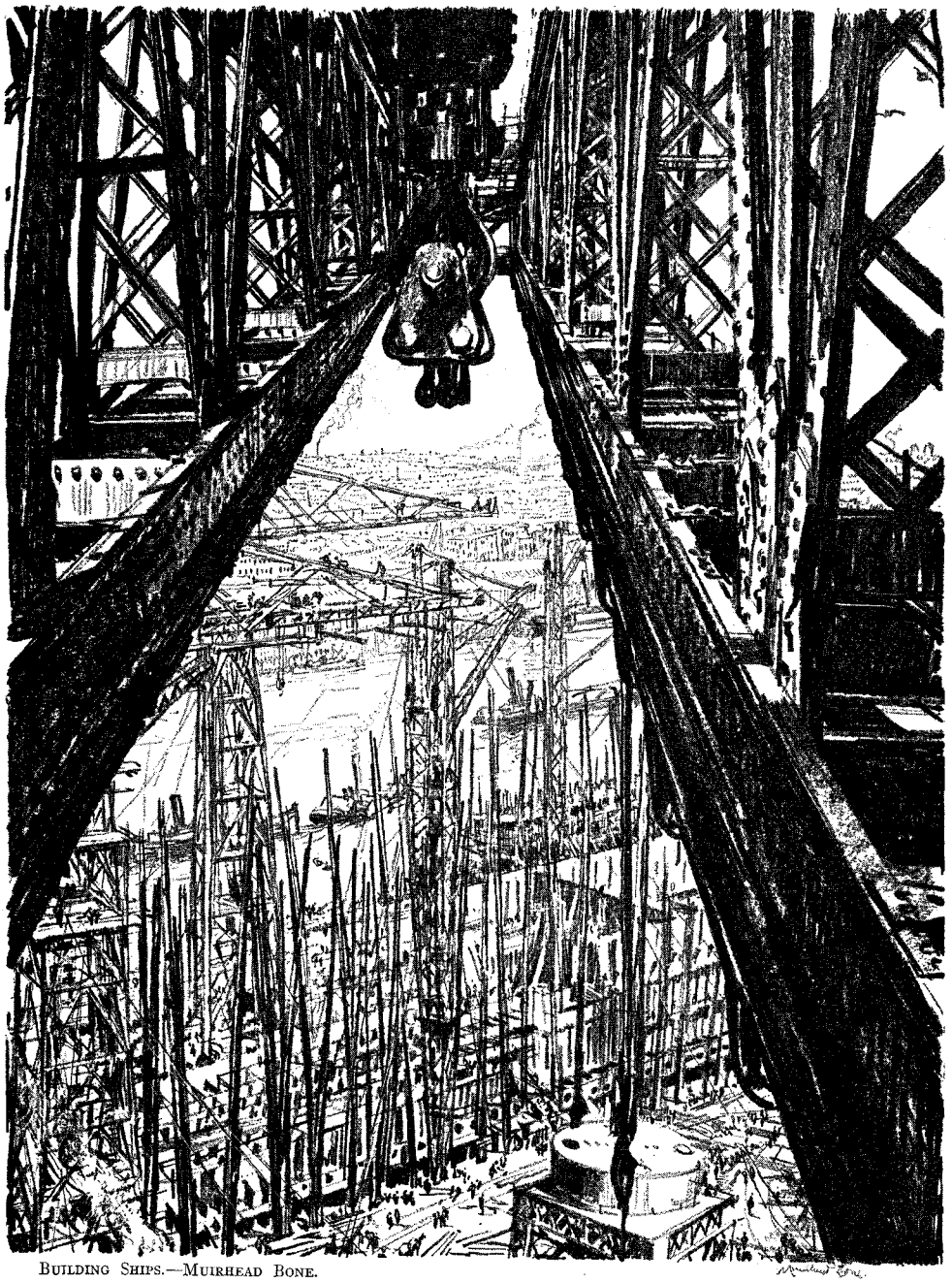
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAKING GUNS.—GEORGE CLAUSEN, R. A.

The Furnace.

A good example of Clausen's wonderful handling of light, and a most interesting use of scraping, a reversal of the usual process in lithography. Here the stone is covered with black, and the picture made by scraping.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BUILDING SHIPS.—MUIRHEAD BONE.

A Ship-Yard Scene from a Big Crane.

Distance and perspective force us to realize the vastness of this enormous piece of machinery which picks up a warship as we would an apple.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CHILD IN THE HOUSE

By Madison Cawein

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAUD TOUSEY FANGEL

I

When from the tower, like some big flower,
The bell drops petals of the hour,
That says "It's getting late";
For nothing else on earth I care,
But wash my face and comb my hair,
And hurry out to meet him there,
My father at the gate.

It's—oh, how slow the hours go!
How hard it is to wait!
Till, drawing near, his steps I hear,
And up he grabs me, lifts me clear
Above the garden gate.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

II

When curved and white, a bugle bright,
The moon makes magic of the night,
A fairy trumpet blowing:
To me this seems the very best—
To kiss good night and be undressed,
And held against my mother's breast,
Like snow outside that's blowing.

It's—oh, how fast the time goes past!
How quick the moments leap!
Till mother lays me down and sings
A song, and, dreaming many things,
She leaves me fast asleep.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"THE VALLEY OF DEMOCRACY"

VI—THE SPIRIT OF THE WEST

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

MUCH water has flowed under the bridge since these papers were undertaken, and I cheerfully confess that in the course of the year I have learned a great deal about the West. My observations began at Denver when the land was still at peace, and continued through the hour of the momentous decision and the subsequent months of preparation. The West is a place of moods and its changes of spirit are sometimes puzzling. The violence has gone out of us; we went upon a war footing with a minimum amount of noise and gesticulation. Deeply preoccupied with other matters, the West was annoyed that the Kaiser should so stupidly make it necessary for the American Republic to give him a thrashing, but as the thing had to be done the West addressed itself to the job with a grim determination to do it thoroughly.

We heard, after the election of 1916, that the result was an indication of the West's indifference to the national danger; that the Middle Western people could not be interested in a war on the farther side of the Atlantic and would suffer any indignities rather than send their sons to fight in Europe. It was charged in some quarters that the West had lost its "pep"; that the fibre had softened; that the children and the grandchildren of "Lincoln's men" were insensible to the national danger; and that thoughts of a bombardment of New York or San Francisco were not disturbing to a people remote from the sea. I am moved to remark that we of the West are less disposed to encourage the idea that we are a people apart than our friends to the eastward who often seem anxious to force this attitude upon us. We like our West and may boast and strut a little, but any intimation that we are not loyal citizens of the American Republic, jealous of its honor and security and responsive to its every call upon our patriotism and generosity, arouses our indignation.

Many of us were favored in the first years of the war with letters from Eastern friends anxious to enlighten us as to the importance of America's danger and her duty with respect to the needs of the sufferers in the wake of battle. On a day when I received a communication from New York asking "whether nothing could be done in Indiana to rouse the people to the sore need of France," a committee for French relief had just closed a week's campaign with a fund of $17,000, collected over the State in small sums and contributed very largely by school-children. The Millers' Belgian Relief movement, initiated in the fall of 1914 by Mr. William C. Edgar, of Minneapolis, publisher of *The Northwestern Miller*, affords a noteworthy instance of the West's response to appeals in behalf of the people in the trampled kingdom. A call was issued November 4 for 45,000 barrels of flour, but 70,000 barrels were contributed; and this cargo was augmented by substantial gifts of blankets, clothing for women and children, and condensed milk. These supplies were distributed in Belgium under Mr. Edgar's personal direction, in co-operation with Mr. Herbert C. Hoover, chairman of the Commission for the Relief of Belgium.

Many Westerners were fighting under the British and French flags, or were serving in the French ambulance service before our entrance into the war, and the opening of the officers' training-camps in 1917 found young Westerners of the best type clamoring for admission. The Western colleges and universities cannot be too strongly praised for their patriotic fervor displayed in meeting the crisis. One president said that if necessary he would nail up the doors of his college until the war was over. The eagerness to serve is indicated in the regular army enlistments for the period from June to December,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1917, in which practically all of the Middle Western States doubled and tripled the quota fixed by the War Department; and any assumption that patriotism diminishes the farther we penetrate into the interior falls before the showing of Colorado, whose response to a call for 1,598 men was answered by 3,793; and Utah multiplied her quota by 5 and Montana by 7. This takes no account of men who, in the period indicated, entered training-camps, or of naval and marine enlistments, or of the National Guard or the selective draft. More completely than ever before the West is merged into the nation. The situation when war was declared is comparable to that of householders, long engrossed with their domestic affairs and heeding little the needs of the community, who are brought to the street by a common peril and confer soberly as to ways and means of meeting it.

II

"The West," an Eastern critic complains, "appears always to be demanding something!" The idea of the West as an Oliver Twist with a plate insistently extended pleases me and I am unable to meet it with any plausible refutation. The West has always wanted and it will continue to want and to ask for a great many things; we may only pray that it will more and more hammer upon the federal counter, not for appropriations but for things of value for the whole. "We will try anything once!" This for long was more or less the Western attitude in politics, but we seem to have escaped from it; and the war, with its enormous demands upon our resources, its revelation of national weaknesses, caused a prompt cleaning of the slate of old, unfinished business to await the outcome.

It is an element of strength in a democracy that its political and social necessities are continuing; there is no point of rest. Obstacles, differences, criticism are all a necessary part of the eternal struggle toward perfection. What was impossible yesterday is achieved to-day and may be abandoned to-morrow. Democracy, as we have thus far practised it, is a series of experiments, a quest.

The enormous industrial development of the Middle West was a thing undreamed of by the pioneers, whose chief concern was with the soil; there was no way of anticipating the economic changes that have been forced upon attention by the growth of cities and States. Minnesota had been a State thirteen years when in 1871 Proctor Knott, in a speech in Congress, ridiculed the then unknown name of Duluth: "The word fell upon my ear with a peculiar and indescribable charm, like the gentle murmur of a low fountain stealing forth in the midst of roses, or the soft, sweet accent of an angel's whisper in the bright, joyous dream of sleeping innocence." And yet Duluth has become indeed a zenith city of the saltless seas, and the manufactured products of Minnesota also have an annual value approximating $500,000,000.

The first artisans, the blacksmiths and wagon-makers, and the women weaving cloth and fashioning the garments for their families in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri, never dreamed that the manufactures of these States alone would attain a value of $5,500,000,000, approximately a fifth of the nation's total. The original social and economic structure was not prepared for this mighty growth. States in which the soil was tilled almost wholly by the owners of the land were unexpectedly confronted with social and economic questions foreign to all their experience. Rural legislators were called upon to deal with questions of which they had only the most imperfect understanding. They were bewildered to find the towns nearest them, which had been only trading centres for the farmer, asking for legislation touching working hours, housing, and child labor, and for modifications of local government made necessary by growth and radical changes in social conditions. I remember my surprise to find not long ago that a small town I had known all my life had become an industrial centre where the citizens were gravely discussing their responsibilities to the artisans and laborers who had suddenly been added to the population. Here a handsome old residence that had been a "show place" was transformed into a home for factory girls.

The preponderating element in the original occupation of the Middle Western

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

States was American, derived from the older States; and the precipitation into the Mississippi valley industrial centres of great bodies of foreigners, many of them only vaguely aware of the purposes and methods of democracy, added an element of confusion and peril to State and national politics. The perplexities and dangers of municipal government were multiplied in the larger cities by the injection into the electorate of the hordes from overseas that poured into States whose government and laws had been fashioned to meet the needs of a homogeneous people who lived close to the soil.

The war that has emphasized so many needs and dangers has sharply accentuated the growing power of labor. Certain manifestations of this may no longer be viewed in the light of local disturbances and agitations but with an eye upon impending world changes. Whatever the questions of social and economic reconstruction that Europe must face they will be hardly less acutely presented in America; and these matters are being discussed in the West with a reassuring sobriety. The Chicago *Herald* (January 4), in discussing the programme of the British Labor party, said: "When the last gun is fired on the battle-field the first shot will be fired in an even vaster engagement. . . . Patriotism, clear vision, freedom from stereotyped modes of thought and human understanding will be absolutely necessary in the leaders of all classes."

The Industrial Workers of the World has widely advertised itself by its lawlessness, in recent years, and its obstructive tactics with respect to America's preparations for war have focussed attention upon it as an organization utterly inconsonant with American institutions. An arresting incident of recent years was the trial, in 1912, in the United States Court for the District of Indiana, of forty-two officers and members of the International Association of Structural Iron Workers for the dynamiting of buildings and bridges throughout the country. The trial lasted three months, and the disclosures, pointing to a thoroughly organized conspiracy of destruction, were of the most startling character. Thirty-eight of the defendants were convicted.

The influence of labor in the great industrial States of the West is very great, and not a negligible factor in the politics of the immediate future. What industrial labor has gained has been through constant pressure of its organizations; and yet the changes of the past fifty years have been so gradual as to present, in the retrospect, the appearance of an evolution.

There is no cause for believing that the West in these critical hours will not take counsel of reason. It is an interesting circumstance that the West has just now no one who may be pointed to as its spokesman. No one is speaking for the West; the West has learned to think and to speak for itself. "Organized emotion" (I believe the phrase is President Lowell's) may again become a power for mischief in these plains that lend so amiable an ear to the orator; but the new seriousness of which I have attempted to give some hint in the progress of these papers, and the increasing political independence of the Western people, encourage the belief that whatever lies before us in the way of momentous change, the West will not be led or driven to ill-considered action.

In spite of many signs of a drift toward social democracy, individualism is still the dominant "note" in these Middle Western States, apart from the industrial centres where socialism has indisputably made great headway. It may be that American political and social phenomena are best observed in States whose earliest history is so close as to form a background for contrast. We have still markedly in the Mississippi valley the individualistic point of view of the pioneer who thought out his problems alone and was restrained by pride from confessing his needs to his neighbors. In a region where capital has been most bitterly assaulted it has been more particularly in the pursuit of redress for local grievances. The agrarian attacks upon railroads are an instance of this. The farmer wants quick and cheap access to markets, and he favors co-operative elevators because he has felt for years that the middleman poured too many grains out of the bushel for his services. In so far as the farmer's relations with the State are concerned, it has given him a great many things for which, broadly speaking, he has not asked, notably in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

development of a greater efficiency of method and a widening of social horizons.

III

When the New Englander, the Southeasterner, and the Pennsylvanian met in the Ohio valley they spoke a common language and were animated by common aims. Their differences were readily reconcilable; Southern sentiment caused tension in the Civil War period and was recognizable in politics through reconstruction and later, but it was possible for one to be classed as a Southern sympathizer or even to bear the opprobrious epithet of copperhead without having his Americanism questioned. Counties through this belt of States were named for American heroes and statesmen—Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton, Marion, Clark, Perry—varied by French and Indian names that tinkle musically along lakes and rivers.

There was never any doubt in the early days that all who came were quickly assimilated into the body of the republic, or that any conceivable situation could ever cause the loyalty of the most newly adopted citizen to be questioned. The soil was too young in the days of Know-nothingism and the body of the population too soundly American for the West to be greatly roused by that movement. Nevertheless we have had in the West as elsewhere the political recognition of the race group—a particular consideration for the Irish vote or the German vote, and in the Northwestern States for the Scandinavian. The political "bosses" were not slow to throw their lines around the increasing race groups with a view to control and manipulation. Our political platforms frequently expressed "sympathy with the Irish people in their struggle for home rule," and it had always been considered "good politics" to recognize the Irish and the Germans in party nominations.

Following Germany's first hostile acts against American life and property, through the long months of waiting in which America hoped for a continuation of neutrality, we became conscious that the point of view held by citizens of American stock differed greatly from that of many—of, indeed, the greater number—of our citizens of German birth or ancestry. Until America became directly concerned it was perfectly explicable that they should sympathize with the people, if not with the government, of the German Empire. The *Lusitania* tragedy, defended in many cases openly by German sympathizers; the disclosure of the duplicity of the German ambassador; and revelations of the insidious activity and ingenious propaganda that had been in progress under the guise of pacifism—all condoned by great numbers of German-Americans—awoke us to a realization of the fact that even unto the third and fourth generation the fatherland still exercised its spell upon those we had accepted unquestioningly as fellow citizens and neighbors. And yet viewed in the retrospect the phenomenon is not so remarkable. More than any other people who have enjoyed free access to the "unguarded gates," of which Aldrich complained many years ago, the Germans have settled themselves in both town and country in colonies. Intermarriage has been very general among them, and their social life has been circumscribed by ancestral tastes and preferences. As they prospered they made frequent visits to Germany, strengthening ties never wholly broken.

It was borne in upon us in the months following close upon the 6th of April, 1917, that many citizens of German birth, long enjoying the freedom and the opportunities of the Valley of Democracy, had not really been incorporated into the body of American citizenship, but were still, in varying degrees, loyal to the German autocracy. That in States we had proudly pointed to as typically American there should be open disloyalty or only a surly acceptance of the American Government's position with reference to a hostile foreign power was profoundly disturbing. That amid the perils of war Americanism should become the issue in a political campaign, as in Wisconsin in April, brought us face to face with the problem of a more thorough assimilation of those we have welcomed from the Old World—a problem which when the urgent business of winning the war has been disposed of, we shall not neglect if we are wise. Wisconsin nobly asserted her loyalty, but the contest leaves us still a little numb.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the present state of feeling it is impossible to weigh from available data the question of how far there was some sort of "understanding" between the government at Berlin and persons of German sympathies in the United States that when *Der Tag* dawned for the precipitation of the great scheme of world domination they would stand ready to assist by various processes of resistance and interference. For the many German-Americans who stood steadfastly for the American cause at all times it is unfortunate that much testimony points to some such arrangement. At this time it is difficult to be just about this, and it is far from my purpose to support an indictment that is an affront to the intelligence and honor of the many for the offenses of scattered groups and individuals; and yet through fifty years German organizations, a German-language press, the teaching of German in public schools fostered the German spirit, and the efforts made to preserve the solidarity of the German people lend color to the charge. It cannot be denied that systematic German propaganda, either open or in pacifist guise, was at work energetically throughout the West from the beginning of the war to arouse sentiment against American resistance to German encroachments.

Americans of German birth have been controlled very largely by leaders, often men of wealth, who directed them in their affairs great and small. This "system" took root in times when the immigrant, finding himself in a strange land and unfamiliar with its language, naturally sought counsel of his fellow countrymen who had learned the ways of America. This form of leadership has established a curious habit of dependence, and makes against freedom of thought and action in the humble while augmenting the power of the strong. It has been a common thing for German parents to encourage in their children the idea of German superiority and Germany's destiny to rule the world. A gentleman whose parents, born in Germany, came to the Middle West fifty years ago told me recently that his father, who had left Germany to escape military service, had sought to inculcate these ideas in the minds of his children from their earliest youth. The sneer at American institutions has been very common among Germans of this type. Another young man of German ancestry spoke of this same contemptuous attitude for things American. There was, he told me, a group of men who met constantly in a German club-house to belittle America and exalt the joys of the fatherland. Their attitude toward their adopted country was condensed into an oft-repeated formula: "What shall we think of a people whose language does not contain an equivalent for *Gemüthlichkeit!*"

As part of the year's record I may speak from direct knowledge of a situation with which we were brought face to face in Indianapolis, a city of nearly three hundred thousand people, in a State that has been for two decades the centre of population of the United States. Indiana's capital, we like to believe, is a typical American city. Here the two tides of migration from the East and the Southeast met in the first settlement. A majestic shaft in the heart of the town testifies to the participation of Indiana in all the American wars from the Revolution; in no other State perhaps is political activity so vigorous as here. It would seem that if there exists anywhere a healthy American spirit it might be sought here with confidence. The phrase "He's an honest German" nowhere conveyed a deeper sense of rectitude and probity. Men of German birth or ancestry have repeatedly held responsible municipal and county offices. And yet this city affords a striking instance of the effect of the preservation of the race group. It must be said that the community's spirit toward these citizens was the friendliest in the world; that in the early years of the European war allowances were generously made for family ties that still bound many to the fatherland and for pride and prejudice of race. There had never been any question as to the thorough assimilation of the greater number into the body of American democracy until the beginning of the war in 1914.

When America joined with the Allies a silence fell upon those who had been supporting the German cause. The most outspoken of the German sympathizers yielded what in many cases was a grudging and reluctant assent to America's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

preparations for war. Others made no sign one way or the other. There were those who wished to quibble—who said that they were for America, of course, but that they were not for England; that England had begun the war to crush Germany; that the stories of atrocities were untrue. As to the *Lusitania*, Americans had no business to disregard the warning of the Imperial German Government; and America "had no right" to ship munitions to Germany's enemies. Rumors of disloyal speech or of active sedition on the part of well-known citizens were freely circulated.

German influence in the public schools had been marked for years, and the president of the school board was a German, active in the affairs of the National German-American Alliance. The teaching of German in the grade schools was forbidden by the Indianapolis school commissioners last year, though it is compulsory under a State law where the parents of twenty-five children request it. It was learned that "The Star-Spangled Banner" was sung in German in at least one public school as part of the instruction in the German language, and this was defended by German-Americans on the ground that knowledge of their national anthem in two languages broadened the children's appreciation of its beauties. One might wonder just how long the singing of "Die Wacht am Rhein" in a foreign language would be tolerated in Germany!

We witnessed what in many cases was a gradual and not too hearty yielding to the American position, and what in others was a refusal to discuss the matter with a protest that any question of loyalty was an insult. Suggestions that a public demonstration by German-Americans at a time when loyalty meetings were being held by American citizens everywhere would satisfy public clamor and protect innocent sufferers from business boycotts and other manifestations of disapproval were met with indignation. The situation became acute upon the disclosure that the Independent Turnverein, a club with a handsome house that enrolled many Americans in its membership, had on New Year's Eve violated the government food regulations. The president, who had been outspoken against Germany long before America was drawn into the war, made public apology, and as a result of the flurry steps were taken immediately to change the name of the organization to the Independent Athletic Club. On Lincoln's Birthday a patriotic celebration was held in the club. On Washington's Birthday *Das Deutsche Haus*, the most important German social centre in the State, announced a change of its name to the Athenæum. In his address on this occasion Mr. Carl H. Lieber said:

> With mighty resolve we have taken up arms to gain recognition for the lofty principles of a free people in unalterable opposition to autocracy and military despotism. Emerging from the mists and smoke of battle, these American principles, like brilliant handwriting in the skies, have been clearly set out by our President for the eyes of the world to see. Our country stands undivided for their realization. Impartially and unselfishly we are fighting, we feel, for justice in this world and the rights of mankind.

This from a representative citizen of the second generation satisfactorily disposed of the question of loyalty, both as to the renamed organization and the majority of its more influential members.

It is only just to say that, as against many evidences of a failure to assimilate, there is much other gratifying testimony that a very considerable number of persons of German birth or ancestry in these States have neither encouraged nor have they been affected by bold attempts to diffuse and perpetuate German ideas. Many German families—I know conspicuous instances in Western cities—are in no way distinguishable from their neighbors of American stock. In one Middle Western city a German mechanic, who before coming to America served in the German army and is without any illusions as to the delights of autocracy, tells me that attachment to the fatherland is confined very largely to the more prosperous element, and that he encountered little hostility among the humbler people of German antecedents whom he attempted to convince of the injustice of the German position.

The National German-American Alliance, chartered by special act of Congress in 1901, has been pointed to as a specific instance of organized German propaganda in America. It was a device for correlating German societies of every character—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turnvereins, music societies, church organizations, and social clubs, and it is said that the Alliance has 2,500,000 members scattered through forty-seven American States. "Our own prestige," recites one of its publications, "depends upon the prestige of the fatherland, and for that reason we cannot allow any disparagement of Germany to go unpunished." It is recited in the Alliance's statement of its aims that one of its purposes is to combat "nativistic encroachments." I am assured by a German-American that this use of "nativistic" does not refer back to the sense in which it was used in America in the Knownothing period, but that it means merely resistance to puritanical infringements upon personal freedom, with special reference to prohibition.

The compulsory teaching of German in the public schools is a frank item of the Alliance's programme. In his book, "Their True Faith and Allegiance" (New York, 1916), Mr. Gustavus Ohlinger, of Cleveland, whose testimony before the Judiciary Committee of the United States Senate attracted much attention last February, describes the systematic effort to widen the sphere of the teaching of German in Western States. Ohio and Indiana have laws requiring German to be taught upon the petition of parents. A similar law in Nebraska was repealed in April. We find that in Nebraska City the school board was compelled by the courts to obey the law, though less than one-third of the petitioners really intended to have their children receive instruction in German. Mr. Ohlinger thus describes the operation of the law in Omaha:

> In the city of Omaha . . . the State organizer of the Nebraska federation of German societies visited the schools recently and was more than pleased with what he found: the children were acquiring a typically Berlin accent, sung a number of German songs to his entire approval, and finally ended by rendering "Die Wacht am Rhein" with an enthusiasm and a gusto which could not be excelled among children of the fatherland. Four years ago Nebraska had only 90 high schools which offered instruction in German. To-day, so the Alliance reports, German is taught in 222 high schools and in the grade schools of nine cities. Omaha alone has 3,500 pupils taking German instruction. In addition to this, the State federation has been successful in obtaining an appropriation for the purchase of German books for the State circulating library. Germans have been urged to call for such books, in order to convince the State librarian that there is a popular demand and to induce further progress in this direction.

We of the Middle West, who had thought ourselves the especial guardians of American democracy, were surprised to find the long arm of Berlin clutching our public schools. In Chicago, where so much time, money, and thought are expended in the attempt to Americanize the foreign accretions, the spelling-book used in the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth grades was found to consist wholly of word-lists, with the exception of two exercises—one of ten lines, describing the aptness of the natives of Central Australia in identifying the tracks of birds and animals, and another which is here reproduced:

THE KAISER IN THE MAKING

In the *gymnasium* at Cassel the German *Kaiser* spent three years of his boyhood, a *diligent* but not a *brilliant* pupil, ranking tenth among *seventeen candidates* for the *university*.

Many tales are told of this *period* of his life, and one of them, at least, is *illuminating*.

A *professor*, it is said, wishing to curry favor with his royal pupil, informed him *overnight* of the chapter in Greek that was to be made the *subject* of the next day's lesson.

The young *prince* did what many boys would not have done. As soon as the classroom was *opened* on the following morning, he entered and wrote *conspicuously* on the blackboard the *information* that had been given him.

One may say *unhesitatingly* that a boy capable of such an action has the root of a fine *character* in him, *possesses* that *chivalrous* sense of fair play which is the nearest thing to a *religion* that may be looked for at that age, hates *meanness* and *favoritism*, and will, *wherever possible*, expose them. There is in him a *fundamental* bent toward what is clean, manly, and aboveboard.

The copy of the book before me bears the imprint, "Board of Education, City of Chicago, 1914." In 1917 the Kaiser's "chivalrous sense of fair play" ceased to be a matter of public instruction, by official order.

"Im Vaterland," a German reading-book used in a number of Western schools, states frankly in its preface that it was "made in Germany," and that "after the manuscript had been completed it was manifolded and copies were criticised by teachers in Prussia, Saxony, and Bavaria."

In contrast with the equivocal loyalty of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Germans who have sought to perpetuate and accentuate the hyphen, it is a pleasure to testify to the admirable spirit with which the Jewish people in these Western States have repeatedly manifested their devotion to America. Many of these are of German birth or the children of German immigrants, and yet I am aware of no instance of a German Jew in the region most familiar to me who has not warmly supported the American cause. They have not only given generously to the Red Cross and to funds for French and Belgian relief, quite independently of their efforts in behalf of people of their own faith in other countries, but they have rendered most important aid in all other branches of war activities. No finer declaration of whole-hearted Americanism has been made by any American of German birth than that expressed (significantly at Milwaukee) by Mr. Otto H. Kahn, of New York, last January:

> Until the outbreak of the war, in 1914, I maintained close and active personal and business relations in Germany. I was well acquainted with a number of the leading personages of the country. I served in the German army thirty years ago. I took an active interest in furthering German art in America. I do not apologize for, nor am I ashamed of, my German birth. But I am ashamed—bitterly and grievously ashamed—of the Germany which stands convicted before the high tribunal of the world's public opinion of having planned and willed war, of the revolting deeds committed in Belgium and northern France, of the infamy of the *Lusitania* murders, of innumerable violations of the Hague conventions and the law of nations, of abominable and perfidious plotting in friendly countries, and shameless abuse of their hospitality, of crime heaped upon crime in hideous defiance of the laws of God and man.

A curious phase of this whole situation is the fact that so many thousands of Germans who found the conditions in their own empire intolerable and sought homes in America, should have fostered a sentimental attachment for the fatherland as a land of comfort and happiness, and of its ruler as a glorious Lohengrin afloat upon the river of time in a swan-boat, in an atmosphere of charm and mystery, to the accompaniment of enchanting music. In their clubs and homes they so dreamed of this Germany and talked of it in the language of the land of their illusion that the sudden transformation of their knight of the swan-boat into a war lord of frightfulness and terror, seeking to plant his iron feet upon an outraged world, has only slowly penetrated to their comprehension. It is clear that there has been on America's part a failure, that cannot be minimized or scouted, to impress upon many of the most intelligent and "desirable" of all our adopted citizens, the spirit of that America founded by Washington and saved by Lincoln, and all the great host who in their train——

> "spread from sea to sea
> A thousand leagues the zone of liberty,
> And gave to man this refuge from his past,
> Unkinged, unchurched, unsoldiered."

IV

In closing these papers it seems ungenerous to ignore the criticisms with which they have been favored from month to month. To a gentleman in Colorado who insists that my definition and use of "folks" and "folksiness" leaves him in the dark as to my meaning, I can only suggest that a visit to certain communities which I shall be glad to choose for him, in the States of our central basin, will do much for his illumination. An intimation from another quarter that those terms as I have employed them originated in Kentucky does not distress me a particle, for are not we of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois first cousins of the people across the Ohio? At once some one will rise to declare that all that is truly noble in the Middle West was derived from the Eastern States or from New England, and on this question I might with a good conscience write a fair brief on either side. With one Revolutionary great-grandfather, a native of Delaware, buried in Ohio, and another, a Carolinian, reposing in the soil of Kentucky, I should be content no matter where fell the judgment of the court.

To the complaint of the Chicago lady who assailed the editor for his provincialism in permitting an Easterner to abuse her city—the reference being to the second paper in this series—I demur that I was born and have spent most of the years of my life within a few hours of Chicago, a city dear to me from long and rather intimate acquaintance and hal-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lowed by most agreeable associations. The *Evening Post* of Chicago, having found the fruits of my note-book "dull" as to that metropolis, must permit me to plead that in these stirring times the significant things about a city are not its clubs, its cabarets, or its galloping "loop-hounds," but the efforts of serious-minded citizens of courage and vision to make it a better place to live in. The cynicism of those to whom the contemplation of such efforts is fatiguing, lacks novelty and is only tolerable in so far as it is a stimulus to the faithful workers in the vineyard.

I had hoped that space would permit a review in some detail of municipal government in a number of cities, but I may now emphasize only the weakness of a mere "form," or "system," where the electorate manifest too great a confidence in a device without the "follow-up" so essential to its satisfactory employment; and I shall mention Omaha, whose municipal struggle has been less advertised than that of some other Western cities. Omaha was fortunate in having numbered among its pioneers a group of men of unusual ability and foresight. First a military outpost and a trading centre for struggling settlements, the building of the Union Pacific made it an important link between East and West; and, from being a market for agricultural products of one of the most fertile regions in the world, its interests have multiplied until it now offers a most interesting study in the interdependence and correlation of economic factors.

Like most other Western cities, Omaha grew so rapidly and was so preoccupied with business that its citizens, save for the group of the faithful who are to be found everywhere, left the matter of local government to the politicians. Bossism became intolerable, and with high hopes the people in 1912 adopted commission government; but the bosses, with their usual adaptability and resourcefulness, immediately captured the newly created offices. It is a fair consensus of local opinion that there has been little if any gain in economy or efficiency. Under the old charter city councilmen were paid $1,800; the commissioners under the new plan receive $4,500, with an extra $500 for the one chosen mayor. Several of the commissioners are equal to their responsibilities, but a citizen who is a close student of such matters says that "while in theory we were to get a much higher grade of public servants, in fact we merely elected men content to work for the lower salary and doubled and tripled their pay. We still have $1,800 men in $4,500 jobs."

It is to be hoped that in the general awakening to our imperfections caused by the war, there may be a broadening of these groups of patient, earnest citizens, who labor for the rationalization of municipal government. The disposition to say that "as things have been they remain" is strong upon us, but it is worth remembering that Clough also bids us "say not the struggle naught availeth." The struggle goes on courageously, and the number of those who concern themselves with the business of strengthening the national structure by pulling out the rotten timbers in our cities proceeds tirelessly.

Western cities are constantly advertising their advantages and resources, and offering free sites and other inducements to manufacturers to tempt them to move; but it occurs to me that forward-looking Western cities may present their advantages more alluringly by perfecting their local government and making this the burden of their appeal. We shall get nowhere with commission government or the city-manager plan until cities realize that no matter how pleasing and attractive a device, it is worthless unless due consideration is given to the human equation. It is very difficult to find qualified administrators under the city-manager scheme. A successful business man or even a trained engineer may fail utterly, and we seem to be at the point of creating a new profession of great opportunities for young men (and women too) in the field of municipal administration. At the University of Kansas and perhaps elsewhere courses are offered for the training of city-managers. The mere teaching of municipal finance and engineering will not suffice; the courses should cover social questions and kindred matters and not neglect the psychology involved in the matter of dealing fairly and justly with the public. By giving professional dig-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nity to positions long conferred upon the incompetent and venal we should at least destroy the cynical criticism that there are no men available for the new positions created; and it is conceivable that once the idea of fitness has become implanted in a careless and indifferent public a higher standard will be set for all elective offices.

V

No Easterner possessed of the slightest delicacy will read what follows, which is merely a memorandum for my friends and neighbors of the great valley. We of the West have never taken kindly to criticism, chiefly because it has usually been offered in a spirit of condescension, or what in our extreme sensitiveness we have been rather eager to believe to be such. In our comfortable towns and villages we may admit weaknesses the mention of which by our cousins *in partibus infidelium* arouses our deepest ire. We shall not meekly suffer the East in its disdainful moods to play upon us with the light lash of its irony; but among ourselves we may confess that at times we have profited by Eastern criticism. After all, there is no spirit of the West that is very different from the spirit of the East. Though I only whisper it, we have, I think, rather more humor. We are friendlier, less snobbish, more sanguine in our outlook upon public matters, and have a greater confidence in democracy than the East. I have indicated with the best heart in the world certain phases and tendencies of our provinces that seem to me admirable, and others beside which I have scratched a question-mark for the contemplation of the sober-minded. I am disposed to say that the most interesting thing about us is our politics, but that, safely though we have ridden the tempest now and again, these be times when it becomes us to ponder with a new gravity the weight we carry in the national scale. Colorado, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, Ohio, and Wisconsin wield 145 votes of the total of 531 in the electoral college; and in 1916 Mr. Wilson's majority was only 23. The political judgment of the nation is likely, far into the future, to be governed by the West. We dare not, if we would, carry our responsibilities lightly. We have of late been taking our politics much more seriously; a flexibility of the vote, apparent in recent contests, is highly encouraging to those of us who see a hope and a safety in the multiplication of the independents. But even with this we have done little to standardize public service; the ablest men of the West do not govern it, and the fact that this is generally true at this period as to the country at large can afford us no honest consolation. There is no reason why, if we are the intelligent, proud sons of democracy we imagine ourselves to be, we should not so elevate our political standards as to put other divisions of the republic to shame. There are thousands of us who at every election vote for candidates we know nothing about, or for others we would not think of intrusting with any private affair, and yet because we find their names under a certain party emblem we cheerfully turn over to such persons important public business for the honest and efficient transaction of which they have not the slightest qualification. What I am saying is merely a repetition of what has been said for years without marked effect upon the electorate. But just now, when democracy is fighting for its life in the world, we do well to give serious heed to such warnings. If we have not time or patience to perform the services required of a citizen who would be truly self-governing, then the glory of fighting for free institutions on the battle-fields of Europe is enormously diminished.

The coming of the war found the West rather hard put for any great cause upon which to expend its energy and enthusiasm. We need a good deal of enthusiasm to keep us "up to pitch," and I shall not scruple to say that, in spite of our fine showing as to every demand thus far made by the war, the roll of the drums really found us inviting the reproach passed by the prophet upon them "that lie upon beds of ivory, and stretch themselves upon their couches, and eat the lambs out of the flock, and the calves out of the midst of the stall." Over and over again, as I have travelled through the West in recent years, it has occurred to me that sorely indeed we needed an awak-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ening. Self-satisfaction and self-contemplation are little calculated to promote that clear thinking and vigorous initiative that are essential to triumphant democracy. Yes; this may be just as true of East or South; but it is of the West that we are speaking. I shall go the length of saying that any failure of democracy "to work" here in America is more heavily chargeable upon us of these Middle Western States than upon our fellow Americans in other sections. For here we are young enough to be very conscious of all those processes by which states are formed and political and social order are established. Our fathers or our grandfathers were pioneers; and from them the tradition is fresh of the toil and aspiration that went to the making of these commonwealths. We cannot deceive ourselves into believing that they did all that was necessary to perpetuate the structure, and that it is not incumbent upon us to defend, strengthen, and renew what they fashioned. We had, like many of those who had come to us from over the sea to share in our blessings, fallen into the error of assuming that America is a huge corporation in which every one participates in the dividends without respect to his investment. Politically speaking, we have too great a number of those who "hang on behind" and are a dead weight upon those who bear the yoke. We must do better about this; and in no way can the West prove its fitness to wield power in the nation than through a quickening of all those forces that tend to make popular government an intelligently directed implement controlled by the fit, and not a weapon caught up and exercised ignorantly by the unfit.

Again, still speaking as one Westerner to another, our entrance into the war found us dangerously close to the point of losing something that was finely spiritual in our forebears. I can imagine an impatient shrug at the suggestion. The spires and towers of innumerable churches everywhere decorate the Western skyline, and I accept them for what they represent, without discussing the efficiency of the modern church or its failure or success in meeting the problems of modern life. There was apparent in the first settlers of the Mississippi valley a rugged spirituality that accounted for much in their achievements. The West was a lonesome place and religion—Catholic and Protestant—filled a need and assisted greatly in making wilderness and plain tolerable. The imagination of the pioneer was quickened and brightened by the promise of things that he believed to be eternal; the vast sweep of prairie and woodland deepened his sense of reliance upon the Infinite. This sense so happily interpreted and fittingly expressed by Lincoln is no longer discernible—at least it is not obtrusively manifest—and this seems to me a lamentable loss. Here, again, it may be said that this is not peculiar to the West; that we have only been affected by the eternal movement of the time spirit. And yet this elementary confidence in things of the spirit played an important part in the planting of the democratic ideal in the heart of America, and we can but deplore the passing of what to our immediate ancestors was so satisfying and stimulating. And here, as with other matters that I have passed with only the most superficial note, I have no solution, if indeed any be possible. I am fully conscious that I fumble for something intangible and elusive; and it may be that I am only crying vainly for the restoration of something that has gone forever. Perhaps this war came opportunely to break our precipitate rush toward materialism, and the thing we were apparently losing, the old enthusiasm for higher things, the greater leisure for self-examination and self-communion, may flower again in the day of peace.

"There is always," says Woodberry, "an ideality of the human spirit" visible in all the works of democracy, and we need to be reminded of this frequently, for here in the heart of America it is of grave importance that we remain open-minded and open-hearted to that continuing idealism which must be the strength and stay of the nation.

Culture, as we commonly use the term, may properly be allowed to pass as merely another aspect of the idealism "deep in the general heart of man" that we should like to believe to be one of the great assets of the West. Still addressing the "folks," my neighbors, I will temeratiously repeat an admission tucked into an earlier paper, that here is a field where we do well to carry ourselves modestly.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There was an impression common in my youth that culture of the highest order was not only possible in the West but that we Westerners were peculiarly accessible to its benignant influences and very likely to become its special guardians and apostles. Those were times when life was less complex, when the spirituality stirred by the Civil War was still very perceptible, when our enthusiasms were less insistently presented in statistics of crops and manufactures. We children of those times were encouraged to keep Emerson close at hand, for his purifying and elevating influence, and in a college town which I remember very well the professor of Greek was a venerated person and took precedence in any company over the athletic director.

In those days, that seem now so remote, it was quite respectable to speak of the humanities, and people did so without self-consciousness. But culture, the culture of the humanities, never gained that foothold in the West that had been predicted for it. That there are few signs of its permanent establishment anywhere does not conceal our failure either to implant it here or to find for it any very worthy substitute. We have valiantly invested millions of dollars in education and other millions in art museums and in libraries without any resulting diffusion of what we used to be pleased to call culture. We dismiss the whole business quite characteristically by pointing with pride to handsome buildings and generous endowments in much the same spirit that we call attention to a new automobile factory. There are always the few who profit by these investments; but it is not for the few that we design them; it is for the illumination of the great mass that we spend our treasure upon them. The doctrine of the few is the old doctrine of "numbers" and "the remnant," and even at the cost of reconstructing human nature we promised to show the world that a great body of people in free American States could be made sensitive and responsive to beauty in all its forms. In education the humanities still struggle manfully, but without making any great headway against adverse currents. The State universities offer an infinite variety of courses in literature and the fine arts, and they are served by capable and zealous instructors, but with no resulting progress against the tide of materialism. "Culture," as a friend of mine puts it, "is on the blink." We hear most of the State technical schools where the humanities receive a niggardly minimum of attention, and these institutions demand our heartiest admiration for the splendid work they are doing. But our development is lamentably one-sided; we have merely groups of cultivated people, just as older civilizations had them, not the great communities animated by ideals of nobility and beauty that we were promised.

In the many matters we of the West shall be obliged to consider with reference to the nation and the rest of the world as soon as *Kultur* and its insolent presumptions have been disposed of, culture, in its ancient and honorable sense, is quite likely to make a poor fight for attention. And yet here are things, already falling into neglect, which we shall do well to scan once and yet again before parting company with them forever. There are balances as between materialism and idealism which it is desirable to maintain if the fineness of democracy and its higher inspirational values are to be further developed. Our Middle Western idealism has been expending itself in channels of social and political betterment, and it remains to be seen whether we shall be able to divert some part of its energy to the history, the literature, and the art of the past, not for cultural reasons merely but as part of our combat with provincialism and the creation of a broad and informed American spirit.

"Having in mind things true, things elevated, things just, things pure, things amiable, things of good report—having these in mind, studying and loving these, is what saves states," wrote Matthew Arnold thirty years ago. In the elaboration of a programme for the future of America that shall not ignore what is here connoted there is presented to the Middle West abundant material for new enthusiasms and endeavors, commensurate with its opportunities and obligations not merely as the Valley of Democracy but as the Valley of Decision.

THE END.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE THIRD GENERATION AND INVESTED PROPERTY

By Robert Grant

Judge of the Probate Court, Boston; author of "Women and Property," etc.

I RECALL that some years ago, when a will had been set aside by a jury, and after long delay in the settlement of the estate the hour for division among the victors had arrived, the attorney for two of them shook his head and remarked in an undertone for my ear: "I hate to pay this over; it won't last long." A glance at his clients threw light on his solicitude; they evidently belonged to the flotsam-and-jetsam order of society. It seems they were second cousins of the testator, who had not intended them to have a nickel; but after long waiting they were to receive about four thousand dollars apiece, and were correspondingly eager. Both bench and bar were powerless to prevent the transfer, for no one can be adjudged a spendthrift in advance, and the suggestion already made by their counsel that they put at least a portion of this treasure-trove in trust had been met with a suspicious "Why should we?"

The gist of the anecdote lies in the sequel. When I next ran across the attorney who made the prediction, he threw up his hands and said: "I was short of the truth. It took them less than a week to blow in the entire eight thousand. They're penniless, and they drifted into my office yesterday to see if I couldn't recover some of it." Naturally I was horrified and shocked, unspeakably so for a moment. Then I caught myself smiling. I saw their point of view, pathetic as it was. They had merely misapplied the poetic license:

> "One crowded hour of glorious life
> Is worth an age without a name."

It was easy to picture what had happened. They had embraced their first and only opportunity to live as they imagined those with large means did live—to taste all the costly and forbidden pleasures, to squander royally and be robbed in the process. Eight thousand in less than a week! Colossal; comparing favorably with whatever the plutocrats could do; they wished to be in the running just for once to see how it would feel. *Magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.* Yet I smack sufficiently of the Old Adam to be able to sympathize with them; whereas those more deeply imbued with the new freedom—shall we say respectfully those who smack of the New Eve?—would experience nothing but distress and exclaim: "How pitiable!"

The importance of not exceeding one's income is a hackneyed homily engagingly elaborated by the late Mr. Micawber, who would nevertheless have enjoyed sitting in with the gentry above referred to; but even as according to our texts we divide mankind arbitrarily into sheep and goats, fat and lean, industrious and idle, we draw a line between those who do and those who do not distinguish capital from income. The obligation so to distinguish rests on no one. In this freest of countries it is permissible to make one pot of everything—and four-fifths of us are obliged to. Perhaps the most unpopular word in the lexicon of contemporary speech is "capitalist." Every one, from the executive to the tax-collector, and from the tax-collector to the man in the street, loses no opportunity to discredit it. A cynic might have convincing grounds for the belief that a capitalist in this country is any one who possesses more than the speaker or writer. Thus a dish-washer who inherits a thousand dollars becomes one in the eyes of the less fortunate pick-and-shovel man next door. But stripped of its cant, a capitalist may be said to be any individual whose support is derived either wholly or in part from the income of investments. A reprehensible status truly, yet not without its apologists. We can all recall the example of the statesman—one of our greatest Commoners—who, after forbid-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ding us to press down the crown of thorns upon the brow of labor or crucify mankind upon a cross of gold, felt unable to live on his salary of twelve thousand dollars as United States Secretary of State, and went on circuit with yodlers and bell-ringers in order to eke it out. And why? Because he did not wish to eat into his capital, which was said to aggregate several hundred thousand dollars. What better authority could we desire for the proposition that despite stump oratory the accumulation of wealth is not deemed un-American, even by apostles of the new freedom, some of whom are adepts at it. Our savings-banks, with their huge and accumulating deposits, are the best proof that thrift is still the motto of the American people; and what would become of our churches, colleges, hospitals, and diverse eleemosynary or scientific bodies, but for the income from invested property—theirs or somebody else's—which keeps them stable? When one reads the newspapers or talks with social reformers it is sometimes difficult to believe that the practice of laying by a penny for a rainy day has not ceased to be respectable. Perhaps we were in need of just such a fillip as the government's tiny request for three billion dollars from the savings of the people to remind us that any human panacea based on obliterating the distinction between principal and income is likely to prove an *ignis fatuus*.

The spendthrift, as we have seen, is a person to be reckoned with and protected; likewise heirs presumptive of immature years and daughters after coverture. Such has been the theory of Anglo-Saxon civilization, from which our own is derived. At the root of the English system of primogeniture, with its ban on the subdivision of landed property lies the purpose to promote the social longevity of family trees by a sufficiency of annual income. Our ancestors, deeming a practice which tended to impoverish all except the eldest son as incompatible with justice, rejected this principle from the start. At the same time they gave sanction to most of the other Anglo-Saxon devices for keeping capital intact for the benefit (or annoyance) of the next generation. The American who wishes to tie up his property so that his beneficiaries may enjoy the income but not the principal is free to do so, provided the period of restraint before it will vest in absolute possession does not exceed (according to legal jargon) "a life or lives in being and twenty-one years." In other words, he can always prevent his children and often his grandchildren from squandering his substance after he is gone. The generation beyond this can make ducks and drakes of it if they choose, unless their own parents imitate his example and, exercising the power of appointment by will which he ordinarily throws them as a sop, start the tying-up process all over again.

What are the benefits of thus tying up property? What are its disadvantages? Does the practice inure in the long run to the welfare of the *cestui que trust* (who might better be described as the one not trusted) or does it hamper him (or her) unduly by paralyzing initiative? Is it in most cases a wise precaution or does it chiefly cater to human vanity—the ambition of the accumulator to keep his name alive and defy the native saying that between shirt-sleeves and shirt-sleeves there are only three generations? Does it conflict with the new freedom or is the tying-up process for protection of the individual a neat-handed Phyllis to the social democratic code?

It is pertinent to note by way of preface in this connection that the United States has gone Great Britain one better in the matter of protecting the well-to-do individual who does not see fit to pay his debts. One better or one worse, according as we choose to think. It is an axiom of American society that every tub is assumed to stand on its own bottom; and in conformity with this our tradespeople are wont to remind purchasers by a persistent "bill rendered" that monthly or at the most trimonthly settlements are a part of our moral code. On the other hand, all who buy clothes in England are familiar with the time-honored prejudice of the English tailor against prompt payment. It violates usage; he does not understand it and, detesting innovation, regards as unsophisticated any one who offers cash. Yet, nevertheless, the policy of obliging people to settle promptly by holding over their heads a social obligation, which could be enforced at law if

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

needs be, met in a sense with a cropper as affecting the "idle rich," when the Supreme Court of the land decided forty years ago that money given in trust for the support of a son for life could not be reached by his creditors. Moreover, the court sealed the doctrine by going out of its way to say that, whatever the English view to the contrary, this is the American policy. The learned justice who wrote the opinion, arguing that it was no new thing in any of the States of the Union to exempt from seizure on execution a debtor's tools or homestead, proceeded as that much-revered student of the law, the late John C. Gray, pointed out, to "enable the children of rich men to live in debt and luxury at the same time."

In other words, it is un-American not to pay one's honest debts, but not un-American to tie up property so that one's children's creditors cannot get at it. Our courts have taken that view, or when they have attempted to modify the discrepancy by statute the remedy has been worse than the disease. For instance, the New York court, interpreting a statute which provided that the surplus of income given in trust beyond what is necessary for the education and support of the beneficiary shall be liable for his debts, took into account that the debtor was "a gentleman of high social standing, whose associations are chiefly with men of leisure, and who is connected with a number of clubs." Commenting on this, Mr. Gray writes in the preface of his "Restraints on Alienation": "To say that whatever money is given to a man cannot be taken by his creditors is bad enough; at any rate, however, it is law for rich and poor alike; but to say that from a sum which creditors can reach, one man, who has lived simply and plainly, can deduct but a small sum, while a large sum may be deducted by another because he is of high social standing, etc. . . . is to descend to a depth of as shameless snobbishness as any into which the justice of a country was ever plunged."

Yet, as Mr. Gray goes on to say, "dirt is only matter out of place; and what is a blot on the 'scutcheon of the common law may be a jewel in the crown of the social republic." It seems to be accepted theory in our country to-day that tubs unable to stand on their own bottoms should be protected against themselves whether they be poor men forced to the wall or gilded youths with a propensity to squander. Weakness in any form appeals to the neat-handed Phyllis of democracy eager to supply "first aid to the wounded." *Laissez-faire* has given way to the doctrine that mortals must do what is good for them—what society thinks good for them. This is admirable when applied to delinquents—to the maimed, the halt, and the blind of the social order. It is of the essence of modern progress to deprive conspicuously unfit parents of the custody of their children, to segregate the feeble-minded and to take away from those who waste their substance so as to expose themselves to want the control of their affairs. On the continent of Europe, where our system of tying up estates by elaborate trusts does not obtain, the machinery for safeguarding spendthrifts is more generally efficacious than here. But if we are to justify restraints on the vigorous and the self-reliant, it must be by a different set of arguments than those which convince us where the degenerate or the helpless are concerned. Yet it is still the tendency of men of property not to take a chance; they prefer to assume that their progeny will be a bad lot, and to hamper them collectively by obliging them to distinguish principal from income. Undoubtedly this is salutary for the black sheep of the family, but the point whether it is for the best interests of the other kind is perhaps debatable.

Tradition supplies abundant grounds for the practice, notwithstanding that the desire to found a noble family looms far less large on the horizon of the American plutocrat than on that of his compeer across the water, where well-earned wealth in one generation may become the password to a title in the second. Yet our countrymen with fortunes to dispose of, both "malefactors of great wealth" and humbler testators who have accumulated a modicum of this world's goods are only human if they heed the desire, as they constantly do, to prevent the fruit of their sagacity, toil, and good luck from speedy dissipation. They want it to last, partly because of the difficulty in laying up money, and partly as a monument to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

themselves. They persuade themselves that they are doing an infinite service to posterity in requiring that it shall last as long as the law allows, and they expect their offspring to bless them for keeping the wolf from the door during one generation if not a second. Moreover, there are bugaboos to strengthen this resolve, notably their sons-in-law. To the traditional testator about to make a will all sons-in-law, whether extant or prospective, are villains. He pictures them ruthlessly compelling his daughters to hand over their patrimony or wheedling them out of it and squandering it in riotous living or wildcat ventures. He might be induced to trust his sons—but his sons-in-law never! To leave his daughters at their mercy would be an arrant lack of discretion. And so, whatever else, he takes care to tie up their portions so tight as to be unavailable under all circumstances for debts of their husbands. This savors of conventional prudence, doubtless. But for every son-in-law thus frustrated there are assuredly many who would be as little apt as the testator himself to make inroads on or imperil the portions of their wives. Men lose their heads under the stress of impending disaster, it is true, and wives at such moments are disposed to offer everything; and yet by the assumption that their daughters will wed lame ducks testators impose a handicap at the start on the large number of partnerships where freedom to exercise the united judgment of husband and wife in the use of property, by way of taking advantage of suitable opportunities for advancement, would far oftener prove a benefit than a detriment.

Besides, a part of the inherent prejudice against sons-in-law is derived from the old conception of matrimony as a status where women were expected to have no opinions and to follow a blind lead in all money matters. Now that there is a growing tendency among feminine property-owners to familiarize themselves with their affairs and either to exercise active control over them or to intrust them to agents of their own choice, is not the likelihood of coercion or cajolement so appreciably less that daughters may fairly complain of wholesale discrimination in favor of their brothers? A wife stands on a somewhat different footing; she has had her day or at least a part of it. Even in her case the haunting fear that she may wed again on the strength of an outright gift or bequeath it to her next of kin instead of his —two terrible bogies—rarely merits the disparaging lack of confidence in the partner of a lifetime thereby displayed; nevertheless, it is perhaps inevitable and judicious that husbands with large estates at their disposal should continue to limit the share of their widows to a life interest and select their own remainder men. A spouse not required to alter her former method of living has little right to complain of want of generosity, unless she is cut off if she marries again; but the caution which prompts a parent or other testator to hedge the next generation's lives about with barbed-wire fences seems to overlook that life is a great adventure, the chief zest of which is liberty to learn by personal experience.

But what of the propensity to wanton extravagance apt to seize young men or women who suddenly come into great possessions? What, too, of the competencies that would be wasted by blithe, irresponsible spirits whom a restraining clause might have protected until after maturity to their everlasting comfort in later life? There would be some such catastrophes undoubtedly if the departing generation ceased to draw so taut a rein on its successor; but, after all, society does not have to rely solely on trusts to fetter the indiscretions of youthful heirs. Suppose the worst (from the tying-up point of view) to happen: A multimillionaire dies unexpectedly at the height of his activities, and long before his time, intestate, leaving a widow and a bevy of minor children. What ensues? Chaos? Very far from it. There is a family council; the widow consults persons in whom she knows that he had confidence or on whom she relies, and administrators are selected. Frequently she is one of them. Ordinarily, especially if large affairs are involved, several years must elapse before the estate can be wound up, and preliminary to this guardians are appointed for all the children, none of whom can deal with property before they attain their majority, which (except by statute) is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

twenty-one for both sexes. The widow owns one-third in her own right and the children the remainder. Sooner or later distribution of the estate among the several beneficiaries is requisite, but in the interval it will be managed by the administrators or other suitable representatives of those concerned. Finally, after everything is settled there will be apportionment according to law with no dead man's clutch upon it, and on the strength of this complete ownership the children will be free to live their own lives, set up establishments and steam-yachts, speculate wildly, marry chorus girls, and commit all or any of the other extravagances which the provident are apt to conjure up and become panic-stricken over when in a testamentary frame of mind. In other words, they will be free to learn experience first-hand, whether it prove a spiritual blessing or only Dead Sea fruit.

Nothing so very disastrous in this intestacy except that it leaves the barnyard door ajar for the black sheep and lame ducks of the family, and thereby flies in the face of a tradition which prides itself on hampering everybody lest a few go miserably astray. After all, in the final analysis, the practice of tying up property for the lives of the next generation is based on implicit distrust of human nature, especially one's own flesh and blood, and an absence of humor, which prevents perception that if the objects of one's bounty are not fit to have riches, the sooner it leaves their hands and gets into some one else's, the better for society. The lack of humor is pardonable in parents and other near relatives; their reasoning, of course, runs exactly counter to this. We can scarcely expect it to be otherwise, and consequently even cynics applaud precautions taken to segregate the shares of kinsmen already labelled defective—the feeble-minded, the vicious, and those who have made a signal mess of things. But what is the especial merit of punishing an entire brood because of the possible delinquencies of unascertained individuals? Does not closing the door of the barnyard tend to paralyze initiative, diminish energy, and generate a false atmosphere of social importance, the distinguishing cackle of which is "We would like to get out but we can't, and so let's put on airs." If the toll of those spoiled for world service by being left a competency in trust were set off against those who came into their own only to squander it, over which should we be disposed to shed the most tears?

But, I hear some estimable and puzzled if not shocked people say: "Many beneficiaries would prefer to have others look after their property; most, whatever their other merits, are not qualified to do so, and there is a body in the community with especial qualifications for the task, the professional trustees." Before replying, let me qualify my sympathy with the power to spend as a tonic to character to this extent: not only do individual cases demand exceptional treatment, but no one could reasonably quarrel with a discretion that would postpone complete ownership in most cases to the age of twenty-five or thirty, a period at which the second generation is apt to show signs of steadying down, rather than relinquish it at the bare limit of twenty-one. As for disinclination to care for property, it is not feasible to build on this, because of the host of agents, attorneys, men of affairs—call them what you will—waiting with their mouths open for just such choice morsels. The fallacy lies in the failure to distinguish that under the tying-up system the beneficiary has no power of selection and no option as to whether he or she wishes to take charge of the inheritance or not. An agent picked by the absolute owner of property is to all intents as responsible as a trustee named by a testator, with the advantage that there is a string attached to the employment which can be twitched if the association prove unsatisfactory.

As for the class with peculiar qualifications, it is axiomatic that training and experience should count in the management of invested wealth, and unquestionably they do. For the sake of security some testators select a trust company in preference to an individual on the theory that it cannot abscond. This is all very well from the point of view of safety, but in many instances the tenant for life has to put up with a low rate of income, for the corporation is so intent on preserving the principal—the corpus, as it is called—for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its own protection that it is apt to give posterity the benefit of most doubts. In these days of high prices and high taxes the special distributions, familiarly known as "rights," which accrue to stockholders from time to time often come in handy. A trustee is bound to deal with these perquisites according to law, and it is often a fine point whether he may then pay over as income or must add them to the principal. Where property has been intrusted to an agent no such distinction exists except as a matter of judicious handling, and it rests solely with the owner whether to treat them as spending-money or add them to capital.

If they do not prefer a corporation, it is the habit of testators to choose the most prudent and conservative persons of their acquaintance as the almoners of their restricted bounty and their choice is frequently justified, though those who were adepts when the will was written often became superannuated or fossilized before the termination of the trust. As a set-off to the anecdote illustrative of spendthrift tendencies with which this paper opened, I cite another that throws some light on the pitfalls dug by the spade of changing conditions for the conventionally cautious and conservative. Perhaps after reading it one may be disposed to conclude that where property interests in this country are concerned, it is not possible to define sound judgment or to go to sleep profitably on any investment.

The testator in question, a bachelor, made a will shortly before his death some seven years ago in favor of two nieces, to whom he left seventy-five thousand dollars apiece in trust. Anticipation of income was forbidden, the corpus securely guarded from the recklessness or greed of future husbands, and the trustee chosen one of the salt of the earth, a God-fearing man and contemporary of the testator, noted for his integrity and conservatism. The property which the trustee took over consisted of gilt-edged stocks yielding not quite five per cent net, but tax-exempt, so that each of the girls could look forward to about three thousand dollars annually. What better could one ask? you say. Quite so; but one of these girls was wise in her generation and one was foolish, and I leave it to you to decide which was which.

Their names were Jane and Dorothy, but, though sisters, their characters were very dissimilar. Jane was a model of amiability and reasonableness, but Dorothy was opionated and flighty. Each was thrilled by her inheritance, but not a great many moons had waxed and waned before Dorothy began to cause trouble. She was on the eve of marriage, and she got it into her head that the trust fund did not yield sufficient income. It is possible that the young man to whom she was engaged put her up to it. Whether this was true I am uninformed, but I know that Mr. Waters, the trustee, believed so. Dorothy retaliated by applying the epithet "back number" freely to Mr. Waters when out of his hearing, and by inquiring if there was no way of getting rid of him and substituting some one more "up-to-date," though be it said that Mr. Waters was only just sixty and well preserved.

It is not material to give the details of Dorothy's ungrateful conduct; suffice it to say that in the end her cantankerous animadversions so worked on Mr. Waters's sensibilities that he consented to resign. He regarded his decision as weak, but he was weary of being perpetually in hot water through the cavillings of this misguided beneficiary—so unlike her serene sister. But he remained firm on one point—he would not consent to the appointment of Dorothy's adviser, who was now her husband, as his successor. He compromised finally, however, by agreeing on a "disinterested person" of their selection—a man against whom he knew nothing prejudicial, and about fifteen years his junior—just to keep the peace. This was shortly before the outbreak of the present European war, and one inducement to Mr. Waters's consent was the disagreeable consciousness that latterly several of the gilt-edged securities belonging to the trust had been misbehaving—shrinking in value for no apparent cause, and in one or two cases threatening to pass their dividends. Their misbehavior gave just enough semblance of justification to Dorothy's eagerness for a change.

Mr. Post, the new trustee, entered on his duties, informing Dorothy in answer to her hope for a larger return that he was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"a believer in new values"—whatever this might mean. It happened that the reasonable Jane married about this time and went to live in another city, reassured by Mr. Waters that the loss of income on her share would in his opinion be merely temporary. Consequently the sisters met but seldom and ceased to be in close touch with each other's concerns. Three years elapsed; then one day Jane was distressed by the receipt of a letter from Dorothy announcing that Mr. Post had suddenly gone insane—"stark, staring mad," so it read, "and there is reason to believe that he has been out of his head for some time. All his affairs are in confusion and we are uncertain where we stand." As Jane had been hankering to ask her own trustee some searching questions, her sister's tribulation jibed with her own needs and she hastened forthwith to her native city.

A week of excitement, uncertainty, and revelation ensued, after which, to make a long story short, an accounting was required of the respective trustees. The exhibit thus made—the account of Mr. Post being rendered by his legal guardian—was highly edifying. Taking Mr. Waters's figures first, the gilt-edged securities that he had received from his testator appear with their inventoried, then with their present market value, as follows:

	Inventory Value	Market Value
100 N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R.	$18,000	$2,500*
100 Fitchburg R. R., Pref.	13,500	5,500
50 Boston & Albany R. R.	12,000	7,500
50 Boston & Maine R. R.	8,000	1,250*
50 Old Colony R. R.....	10,000	5,000
50 Conn. River R. R.....	13,500	6,000
	$75,000	$27,750

* Dividends suspended.

Before submitting Mr. Post's figures (as rendered by his legal guardian) it should be said that from the outset of hostilities he had been known to expatiate excitedly in private on the cheapness of all American industrials having to do with the Great War. This idea evidently went to his head and may be regarded as the first stage in his dreadful malady. It appears that, having immediately sold all the securities handed over to him by his predecessor, he assumed an initial loss of about fifteen thousand dollars, then plunged in; otherwise the schedule explains itself.

	Inventory Value	Market Value
100 Cuban American Sugar	$5,000	$20,000
100 Bethlehem Steel.....	7,500	60,000
100 General Motors.....	9,000	80,000
100 Studebaker Corp.....	10,500	16,000
100 Amer. Coal Products..	9,500	16,000
100 Texas Company.....	12,000	24,000
100 South Porto Rico Sugar	6,000	22,000
	$59,500	$238,000

Of course the guardian by consent of court had already reduced to cash his entire holdings, much to the joy of the flighty Dorothy, who could not refrain from whispering to her husband while still within earshot of the conservative Mr. Waters: "To think of being distanced by an insane man! Wouldn't that jar you?" In other words, the value of the conservative trustee's investments had shrunk from $75,000 to $27,500, and that of his rival risen from $59,500 to $238,000.

As they say in the vernacular, Can you beat it? The anecdote, if not literally true, might very well be. *Se non è vero, è ben trovato.* The moral would seem to be that the values of yesterday not infrequently become the scrap-heaps of tomorrow. Perhaps from this point of view there are grounds for the conclusion that the younger generation, where their own interests are at stake, are quite as apt to be wide-awake and discerning as the sagacious individuals selected by their grandfathers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet."

THE MOTOR IN YELLOWSTONE

BY CHARLES J. BELDEN

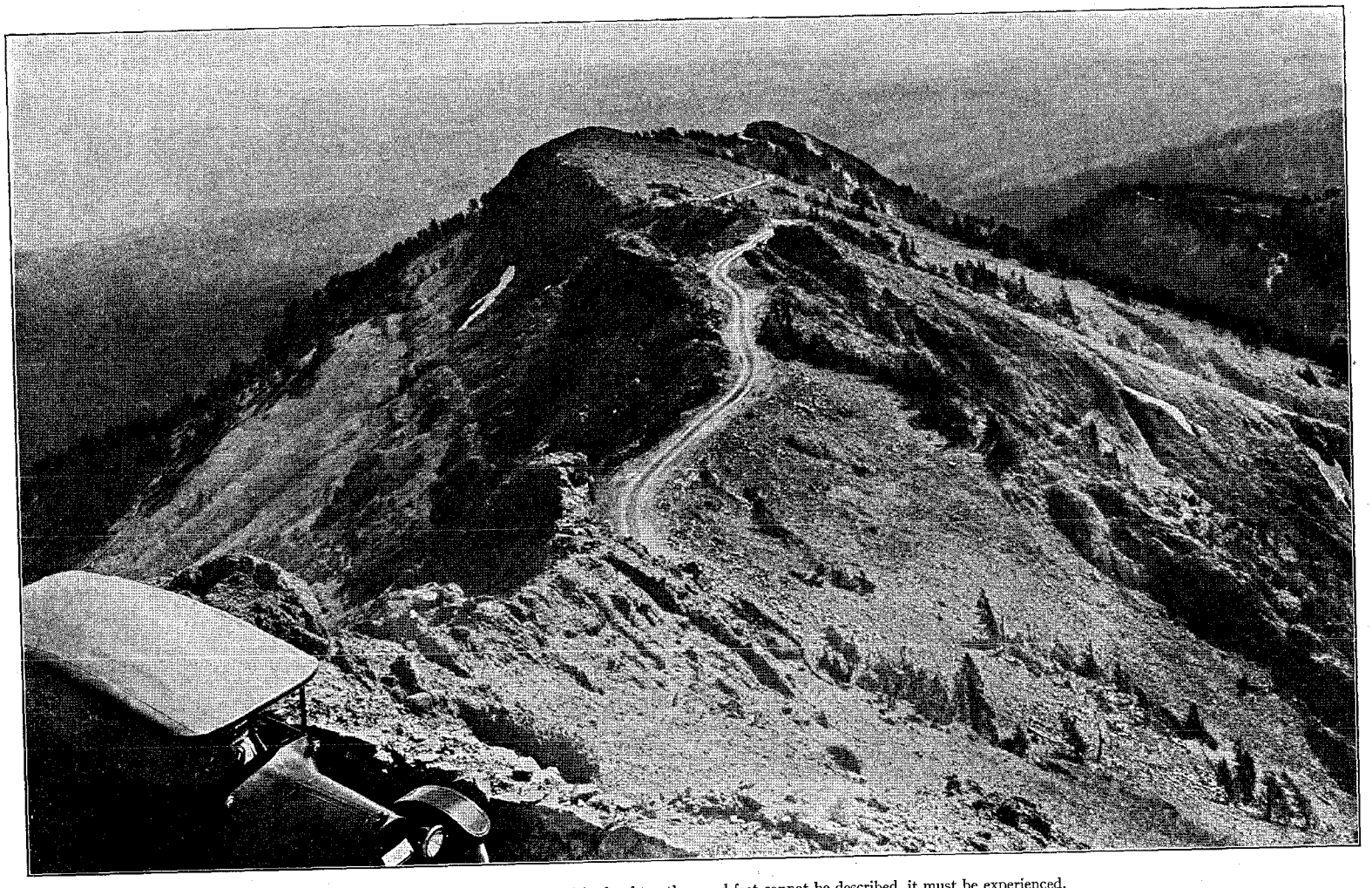
Author of "Motoring in the High Sierras," "An American Motorist in the Land of the Czar," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS (INCLUDING FRONTISPIECE) FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

"Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet."

SO wrote the poet of an East and a West quite unlike the East and the West of our own continent, but characterized none the less by customs and environment that differ even as radically as the blue laws of New England and the "strong arm" law of the Western plains. Just as the forces of nature, however, are constantly working toward the levelling and adjustment of the inequalities of the earth, so are the forces of civilization struggling to overcome the differences between the East and the West. The railroad has, of course, been the big factor that has gradually lowered the barrier, but the subtle influence of the motor-car is bringing them into closer touch than would otherwise be possible. The automobile has lost little time in coming to be recognized as a most practical vehicle of transportation; and now there are few places, no matter how remote from the railroad, where fuel and oil may not readily be obtained. These conditions have naturally influenced long-distance touring and have increased the desire of drivers and owners to visit spots that have hitherto been inaccessible except by means of the slow-going stage-coach. Since the modern car has proven itself equal to practically all tasks in the matter of road work, nothing short of a transcontinental

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The exhilaration of motoring at an altitude of ten thousand feet cannot be described, it must be experienced.

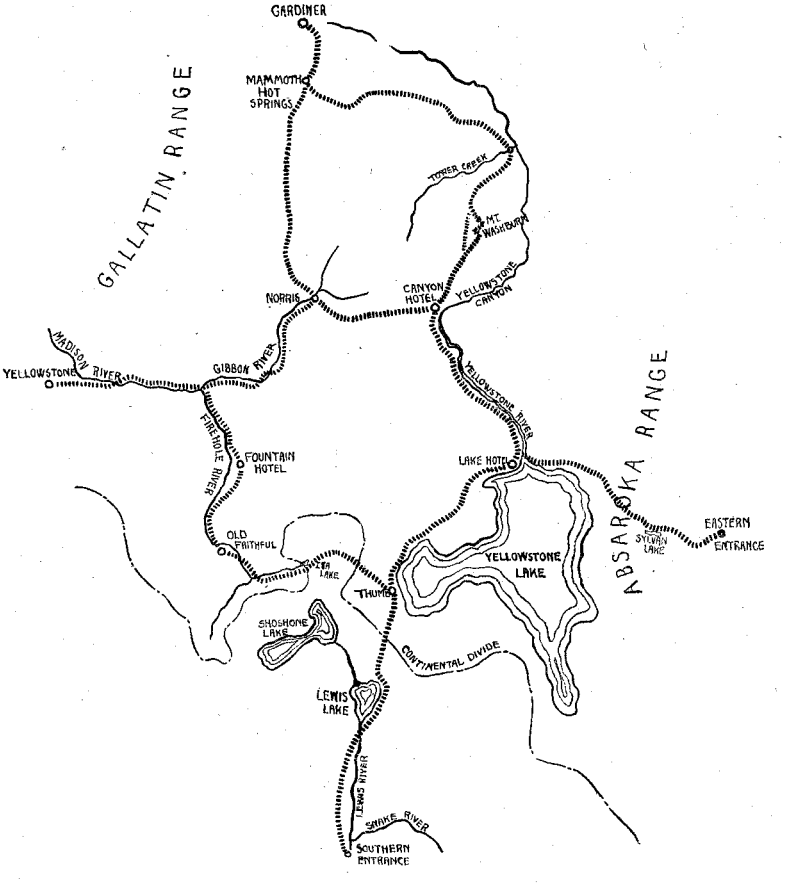
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tour now serves to satisfy the wanderlust of the present-day owner.

Like the soldier of fortune seeking new fields to conquer, the motorist is ever on the alert to try his skill and his car in the more mountainous sections of the country; and as a result the pathways leading

the construction and improvement of highways throughout the country; and now that all of our national parks are open to motor-driven traffic the last barrier to the very cream of our mountain scenery has been let down.

The Yosemite Park was the first to be



Map showing motor-roads in Yellowstone Park.

toward the snow-capped Rockies are fairly alive with motor-parties. The wilder the district, the more fascination does it hold and the more anxious are the adventurous ones to penetrate it. The motorist might well take to heart the plea of John Muir that "Few places in this world are more dangerous than home; fear not, therefore, to try the mountain passes." Answer to the call of the great open spaces is daily being made easier by

opened to the motor-car in 1913, and the results proved so satisfactory that one by one all of the nation's mountain playgrounds have yielded to the horseless vehicle, till on the 1st day of August, 1915, Yellowstone's two million acres of wonders and hundreds of miles of well-graded highways were thrown open to the motor. The regulations prescribed for the protection of all concerned were hardly more stringent than the regulations to be found

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in any district of considerable traffic, and, be it said, that those in charge were most liberal in their interpretation of the rules, and always ready to grant special privileges when necessary. The first season of motor travel demonstrated the feasibility of extending and enlarging the road and schedule privileges, with the result that during 1916 and 1917 the rules and regulations suffered a considerable reduction.

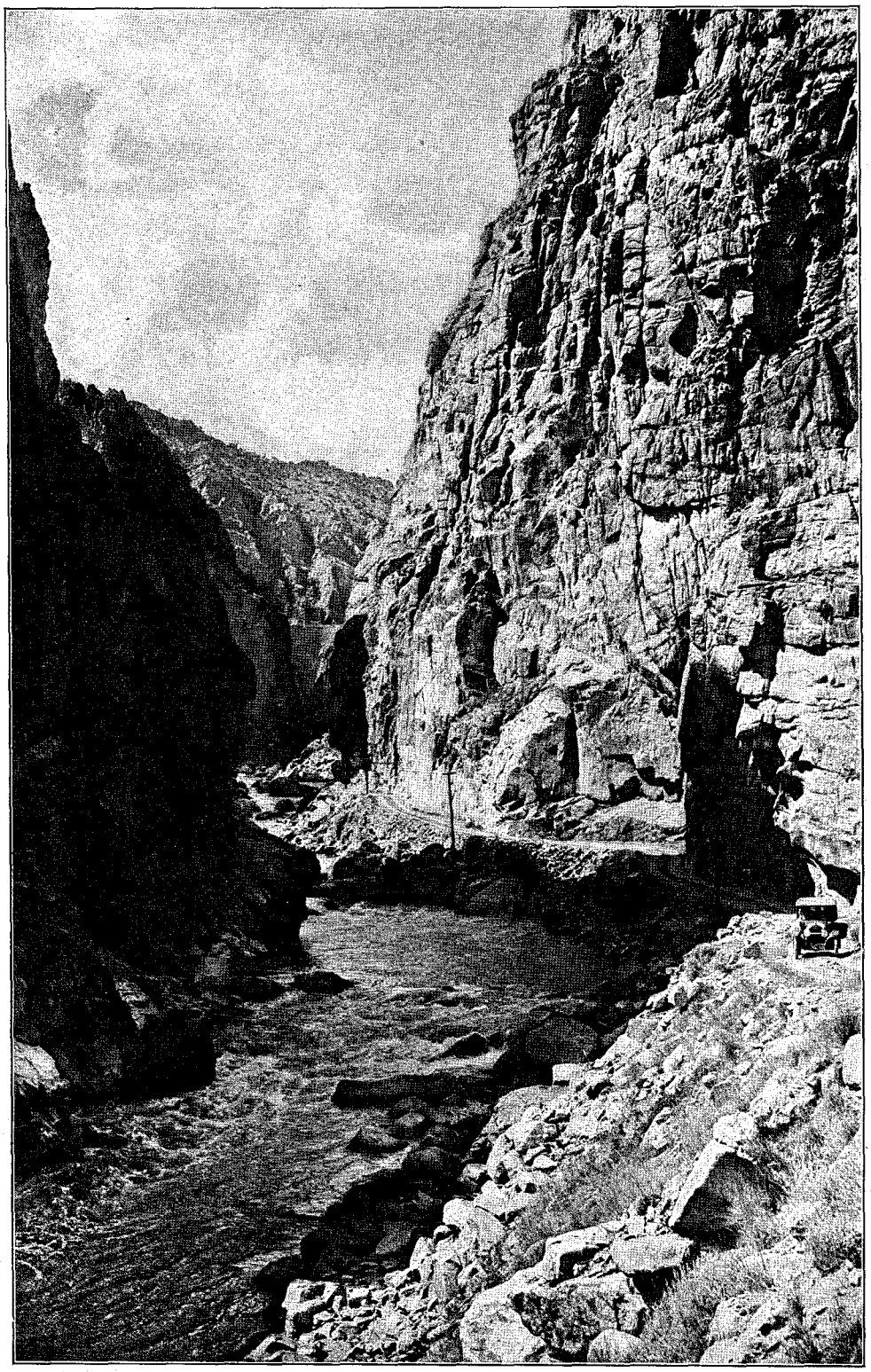
Fortunately for the motorist, all of the four entrances to the Park are open to his choice and he is free to select the one most convenient. The northern or Gardiner entrance, on account of its proximity to the railroad, has long been the point of easiest access for the traveller, but since the motor has established independence of transportation, the highways leading through the rugged snow-capped mountains that guard the southern, western, and eastern boundaries, should prove far more fascinating than the more travelled though less scenic route from the north.

Approaching the Park from the east by way of Cody, the home of the boyhood hero, "Buffalo Bill," the motorist's path lies for interminable miles in a snakelike trail through vast "mesas," and desolate rolling hills spotted with pungent sage, that in the liquid distance seems to rise and fall with the waves of heat flowing across the shimmering plain. Were it not for the mute evidence of water-worn gullies and deeply rutted roads, one might well imagine that moisture was entirely foreign to this land of sage-brush and sand. Further evidence, however, that water is not far removed, is to be had in the patches of green alfalfa that irrigation development has made possible. Soothing relief from the dull monotony of the sage is offered by the snow-capped peaks of the Rockies that are dimly outlined in the blue haze above the horizon.

Almost imperceptibly the country becomes rougher; the flat gives way to a succession of dry "arroyos" and miniature canyons. Curious outcroppings of rock and queer volcanic formations that hark back to woodcuts in "The First Geography," serve to revive any lost interest in the passing scene. The mountains loom up clearer and larger until their summits are lost above the top of the wind-shield, and the road ahead seems to end abruptly at the very base of a massive wall through which there is no apparent opening. Suddenly, with no warning but the conventional "Slow-down-to-six-miles-per-hour-blow-your-horn" sign, the road plunges down along the almost vertical walls of Shoshone Canyon to the very brink of a foaming torrent below. Sage-brush, mountains, the sun (unless it be in the zenith), and all but a very small strip of blue sky are shut out by vertical cliffs, between which the thundering waters of the Shoshone echo and reverberate in their mad twisting course. A more unexpected change from the vast silences of hot sage-brush could not well be imagined, and the great contrast magnifies and enhances the fascination of the cool depths of this rugged gorge. The road picks its way gingerly along ledges and over bridges, sometimes forcing its way through tunnels in the solid rock, for when this mountain was cleaved asunder to allow the passage of a river, no surplus room was left, and a more forbidding place for a road has rarely confronted man in his untiring energy to penetrate nature in her wildest haunts. This was not the motive, however, that prompted the construction of a road through this gorge, but the necessity for conveying materials for building the mighty Shoshone dam that rises almost three hundred feet above the river at the head of the canyon. A steep ascent terminated by a long tunnel through the rock brings the motorist to the level of a wonderful, placid body of water stretching away toward the mountains and held prisoner by a mass of concrete cleverly placed at the mouth of this gorge, little more than two hundred feet across. By means of a tunnel through the mountains on the north side of the dam, it is planned to convey water to vast areas of arid lands whose soil awaits only the needed moisture to produce gardens and grain-fields.

For the next half-dozen miles the road winds not unlike the Axenstrasse, above the shores of the lake, gradually straightening out into a smooth white strip that leads over the undulating floor of the North Fork Valley toward the main crest of the Absaroka Range that marks the eastern boundary of the Park. The typ-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The road plunges down along the almost vertical walls of Shoshone Canyon to the very brink of a foaming torrent below.—Page 676.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

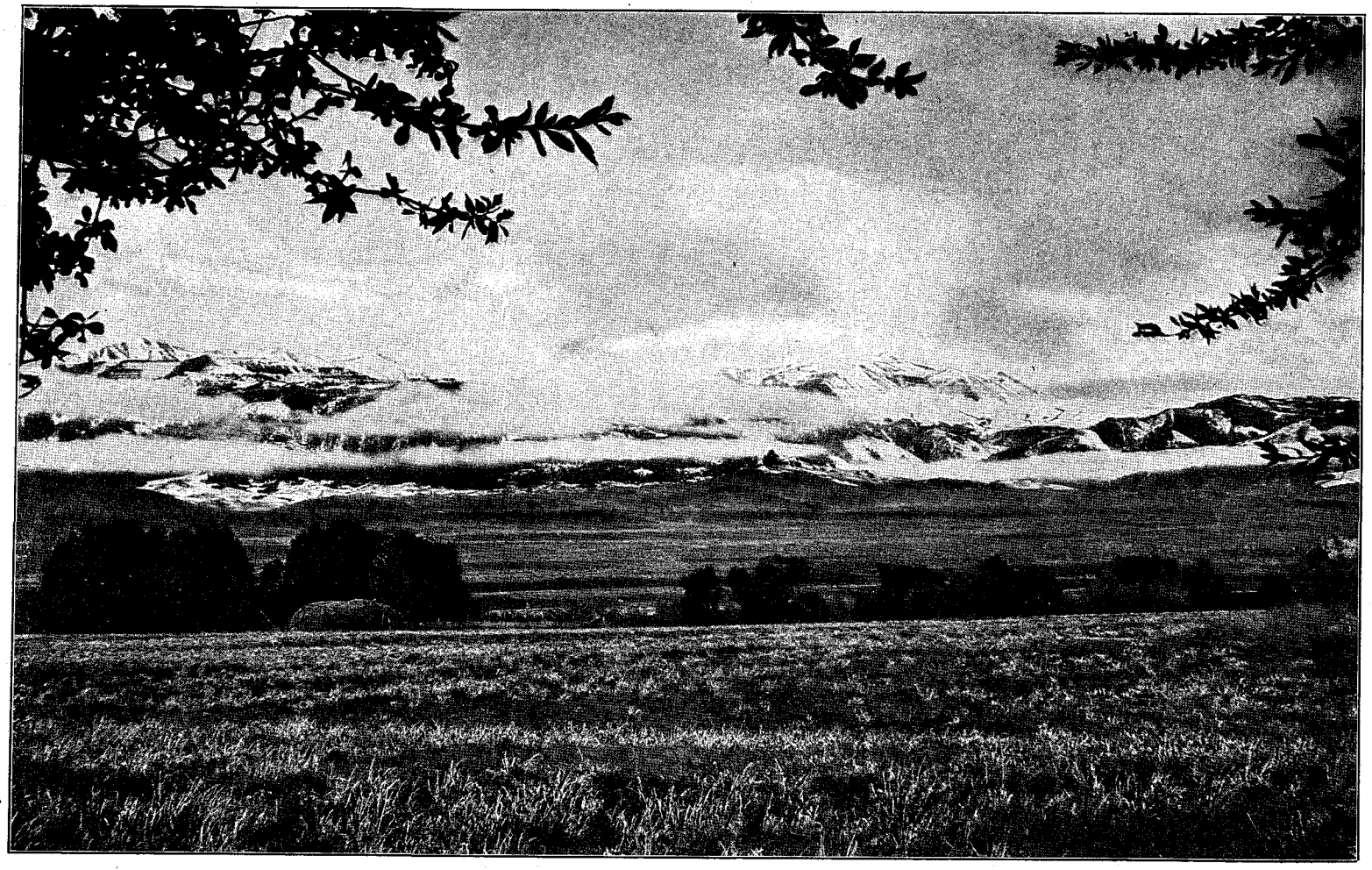
ical log ranch-house and barn, with their attendant pole corrals in a clump of cottonwood-trees, at once proclaims this a "cow country," and far up on the mountainside grazing cattle may be dimly discerned. A round-up, ever and always of deep interest and mystery to the Easterner, is, perhaps, in action not far from the road, and the surging cattle held in check by cowboys bedecked in gay handkerchiefs and long-haired chaps, forms a scene so stirring and so apart from the every-day business of motoring that it compels a halt. Beyond, weird masses of brilliantly colored rock formations rise tier upon tier into the clouds that drift about their summits, reflecting the rays of the sun to produce a lighting effect truly theatrical. This gigantic back drop seems as though it must be nothing but canvas and paint after all.

As the road ascends, the valley becomes narrower, ranches disappear, vertical cliffs are skirted close to the edge of the river, and soon after the boundary of the Shoshone National Forest is crossed a luxuriant vegetation appears on all sides. The passing of this point marks an improvement in the road and affords a more satisfying enjoyment of the ever-changing vistas of mountain and forest that are unfolded at every turn of the smooth and well-graded highway. Mile after mile the hum of the motor keeps tune with the music of the gradually diminishing river as the road leading along the water's edge rises higher and higher toward the summits. At the Park boundary is the soldier station. Fortunately the regulations are easily complied with, and in a few minutes the speedometer is again registering the speed limit. One season's operation of the automobile regulations demonstrated to the powers that be that the average motorist is a saner and more reasonable being than was at first supposed; as a consequence, there has been a considerable downward revision of the rules governing his actions.

Shortly after the entrance is passed the grade becomes noticeably steeper, and leaving the stream that has been so closely followed, a sharp rise carries the road over the divide through Sylvan Pass at an altitude of eight thousand four hundred feet. Gliding down the western slope through the cool, silent forests affords an indescribably keen enjoyment, and the motorist must have travelled far who has experienced roads as well built and maintained as this, more than a mile and a half above sea-level in the midst of rugged mountain summits. Eleanor and Sylvan Lakes are skirted in turn; the latter a dainty body of water set in the depth of an alpine forest and guarded by a grim peak at its head. The waving pines on the islets that dot its surface and the dense growth along its shores dispel any thought of the short distance to timber-line and eternal snow. As the road continues down a gently winding course all expectations are centred on Yellowstone Lake, till at last it flashes afar off through the pines—a great body of water scintillating under the turquoise brilliance of a Wyoming sky. In another instant it is gone and the road turns to hurry down to it in a flowing ribbon that stretches ahead as far as the eye can reach through the forest and across many a meadow of luxuriant grass.

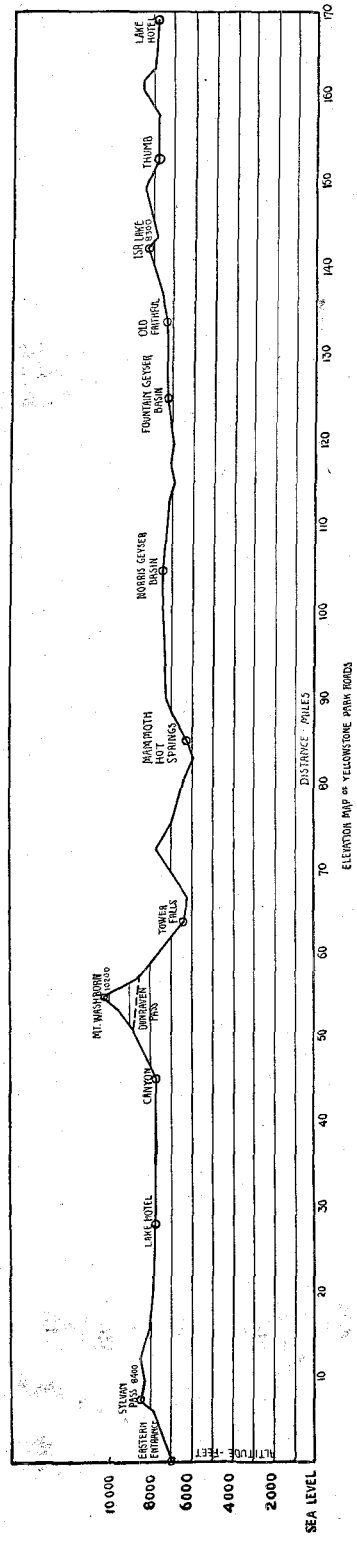
Half hidden in the long grass of these mountain parks scattered herds of elk and deer may be seen grazing within a few hundred feet of the road, and not even the rasping shriek of the electric horn seems to disturb the peaceful and contented existence of nature's animals. Prior to the admittance of horseless vehicles to the Park, it was argued that the smell and the unnatural noise of the motors would drive the animal life away from the roads and would bring to an end one of the most fascinating features of this wonderland. When, however, the whir of the motor as it toils up the rugged heights of Mt. Washburn, and passes almost unnoticed within two hundred yards of a band of the most wary of wild animals, the Rocky Mountain sheep, and when at night the bears, having feasted on "beefsteaks that have proved too tough for the tourists," make bold actually to clamber into the motor-cars and despoil seat cushions in search of sweets unwittingly left in side pockets, it will be appreciated that the contention that the motor-car would frighten these animals was quite without foundation. The whole atmosphere of Yellowstone seems to exert a soothing effect on both man

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



On the peaks of the Absaroka Range that guard the eastern boundary snow falls in every month of the year.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Elevation map of Yellowstone Park roads.

This map was prepared by the author from aneroid barometer readings made on three trips and checked up with government observations.

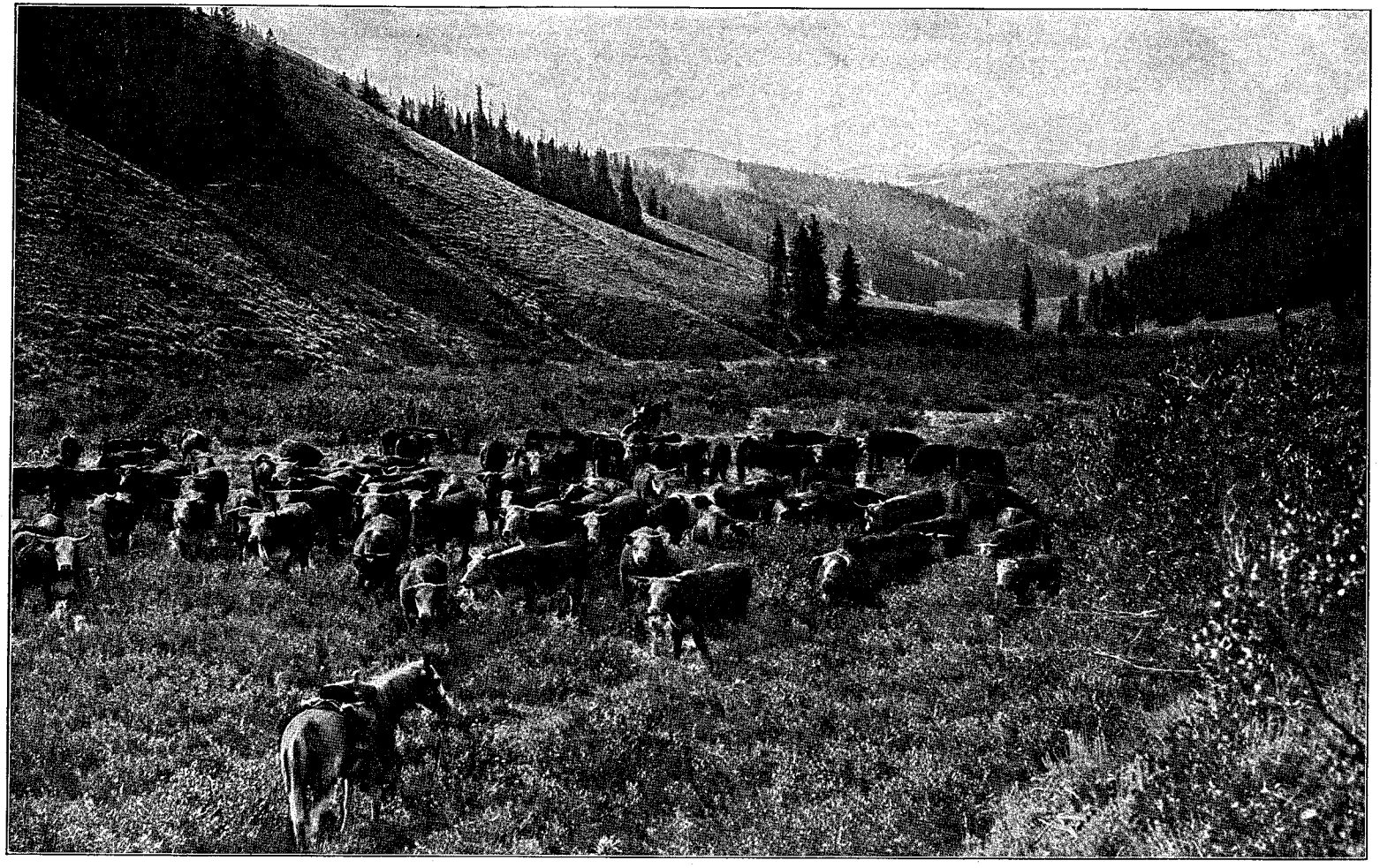
and beast, and it is said that "Even broncs won't buck in the Park."

At the junction of the loop road, or the route that makes the circuit of the Park, the second soldier station is reached. Turning northeast, a broad, level boulevard follows along the smooth, silent Yellowstone River as it starts on its four-thousand-mile journey to the sea. For fifteen miles the river leads quietly through a level, open valley, lightly timbered with pines, till, gathering its strength in a series of tumbling, foaming rapids, it plunges four hundred feet into a canyon of myriad rainbows.

Leaving the river now to the east, a long steady climb carries the motorist through a region carpeted with a profusion of Alpine wild flowers whose gorgeous masses of color almost outrival the canyon below. From the Grand Canyon to the summit of Mt. Washburn, the odometer registers ten miles. An equal distance embracing scenes more extensive or varied would be difficult to find. At Dunraven Pass the road forks, the left branch around the summit for those of faint heart; the right branch for those who have confidence in their motor and in themselves, and who can appreciate the sublime panorama unfolded from the top of this peak. In the four miles from Dunraven Pass to the summit of Washburn, the motorist climbs steadily upward over a well-graded, though steep and sometimes narrow, road that winds back and forth across the rocky face of the mountain, gradually leaving the forested and flower-strewn slopes below and entering the wild, storm-swept region of the peaks. As the trail curves around the mountain from one side to the other, a terrifying, yet inthralling panorama of distant peaks, rivers, canyons, lakes, and geysers is spread before the traveller's eye; and over the rounded hills and lower slopes of the mountains a dense black forest extends like a velvety mantle. Crossing at last a narrow, rocky "hog's back" from which cliffs plunge sharply down on either side, the road sweeps around the very tip of the peak in a graceful, eagle-like spiral, and presently the motorist finds nothing above him but blue sky and racing clouds.

Descending toward Tower Falls an ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Cattle grazing on the vast forest reserves that border Yellowstone Park.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cellent idea of the grade is gained from the fact that in the two miles to the junction with the route over Dunraven Pass the aneroid indicates a drop of fifteen hundred and fifty feet. The corners are not excessively sharp, however, and by engaging low or intermediate gear, and opening the priming cups on the engine, the braking effect is such that the hand or foot brakes need hardly be touched. A well-beaten track leads for seven miles down through a sparsely timbered region to Tower Creek which, struggling through a curious formation of weird minarets and towers, suddenly plunges down one hundred and thirty feet into a dark, tree-clad ravine. The beauty of Tower Falls may be more fully appreciated by walking down to the Yellowstone River and then up Tower Creek to the base of the falls.

Beyond Tower Creek the road passes out to the edge of Yellowstone Canyon, the rim of which at this point is composed of an interesting columnar basalt. For several hundred yards a huge cliff of this formation overhangs the road and exhibits very clearly the regular structure of this peculiar form of rock most widely known as composing the cliffs of the Giant's Causeway. Turning away from the brink of the canyon, the motorist is led into gently sloping meadow-lands fringed with pines and spruces and carpeted with luxuriant grass. Away toward the northeast stretches range after range of blue and purple mountains, offering untold charms of river, forest, and peak. The road bears west, however, up an easy climb of three miles to the Blacktail Deer Divide, then over a rolling descent to the Gardiner River and Mammoth Hot Springs.

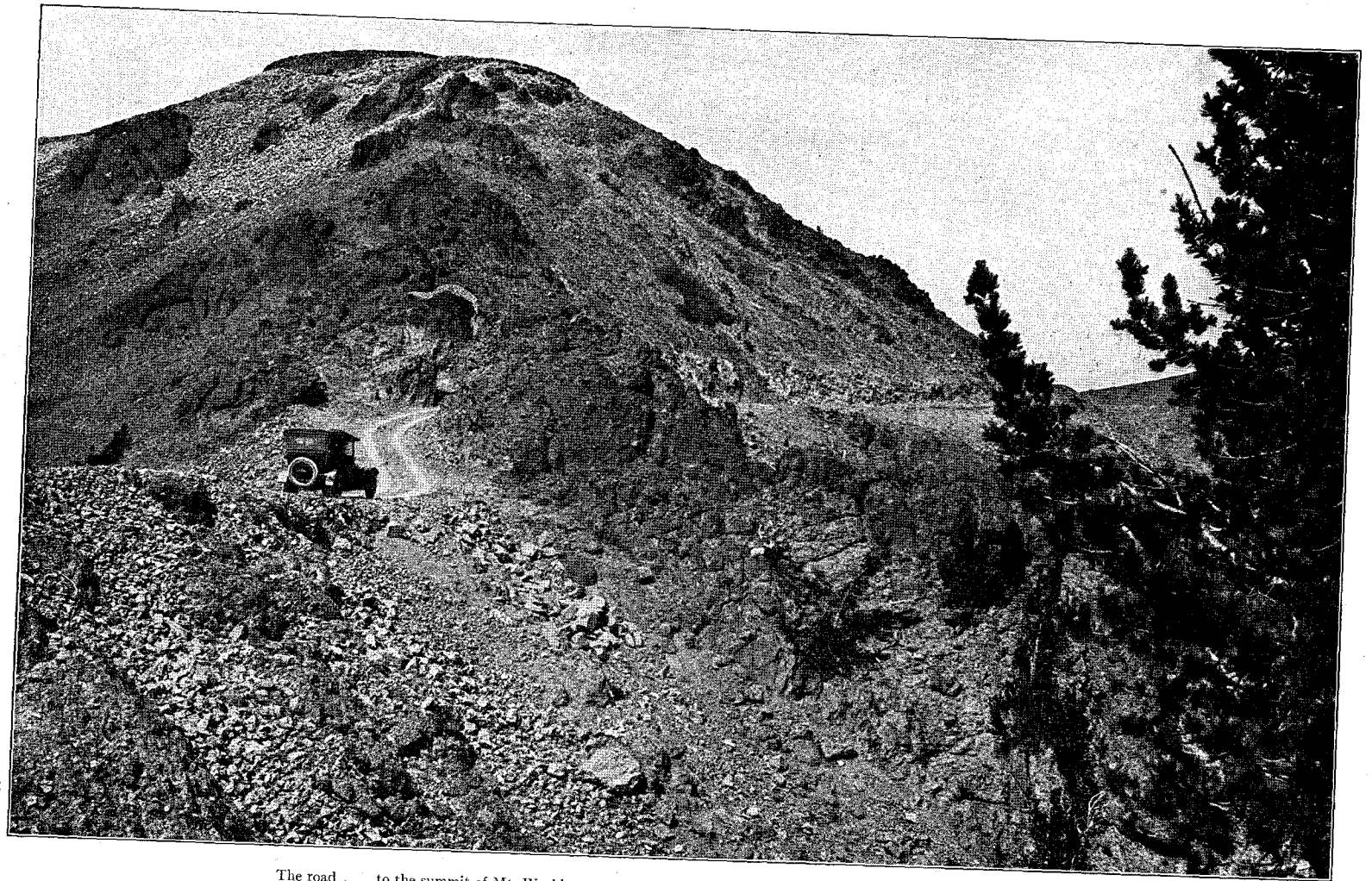
The touch of the outside world at this, the main entrance to the Park, gives rise to a longing to return once more to the flowing road, and it is with an extreme sense of exhilarating freedom that the wide, easy grade from Mammoth is rapidly mounted on high gear. Silver Gate, the Hoodoos, and even Golden Gate with its cleverly engineered concrete viaduct, are passed before the intoxicating effects of the well-nigh perfect road have worn off. The next fifteen miles lie over a level plateau, following for the most part the sluggish Obsidian Creek to Norris Geyser Basin, the first example on a large scale of Yellowstone's spectacular features, which make strong appeal to a sensation-loving world. Beyond Norris there is a restful glide down Gibbon Canyon, the road faithfully following every twist and turn of the sparkling stream. At night, when the moon is reflected from the riffled surface in a soft brilliance, the silvery waters lead the way through the black depths of the forest, and the song of the river is a welcome break in the tense stillness of nightfall.

From the Fountain Geyser Basin to Old Faithful are found most of the formations for which Yellowstone is best known and which are of never-ending interest and fascination. At the head of the Upper Geyser Basin is located Old Faithful Inn, by far the most unique and impressive man-made attraction of the Park, thoroughly in harmony with its surroundings and rivalling the natural curiosities in its fund of unusual features.

Leaving behind these basins of spouting geysers, steaming caldrons, restless, boiling springs, and subterranean unrest, the road enters into the cool stillness of the pines that clothe the slopes of the Continental Divide. Once more a rushing mountain torrent leads the way up through a narrow canyon, hemmed in by forested heights and vertical cliffs of rock that crowd the road from side to side. Cradled in the very summit of Craig Pass, at an altitude of eight thousand five hundred feet, lies Isa Lake, whose mirror-like surface is covered with a brilliant array of delicate pond-lilies. Resting in this tiny apex of the continent there is romance in the thought that every spring the melting ice from this lake may feed either the waters of the Atlantic or the Pacific—in either case a long journey of many thousands of miles. The descent to Yellowstone Lake is made through dense timber which shuts off any distant views until, nearing the Thumb, a great expanse of sparkling blue water, with the giant peaks of the Absaroka Range behind, appears between the trees.

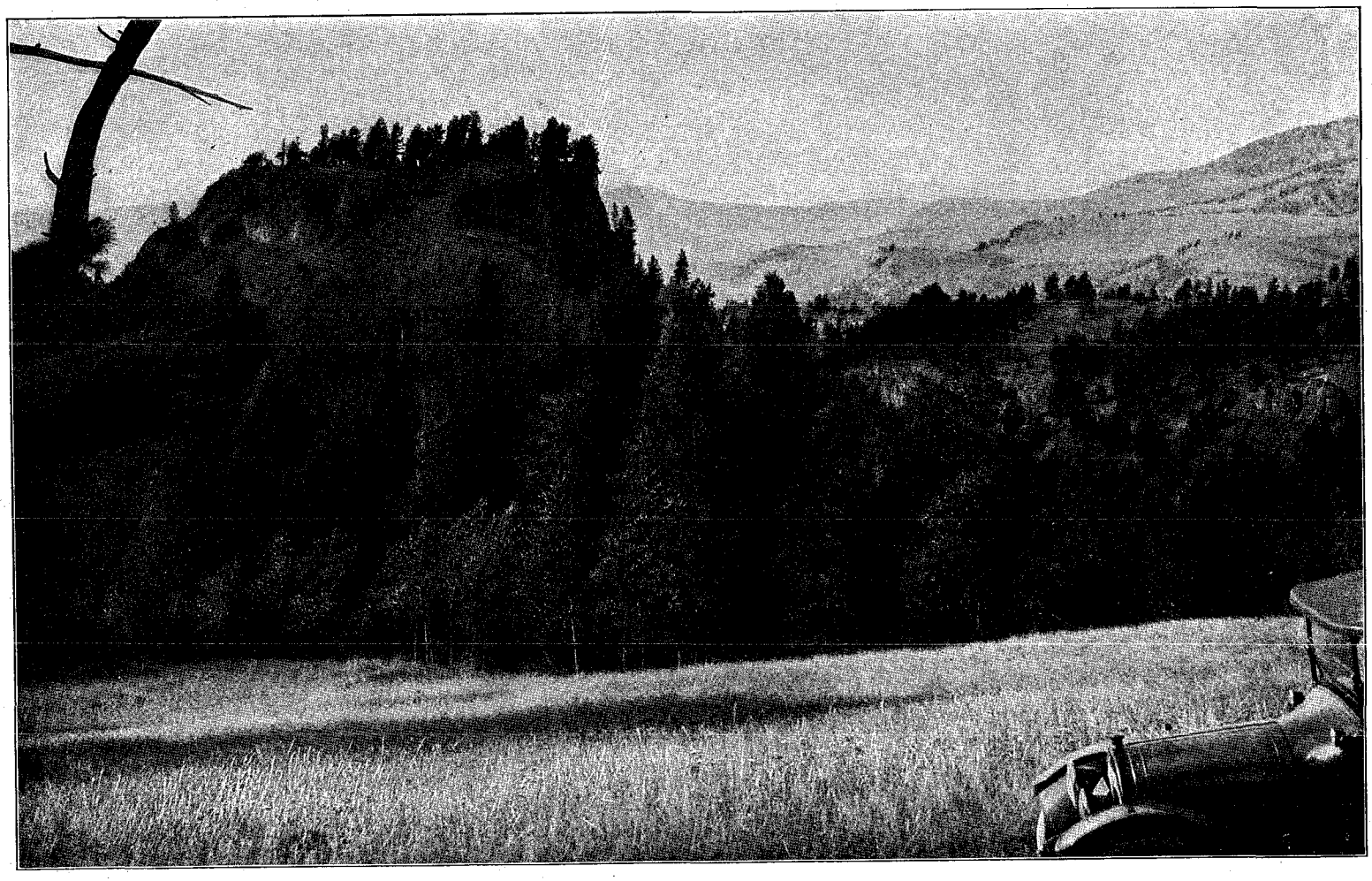
At Thumb Station the stage-road turns left along the shores of the lake to the Lake Hotel, fifteen miles away; to the right a less travelled and consequently far more interesting road leads to the south entrance, and to Jackson Lake lying at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



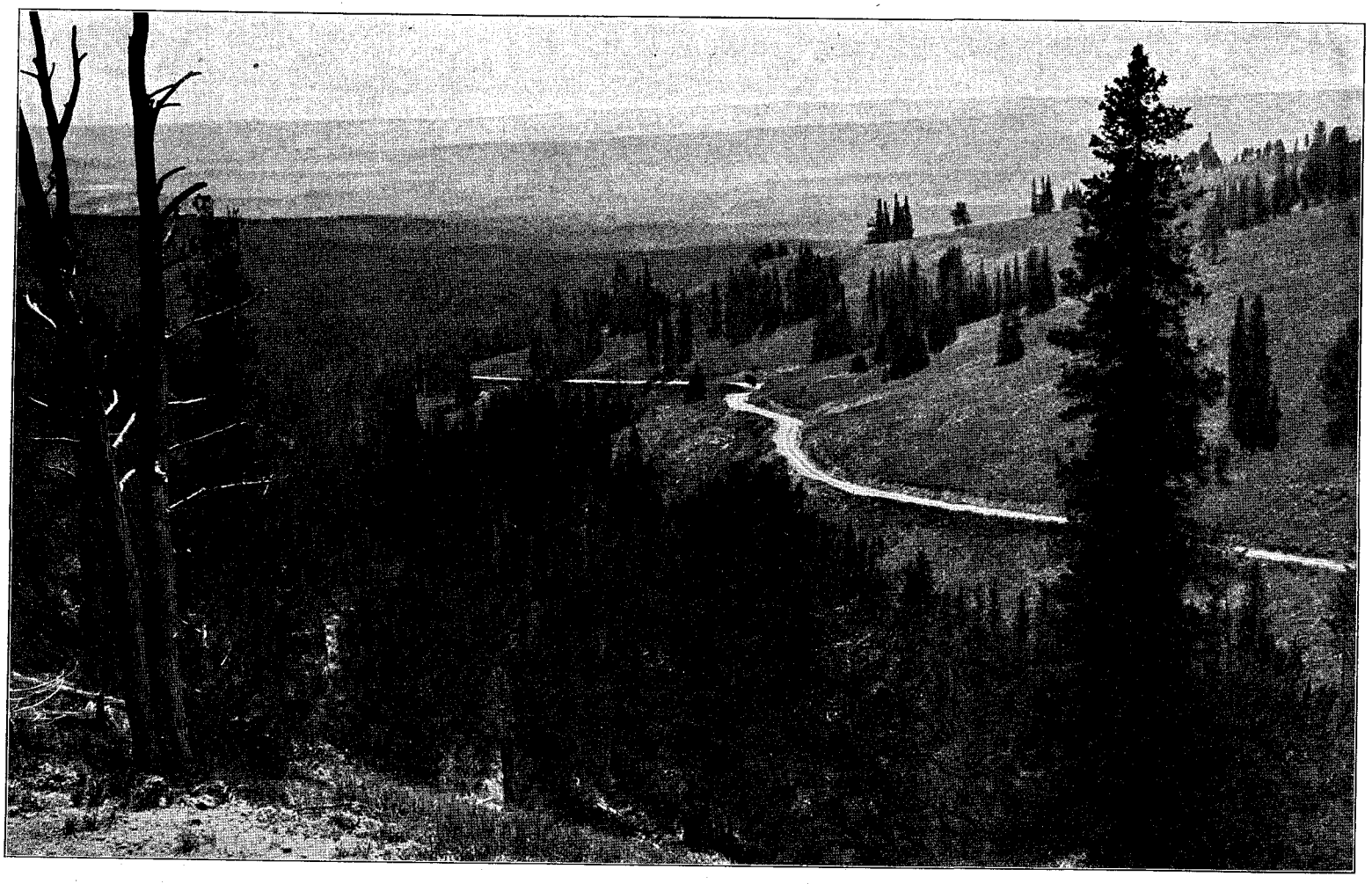
The road . . . to the summit of Mt. Washburn . . . entering the wild, storm-swept region of the peaks.—Page 680.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



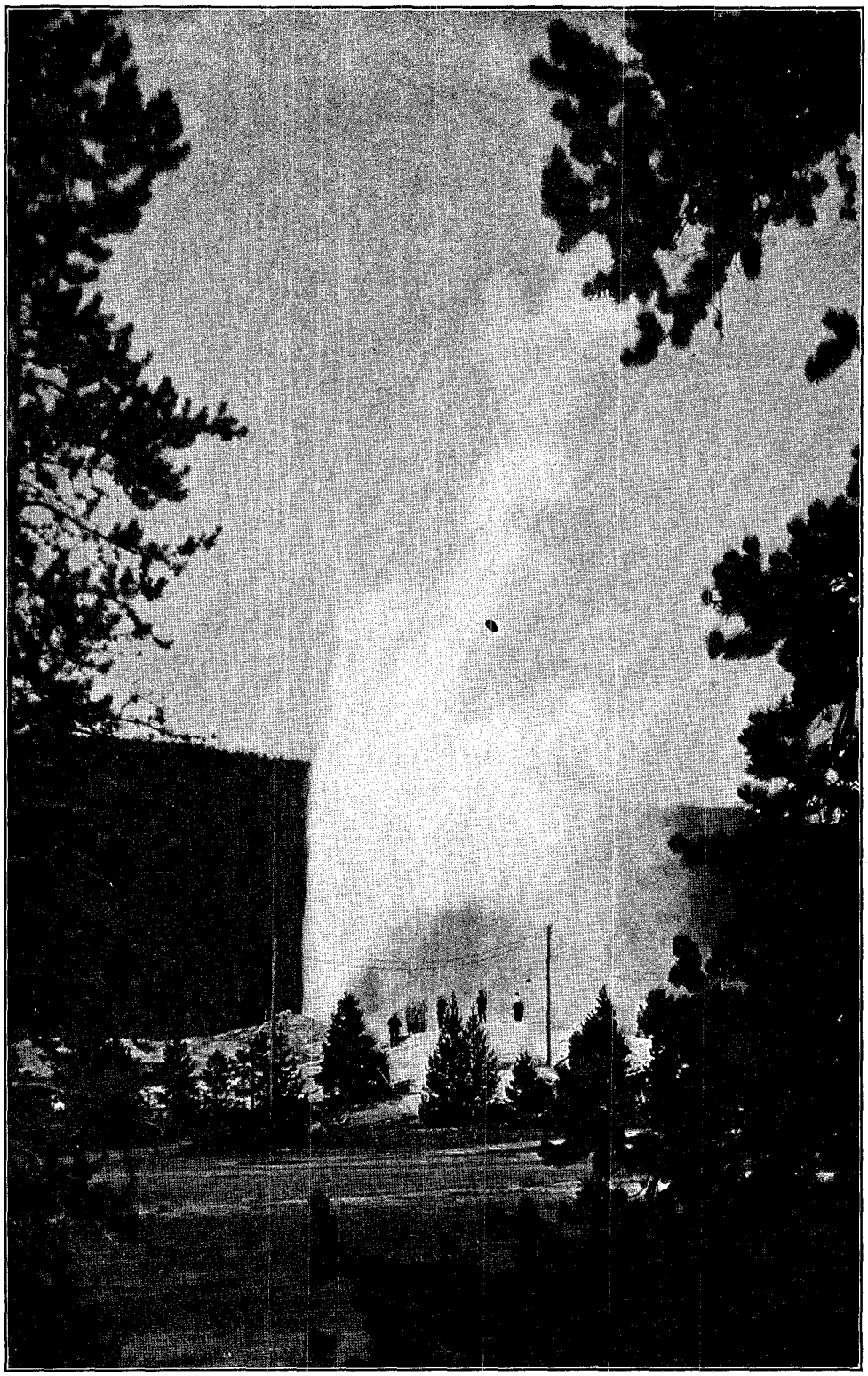
Away toward the northeast stretches range after range of blue and purple mountains.—Page 682.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Looking back over the well-engineered and well-kept Washburn Road.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Old Faithful Geyser, "the tourist's delight."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

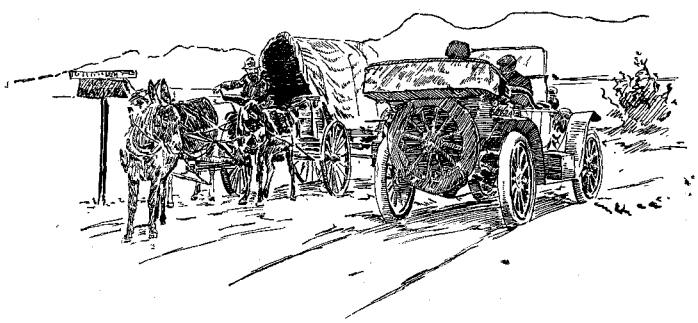
the feet of the icy peaks of the Teton Range. Following the spirit of the pioneer, therefore, the motorist will undoubtedly turn to the south toward the loftiest and most spectacular mountain summits in Wyoming.

The road slips along for mile on mile through wooded aisles, cool and restful and with no extended views till the east shores of Lewis Lake are reached, when a beautiful drive of some three miles follows close to the shore-line. On the east are heavy forests; across the lake to the west is an active steam basin, calling to mind the smoke from the camp-fires of the Indians that once hunted in this region. After leaving Lewis Lake the road follows south along Lewis River, presently climbing to the summit of a sparsely timbered ridge where, unexpectedly, a magnificent view of Jackson Lake overshadowed by the imposing Teton Range, is disclosed. Not unlike the scene from the summit of the St. Gothard, there stretches away as far as the eye can reach a vast wilderness of jagged, snowy summits, towering one above the other in noble array. Far below in a forested valley the glistening waters of Jackson Lake bring to mind the Italian Maggiore. After this sublime glimpse of Alpine grandeur, the road drops sharply along the crest of the ridge to the Snake River soldier station which guards this entrance to the Park.

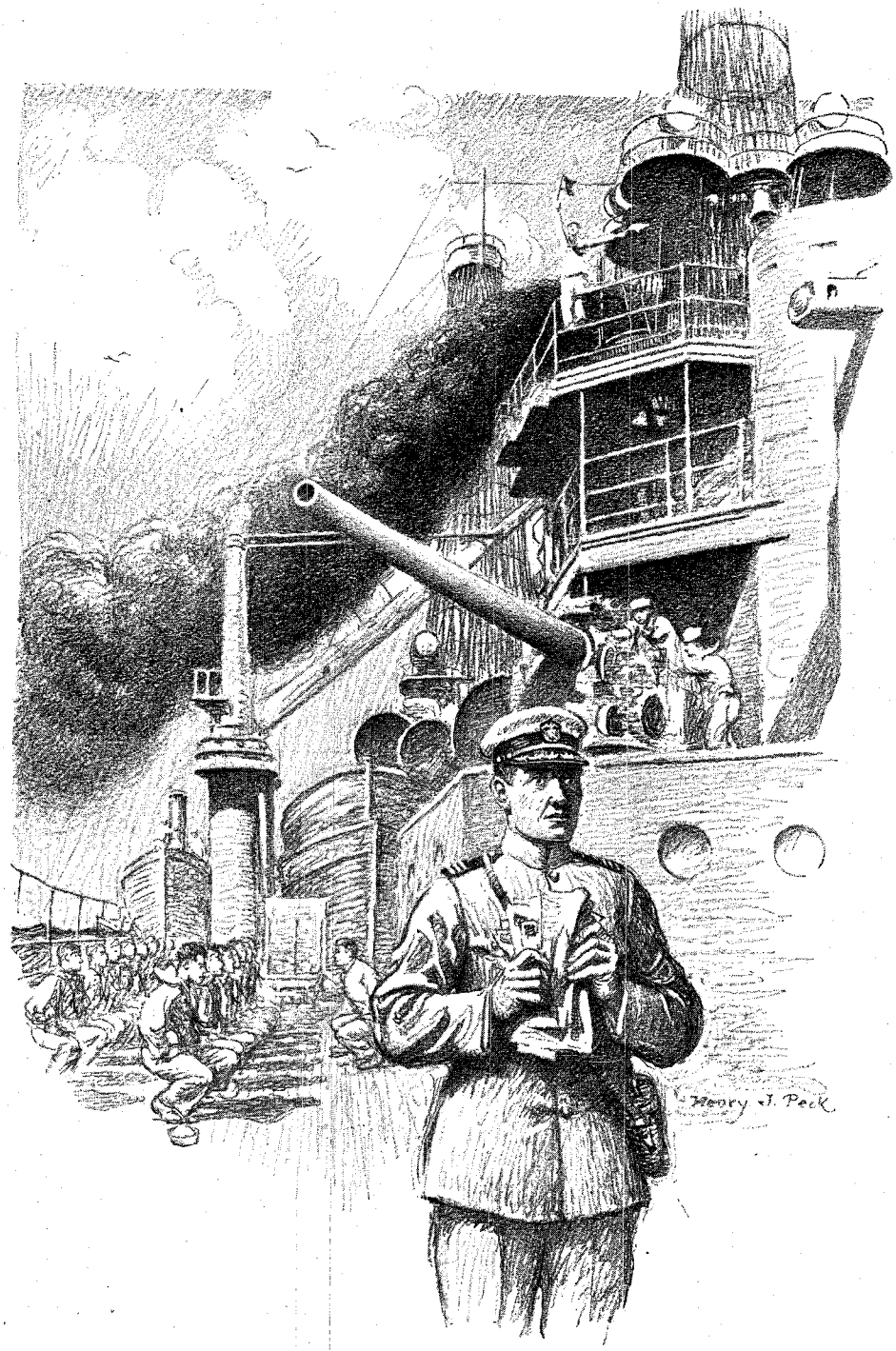
Another two miles of good government road brings the motorist to the new steel bridge across the Snake River. The timber now shuts out even the high peaks, and there follows a rather uncomfortable ride over unimproved country roads which are sharply contrasted with the smooth government highways. These discomforts of travel, however, are soon forgotten when the route emerges on the shores of Jackson Lake and the traveller is confronted by the awe-inspiring spectacle of the Grand Teton rearing his head into the sunset clouds to an altitude of nearly fourteen thousand feet. The two lesser Tetons ably support their big brother on either side, and the huge bulk of Mt. Moran to the north forms an imposing rampart across the lake. On account of the surface of the water having been raised by a dam placed across the lower end of the lake, the road that formerly skirted its shores is now forced to find its way over the side-hill at a safe distance from the muddy and treacherous bottom-land. This route, though a little rough, affords even a more glorious view of Mt. Moran and the three Tetons, their bases lapped by the waves of Jackson Lake, and their summits bathed in the glory of sunset six thousand feet above the waters.

It is with a feeling of great reluctance that the motorist turns his car away from the mountains toward the great rolling plains of the lower country, beyond which rises a mirage of smoked-begrimed cities; but many a time in the months to follow the keen pleasures found in the mountain fastness will be lived over in anticipation of another season.

"Then with fresh heart go down to your work, and whatever your fate, under whatever ignorance or knowledge you may afterward chance to suffer, you will remember these fine wild views and look back with joy to your wanderings in the blessed old Yellowstone Wonderland."



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Henry J. Peck.

Far away . . . in a hospital waiting-room his wife was sitting.—Page 692.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DUTY FIRST

By Harriet Welles
Author of "Anchors Aweigh," "Holding Mast," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY HENRY J. PECK

SOME hours before the United States broke off diplomatic relations with Germany a watchful observer might have sighted the elusive shadows of coming events.

The fleet, unheralded by the newspapers, returned from their interrupted target-practice off Cape Cruz, Cuba, to the rallying-point of a Virginia port. In the evening the harbor was empty; the next morning saw it crowded, as the long lines of silent, gray ships "stood in" from sea; destroyers sped swiftly to their anchorages, and submarines—like rows of tethered whales—gathered about the parent ships. Soon launches were lowered and scurrying between the anchored fleet and the near-by shore.

The big hotel on the beach filled in an hour with officers' wives—quiet women, whose cheerful voices contrasted sharply with the wistfulness of their unsmiling eyes—and quickly emptied again as the ships went their appointed ways. Soon the wide harbor was an unbroken, rippling, sunshiny space again.

Where did they go—the ships?

Ask the voyagers on transatlantic liners of the grim vessel with the starry flag that loomed suddenly into view through the treacherous mist.

You may not hear of them—the gray ships—but tireless, alert, vigilant, they go about their work, and behind that narrow line of steel may dwell in safety those "who go upon their lawful occasions" under the Stars and Stripes.

Since that memorable Good Friday when the whistles of Washington announced to the waiting city that the President's signature had been affixed to a momentous document the changes on the ships have been slight. It is hardly possible to improve upon an organization that has, by years of unceasing effort, reached a high state of proficiency, and, except that the training of numbers of extra men is added to the routine duties, there is little difference; only now the officers' day begins two hours earlier and ends—when their work is finished.

When, just before dawn, an orderly knocked at the door of the executive officer's stateroom and called "Half past four, commander!" he did not awaken the occupant of the narrow berth. The executive had decided, hours before, that morning was never coming, as he tossed about and mentally reviewed the contents of yesterday's letter and wireless message, sent by his wife.

They were from a distant city, where she had gone to consult a famous surgeon about their only child—the small son whose growing helplessness hung like a sombre cloud over all their days—and choked any references to the future with a shadowy hand; for the boy was partially and increasingly paralyzed, and every dollar they could spare had gone to doctors of varying capabilities and unvarying avariciousness—and all the time the child grew worse.

This great specialist was their last, hard-wrung resort. The executive's wife had written of the quick, skilful diagnosis, and had followed the letter by a wireless message—"The surgeon would operate tomorrow at ten—a grave operation, but the boy's only chance! Could he come?" it ended in a little burst of panic and loneliness.

The executive officer smothered a groan and, sitting up, glanced at the pale stars and gray waste of water framed by the open port-hole. The ship was short three officers through illness—and even if he could have been spared he could not have reached the hospital until five hours after the operation was over. It was so

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

impossible that he had not even spoken to the captain. . . .

Twenty minutes later he stepped on deck and faced the routine business of his day in the weird light of the early dawn.

The executive officer of a battleship or dreadnought holds the rank of commander and, if he is competent, the busiest billet on the ship. He is the housekeeper; every detail passes through his hands on its way to the captain; he receives the report of each departmental head; knows the standing and capabilities of every member of the crew. All records of mistakes or accidents are his to investigate, boil down, strip of unnecessary details and present—mere shadows of their original selves—to the captain for settlement. On board ship an executive officer knows everything—except idleness.

And now, accompanied by the officer of the deck, this executive went over the two rows of launches and duty-boats: tested pulleys, examined ropes, glanced over the detailed lists of their engine fitness; asked a question here, made a suggestion there, and, leaving the officers in charge scribbling in their note-books, went on with the boatswain to inspect the booms—those long poles to which launches are fastened, and up which the launch crews scramble with a dexterity that makes the tense observer a ready convert to the Darwinian theory.

The executive took no chances on the accuracy of any scientific hypothesis as he examined the lashings and rungs of the rope ladders, the tension of the breast-high man-ropes, the strength of the boat-fastenings, and nodded his commendation.

Forward a little group of stewards waited as he came toward the gangway-ladder. He noted, with minute care, the condition of hoists and pulleys, hinges, treads, and landing-platform, and spoke his approval to the officer of the deck.

This opened the ladder to traffic; the stewards and assistant paymaster departed on waiting launches to the nearest port to lay in several days' fresh food supply for officers and crew.

The executive, examining the anchor gear, spoke to the paymaster and started on his survey of the morning watch. Officers and men were in their places and, with unhurried step, the commander made his rounds from station to station until, after the assistant paymaster and the steward's return, the ship proceeded on her way and the executive, turning over the deck to the officer in charge, went down to the ward-room for his breakfast.

The long table, extending across the officer's compartment, was simmering with indignant comment. The daily wireless news from Arlington had just been delivered, and an account of the shelling of a sunken ship's life-boat by the attacking submarine was the subject of conversation.

"Have you seen the report, commander?" demanded the doctor; "Mahoney, the gunner who went from this ship, was among those killed. Nice warfare—shooting unarmed men in an open life-boat!"

The executive gave a sharp exclamation. "Not Mahoney!" and added: "He came with me from my last shore station. I first noticed him when he was one of the orderlies outside our house. My boy . . . was devoted to Mahoney."

"He was a corking gunner," observed the ordnance officer, and bitterly advocated a general Teutonic exodus to an uncharted tropics . . .

"Mahoney was promoted to coxswain before he went up for gunner, at the navy-yard," commented the executive, pursuing his remembrances; "he was so competent that the admiral wanted him—but he *never* would answer the quartermaster's hail. He'd let the quartermaster bawl—while he eased in to the gangway—and let the admiral out, with no one to receive him!"

"What happened?" asked the ordnance officer.

"I went over the answers about fifty times with Mahoney. You *must* answer according to the ranking officer you have aboard. If it's an admiral you answer, 'Flag.' If it's a captain you answer the name of his ship; if it's an officer answer, 'Aye, aye'; a junior or petty officer, 'No, no'; an enlisted man, 'Hello.'

"'I'm not given to so much talking,' growled Mahoney, and the very next day I happened to be on the dock when the quartermaster hailed, 'Boat ahoy!' and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mahoney's voice answered: 'One aye, aye! Two no, no's! Three hallo's! And a pay-clerk!' and seeing me he added in the same yell, 'I'm through with launchin'—I'll be tryin' for a gunner's rate—it's more peaceful,'" recounted the executive, and smiled at the ripple of laughter, but sobered as he remembered. "My boy—was around in his wheel-chair. Mahoney talked enough to him. My boy—was devoted to Mahoney," said the commander, pushing back his chair and rising.

From the ward-room he climbed to the upper decks and bridge, to see that the orders for the morning's work were being carried out.

Then, accompanied by the ordnance officer, he descended to the gun-deck. All matters pertaining to the smooth working of the guns received painstaking, absorbed attention. The sights, the hoists, the breeches, each had their share. The ordnance officer, satisfied, went his way, while the executive, turning, entered the crew's mess-hall—just as the triangular red meal-pennant crept to the yard-arm and the clatter of dishes wrestled with the aroma of coffee. He passed critically, between the long rows of tables, to the galley. Here his approach caused a decided commotion; the assistant cook had barely time to make temporary repairs following an agonized but noiseless tussle with Billy, the ship's mascot—a wayward and defiant goat with an uncontrolled penchant for frequenting the forbidden galley during meal-hours. He met the executive, a few steps beyond, wearing an aggrieved expression and some fragments of potato-peelings; and the commander, passing warily by, registered the remembrance of Billy's provocative, sprightly *pas seul* to tell his son.

Would he ever hear again the old question: "What did the goat do *next*, father?"

The executive winced as he turned away.

At the door of his office his clerk met him with the mail—just put aboard from a tug. The commander settled at his desk and sorted over the pile of letters and packages. He took up the official mail first. A few documents were laid aside for the captain's perusal; others he read carefully and locked away in the desk drawer; a number were thrown into the wire basket—to be answered by dictation.

Next came his personal mail. Two letters were from former mess-attendants asking for his assistance in getting a transfer and a higher rating; these were added to the contents of the wire basket. Eight were wedding invitations—"The whole army is getting married!" mused the executive; he came of seafaring stock, but to-day he questioned the charms of his beloved branch of the service. "It's pretty fine to be on land," thought the executive wistfully as he noticed that, for the first time in many months, there was no letter from his wife. Instead a large, square envelope with the postmark of an inland city came to his hand. It was a request from an amateur statistician—who mentioned various political affiliations and demanded information as to the amount disbursed daily and yearly by the government for officers' food.

"'I find it easy to get the figures of the money spent for the sailors' rations, but consider it very suspicious that, in these hard times, there is no statement made about the quality and cost of food supplied to officers. As a taxpayer I demand to know,'" read the executive, and dictated the answer to his yeoman.

"All officers of the United States navy at sea, or on shore duty, buy and pay for every article of food they use," clicked off the typewriter.

The rest of the letters were from the wives or mothers of sailors in the ship's crew. The executive sighed, as he looked at the number of them. Some were pathetic—some abusive. An incoherent scrawl threatened dire things unless the writer's husband, a young machinist's mate (with a good record) continued his allotment.

From an address in down-town east-side New York a girl wrote that just as she had gotten together her wedding outfit the prospective bridegroom had vanished. She "had heard that he had enlisted in the navy under an assumed name and was serving on some ship"—what name or which ship she did not know, but, endowing the executive with omnis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cience, bade him seek out the elusive swain and waken his slumbering sense of responsibility.

"Wonder why she picked *on this ship?*" grumbled the recipient aggrievedly.

One woman, mistaking the commander for the doctor, went into the minute details of an obscure illness and enlarged on the necessity of the sailor-relative's immediate return.

A short note from a mother asked that her son might be allowed to come home. "His father is dying," the letter ended with a pathetic dignity.

The last communication—an anonymous one—held a threat. The executive officer flipped it with his finger. "Knew he was one of a gang of thieves—wish I could catch the others," he said aloud, as he divided the letters into four piles. One pile he sent to the chaplain; another he put aside for future consideration; a single letter was enclosed to the police of a near-by city for investigation; the rest he gathered up to discuss with the captain.

A knock sounded. "Muster, sir," said the orderly. The executive followed him to the deck.

Aft a bugle was sounding the morning call above the tramp of many feet, as the men marched up or fell in with their divisions. The captain of marines made his report; the ordnance, engineer, and navigating officers accounted for their departments; the paymaster varied his document with two recommendations; the doctor and the master-at-arms in charge of the ship's jail accounted for absentees.

The executive gave close attention to the reports, questioned, objected, approved; then, with his hands full of papers and letters, turned toward the captain's door.

The bugle sounded shrilly for "setting-up" drill, and the sailors and marines launched valiantly but disgustedly into the gymnastic exercises laid out with wise attention to their physical welfare, while Billy, from the shadow of the turret, watched with amazed wonder his friends' unfruitful antics.

Ding-ding! Ding-ding! rang the ship's bell.

The executive officer stopped short.

Ten o'clock!

Far away . . . in a hospital waiting-room his wife was sitting—silent, wide-eyed, with fingers interlocked to hide their trembling, and alone—except for the nurses with their shop-worn, professional cheerfulness. And somewhere—in a room above her—an ether cone descending over a small, frightened, fever-flushed face . . .

The executive officer stumbled a little as he walked toward the captain's door.

Inside he gave his careful report, answered questions, made a suggestion, wrote down some directions, and, by sheer force of will, concentrated all his attention on the work before him, and finishing rose to go.

The captain glanced at him with level, kindly eyes. "Anything wrong, commander?" he asked, and stood silent as the executive, with the few scattered words, "My boy—trepan—this morning," turned and hurried away.

On deck the bugles sang their orders as the crew broke into small groups. Some, with their officers, entered the thick steel turrets where each great fifty-foot gun can throw death and destruction far beyond the dim horizon-line; others manned the many smaller guns; a detail of officers and men climbed to the dizzy heights of the cage-masts to "observe" how and where the shots fell. Signal-corps men brightened the bridge-ends with the flutter and whirl of small flags. Battle practice was on; and the executive officer at his battle station watched and criticised.

This finished, he hurried back to his office and the daily preliminary mast, where the requests and complaints too trivial to reach the captain are disposed of and investigations of the more serious cases are prepared before the case is taken up at the official police court.

An executive's duties bring him in close touch with the enlisted personnel, and his judgment, trained in this exacting daily school, is disconcertingly keen.

Three men, requesting leave of absence to visit dying relatives, went back to their work with great celerity. A cook, yearning for a navy-yard station near his family, was cautioned against his growing inclination toward permanent shore duty, and departed, with a rueful grin. Two

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stokers wanted higher ratings; a coxswain requested his good-conduct stripes. These were noted and put down for investigation.

The executive turned to the big, pleasant-faced machinist's mate who stood next.

"Want to stop your wife's monthly allotment—why?" he asked, and laid the pitiful evidence—a handful of letters from neighbors, a probation officer, and reluctant relatives—on the abusive scrawl he had received that morning.

The primrose path! That led through moving-picture palaces and amusement parks to the saloons.

"Any children?" asked the executive, mentally recruiting the chaplain's assistance.

"No, sir," answered the machinist and added a grim denunciation of idle women and their ways, as he went out of the narrow door, just as eight bells gave the signal for the band to assist at the crew's enjoyment of their dinner.

The commander, glancing toward his desk, noticed three packages remaining from his morning mail and tore them open. The first two were official, but from the third he took out a wrapped and padded bundle. A small, mechanical replica of an English battleship's launch, complete in every detail, met his astonished eyes. Around the boat-hook, held by the miniature coxswain on the tiny deck, a thin piece of paper was twisted; the executive unwound it. His son's name headed the few lines of writing. "One hello! The coxswain's me. This will run fine in the bath-tub. I'll be seeing you soon," it read. And the signature was Mahoney's.

The executive officer hastily examined the wrappings, noting the censor's veto and the postmark. The box had been mailed in Liverpool a week before Mahoney started on the return voyage of his ill-fated duty.

"I'll be seeing you soon," reread the commander, and shivered in the warm air.

The long day dragged on.

At luncheon the executive officer ate, unnoting, what was put before him; answered, unheeding, the chaff or conversation addressed to him. Only the orderlies, with wireless messages, caught his immediate attention as, with apprehensive dread, he opened and read the routine announcements. . . .

At one o'clock he accompanied the captain to "mast," and gave the results of his investigations or knowledge in deciding questionable cases.

This finished, the afternoon drills commenced.

The executive made frequent visits to different points where the ship's work was going forward or, in his office, checked over transfers, initialled approved requests for advanced ratings, went over examinations for promotions, considered changes of detail and transfers of sailors from one division to another—to keep the ship's organization up to its highest efficiency—and heard frequent reports.

With the ordnance officer he looked over a catch in the working of one of the ammunition hoists, and took down notes of the proposed changes; inspected the engine-room where many brawny stokers toiled and skylarked in the glare of the hungry furnaces. The paymaster's storeroom needed repainting, the executive decided; and gave the order—oblivious of the paymaster's involuntary motion to clasp his head with both hands, as he thought of the impending paint-chipping gang attacking the steel bulkheads with hammers and chisels.

At the doctor's department the odors of anæsthetics and disinfectants wafted out through the hospitably open door; the executive hurried past and did not return, nor did he inspect the wireless-room—where messages came and went—with snapping and clicking.

As the afternoon waned he became conscious that, through the usual freemasonry of ship life, the officers had heard of his trouble. The navigator, finishing a statement of affairs in his department, launched into an impersonal diatribe on the miracles wrought by modern surgery. The bachelor captain of marines, recommending some trivial changes in the guard, broke off to speak with inspiring earnestness on the marvellous recuperative power of children. The doctor came in without any camouflage of reports or questions and started upon a learned medical discourse; then—remembering his own

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

three clothes-destroying, shoe-eliminating young pirates—choked, and departed hastily. The chaplain paused in the threshing out of truth from romance in a letter under investigation, and cleared his throat. . . .

From somewhere aft came a wail of unspeakable anguish, of heartrending, tear-wringing melancholy; long crescendos and discords of such rasping shrillness that, as the notes rose and fell the chaplain remarked thoughtfully that one of his teeth needed filling; then, starting up, glanced through the door and down the long deck to where a sailor, seated on an upturned bucket, smiled cheerfully at his increasing power with the mouth-organ.

"What was I saying?" inquired the chaplain, and left volunteering to make the musician pocket his instrument—or abandon it.

And after dinner, at the evening torpedo-defense drill, the sailors "fell to" with dash and vigor, and the last exercise of the day drew to a triumphant finish as the executive, after overlooking the arrangements for to-morrow's pickets and patrols, and verifying the night shifts of officers and men, reported to the captain that the water-tight doors were closed and everything secure.

"Any message yet—from your wife?" the captain asked.

The executive shook his head dumbly and, bidding the captain good night, wearily descended the ladder and went to his cabin.

Ding-ding! Ding-ding! sounded the ship's bell.

"Ten o'clock—*again*," muttered the executive, switching on the light. The cluttered desk demanded his attention; painstakingly he straightened, sorted, arranged—dragging out each act to take the extreme limit of time—but the little box, with the mechanical steam-launch and message, he put quickly out of sight in a seldom-opened lower drawer.

"Poor Mahoney," said the executive, and glanced toward his bunk. He was tired . . . but the dark . . . with no protecting wall of work between him . . . and his thoughts. . . .

For a moment he stood, looking through the open port-hole . . . at the stately procession of the stars—the whirl and sweep of water going its appointed way with the changing tides—and heard the wide, healing wind singing through the cage-masts—and a little feeling of comfort, born of the sense of law and order in all created things, came to him, to be quickly followed by that old pathetic grievance of the children of men, who look with aching eyes at nature's unpitying joyousness. . . .

How far would the agonized cry of one little suffering child reach—toward the sky? The merest needle-point of sound—held up—against the illimitable, spacious heavens!

He turned, with a sudden, unreasoning terror, to face an orderly standing in the doorway. . . .

"Wireless for you, sir. Any answer?" asked the messenger, watching the executive as he stood holding the unopened telegram in his trembling hand. The commander did not reply as, at last, he tore open the message. But the orderly, waiting outside, heard him give a little breathless exclamation of thankfulness—and saw him walk unsteadily to the desk-chair—and bury his face against his arms.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW A GREAT BATTLE IS PLANNED AND FOUGHT

BY CAPTAIN JACQUES ROUVIER
Of the French Military Mission to the United States

IN planning for the offensive battle the first question to be decided is the location of the sector where the offensive is to take place. This decision will be made by the general in command of the army. It is not as easy a question as would appear at first, for many considerations must enter into the choice of the sector, which must be one that will allow all branches of the service to participate in the battle, that is to say, the configuration of the ground should be favorable, so as to permit of the deployment of great masses of men. Some sectors, such as the Argonne, being very hilly and very abrupt, are not favorable ones for an attack. The sector must be one which is of importance to the enemy, so that its loss would place him in an awkward position. Often this sector will be chosen because it is a great centre of communication and thus forms a vital part of the enemy's lines.

The offensive sector having been chosen, the work of the staff will then begin and its task will be a very long and difficult one, for the most careful consideration must be given to the many details which are of the gravest importance. This war is a war of details. The side which has planned most accurately, without omitting anything, will have great chances of being victorious. The staff must also draw to the greatest extent on the imagination, in order to visualize what is likely to happen and to be able to realize what certain means will produce under certain circumstances. It must be able to realize what is humanly possible, and it must not count on superhuman achievements which, although sometimes accomplished by gallant troops, should not be reckoned with as a probability.

The preparatory work of the staff will be embodied in written orders called the "Plan of Operations." This plan is issued a long time before the actual offensive, generally about two months before the battle begins. In it are indicated all the means which will be used for the purpose of the offensive, and the results which are desired. The staff must calculate how many guns, how many men, and how much ammunition, both for artillery and infantry, will be necessary to attain the desired results. These calculations completed, the practical work begins and takes shape in the following way: first, the preparation of the offensive sector; and second, the relief and training of both troops and staffs which are to play a part in this battle.

The preparation of the ground can be divided into several parts: first, the making ready of means of communication; second, the digging of the works necessary for the troops who are to go over the top, which include jumping-off trenches, command posts, and so on; third, the creation of dumps, both at the rear and in the lines, for the storage of ammunition and material; fourth, the organization of the means of liaison.

The perfecting of the means of communication is a long task and has to be planned with especial care. These means of communication include the building of ordinary railroads, narrow-gauge (twenty-four inch) railroads, and those which will be used for the railroad artillery; wagon-roads, which must be put in good condition and often newly built; and trails for the infantry, which will be used only by the men and are not intended for vehicles. All of the above must be arranged according to a comprehensive plan in order that each unit may have quick means of transportation, so that the troops will not have to wait too long before reaching their emplacements for the fight. It is clear that, if the means of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

communication are insufficient for even one part of the front, there will be congestion in this particular place. This must be avoided, because it causes great fatigue to the men who march one behind the other, carrying full packs, and who, if obliged to wait for a long time, become very tired, which puts them in poor physical condition for the big drive. Should there be congestion as we near the zone of fire, these men, crammed together, make a certain amount of noise which might attract the enemy's attention and result in an immediate shelling which would cause great havoc.

The first thing to be started is the construction of railroads, for that is the work which will require the longest time. Often new stations and railroad yards have to be built and stations which already exist must be put in condition to handle the tremendous traffic which will soon follow. As you may realize, our railroads were constructed in peace time to meet the requirements of commerce and industry, and they are not adapted to the special uses of war; so great stations are built as depots for the big units and here the war material is unloaded and kept in special storehouses. From these stations there branch off narrow-gauge railroads, which run near the front and which bring war material to the dumps. From these dumps there are still other lines of narrow-gauge railroads, but the rolling-stock consists of trucks which use animal traction.

The existing roads are improved and widened. They are generally six to eight yards wide and are so built that very intense traffic can run over them. Signboards are put up at many points, indicating the villages and places to which the roads lead. This last is important, because it saves time which otherwise would be lost in studying maps, and prevents possible errors. New roads have to be constructed because those built in times of peace were intended merely for ordinary traffic between towns and villages, and much of the time they do not meet the demands of the present conditions. Horsemen and infantry are forbidden to use the main road, as it is especially used by the heavy artillery, and by the cars and trucks which run from places at the rear to dumps and to headquarters. But there are paths on either side of this main road reserved for their use.

For the use of infantry which has to take the nearest way to the lines, trails are built. On each trail are signboards indicating the names of the trenches to which it leads, and giving also the name of the place which can be reached by following it to the rear. Wire is stretched along the side of the trail, so that when you have to go to the lines at night, you don't get lost. On these signboards is also indicated which troops are to follow which trails. It will seem queer that such precautions are needed to prevent the troops from getting lost, but one can never take enough precautions, for it must be borne in mind that often the attacking troops have come into their sector only a few hours before the attack is to take place, and if they should get lost it would create a great disturbance in the plan of attack. Another reason for the signboards is to avoid useless tiring of the men.

Before we started the Aisne offensive my regiment left its rest billets at eight o'clock one night in order to take up its position that same night and to start the attack next morning. It was pitch-dark and a terrible storm came up, making it impossible to see a man at a distance of three yards. In order not to get lost each man had to put one hand on the shoulder of the man in front of him; the officers held the wire in their hands so as to be able to find their way. In one place the wire had been torn away by shells, the column could not go on, and we lost about half an hour endeavoring to find our way to the lines. You must realize that at night there is no perceptible difference between the trail and the ground around. It took us a very long time to reach our position, although we had a wire to guide us and guides to show the way.

All these various means of communication are built by groups, the men of which have specialized in this sort of work. One very important part of the task is the building of railroads for the railroad artillery. These lines branch from the main railroad lines and run to places selected as offering the greatest facilities for the firing of special guns. Of course several

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of these branch lines have to be built in order to use these guns in different places. There is very often a line of railroad which is connected with the main line in the rear, running parallel to the trench lines. On this parallel line the guns and railroad-cars are transported, and it provides means for the later transportation of stores and supplies.

The digging of the works necessary for the troops who are to go over the top is rather a difficult task. The location of such works is selected according to tactical requirements. They are situated so as to shelter the assaulting waves, being very deep yet affording them every facility for going over the top. They consist of jumping-off trenches. These differ from fire-trenches in that they have no fire-steps. They are only about six feet deep, and every now and then there are traverses. To allow of the men going over the top, the trenches have either "jumping-off" steps, which are staircases made of fascines, or individual steps which each man digs with his intrenching tool. The latter are perhaps better than the former, because the men debouch in skirmishing order, whereas, if jumping-off steps are used, the troops leave the trench in columns and are obliged to deploy as skirmishers afterward, which takes more time and is less satisfactory.

The jumping-off trenches must be echeloned in depth, just as their units will be when the attack takes place. They must also be provided with shelters and dug-outs, in case the enemy during the bombardment feels inclined to answer our artillery fire by a fire of counter-preparation—that is to say, a destructive fire—upon our jumping-off trenches and our first lines. There must be not only dug-outs for the men but also command posts for the different staffs, for on the day of attack they are all pushed ahead, the regimental staffs being in the first-line trenches. There must also be shelters for the ammunition and for the supplies which are stored up in the lines, in order to avoid, as far as possible, their being blown up. Of course there must be communication-trenches to connect these new lines with the rear, as those already provided in the sector are insufficient for the number of troops to be found in the lines a few hours before an attack is made. If we should use them there would be such a congestion and such a mixture of different units that it would not be possible to have all the units in good order before the attack starts. Besides, the more communication-trenches we have the quicker the troops will be in position.

All these new works are carried on principally by troops other than those holding the sector, who will also labor in the offensive works but who are not sufficiently numerous to do all that is to be done. Generally the troops which are to attack are billeted at the rear close to the lines, and every night they go to the front and work at their jumping-off trenches. Before we started our offensive on the Aisne we worked in one sector, where we were to attack, from January to the middle of March. In having the work performed in this manner the attacking troops become familiar with all details of the ground on which they are to fight the offensive battle. Usually the infantry digs all the trenches and *boyaux*, and the pioneers and engineers construct the shelters. All these works are prepared in the daytime by the officers commanding the working parties. During daylight they are able to observe all the peculiarities of the ground. They mark the lines of the works with white tape, and at night the troops do the digging, the tape furnishing a guide which is visible in the darkness. Each man is assigned a certain task for the night, or a definite task is given to the unit, which stays at the work until this task is finished. For night work we generally calculate that one yard of trench entirely completed is to be done by each man; so if we have a platoon of fifty men the platoon will not leave its work until the fifty yards of trenches are dug. The digging of these works is supervised by the staff-officers, who see that the task is properly performed.

We must not only create depots for ammunition but also depots for material and water supply. It is very important that the enemy does not become aware of the location of the jumping-off trenches, because should he know it he would get the proper range and might be able to concentrate artillery fire upon our jumping-off trenches; therefore all works

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

should in every case be concealed from his view by means of camouflage. Sometimes there is no way of preventing the trenches from being seen as soon as the daylight appears; so very often jumping-off trenches of the first line are dug the night before the attack. The troops forming the first wave are brought there a few hours before the attack, and they have to dig in before the day breaks; and, as each man knows that it is for himself that he digs, I assure you that they are very keen on their task. They know very well that if at dawn they have not dug a trench they will be shot down by the enemy. This was done by my battalion for one attack which was carried out on the Somme. We were to attack the Epine de Malassise near Péronne on the morning of the 15th of October, 1915. The battalion arrived at 9 o'clock in the evening of the 14th of October, and the men were told that next morning they would storm the German position. They were halted at a place that was in front of our line and which was nothing but shell-holes, and consequently were obliged to dig jumping-off trenches that very night.

The organization of the means of liaison is carried out according to a "plan of liaison." This includes instructions concerning all the means of liaison we have at our disposal, the principal work being for the protection of the telephone lines, which will have to be buried to a depth of two yards, and this must be done from the very first lines to well back in the rear, so as to avoid the enemy's shelling, which would cut the lines. Observation-points have to be selected with particular care, for during the offensive battle the commanding officers must be able to watch and see for themselves what is going on. These observation-points must, of course, be well protected. They are usually built of concrete or are steel observatories, brought to the lines in sections. The principal means of protection is always the camouflage, which prevents their being seen by the enemy. All these observation-points are connected by telephone with headquarters and, besides, each command post is provided with an observatory close at hand. All the other means of liaison are studied very closely, but do not require special works. The officers in charge of them will often visit the offensive section to select the best places for their purpose.

Thus by continuous work the preparation of the ground proceeds, but it really is very difficult to make clear what an enormous amount of work is required for a big drive. For the Aisne offensive the work began four months before the attack, and great numbers of troops were employed.

Another part of the preparation which must be worked out with particular care is the training of the units that are to play a part in the offensive battle. The very first thing is to select the troops who are to make the attack, have them relieved and brought in to rest billets. These rest billets should be chosen so as to offer all necessary facilities for the training, including large open spaces which are not ploughed and where there are no crops. The units should not be too much scattered, for if they were the supervision of the instruction would be very difficult and it would not be convenient to assemble the larger units, such as battalions or divisions, which must be done, for the battle will be fought by large units.

The rest billets ought to be pleasant and the troops at ease, for we wish them to forget all the hardships they have endured; we want, in short, a moral, a physical, and a technical training. But one of these cannot take the place of the other —they all depend upon one another. A well-trained organization will prove useless on the battle-field if it has not a fine morale: that is to say, if it does not desire to prove its efficiency, and if it is not animated with a stubborn will to secure victory at any cost. On the other hand, if the troops have the most splendid morale, but are not well trained, they will not be able to accomplish results, for, being ignorant of the correct methods of combat, their high morale will only bring appalling losses upon them, and they will be mown down before being able to reach the enemy. Again, let us assume that a unit is well acquainted with actual methods of fighting, but the men composing it are in bad physical condition; they will not be able to endure the fatigue which they will have to undergo. So we must take measures to insure that our attacking troops

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

attain a high morale, that their technical training is satisfactory, and that they are in good health—strong, sound, and vigorous.

Good rest billets must be selected, where the men have sufficient room, with plenty of straw to sleep on. If possible, beds are to be provided for them. They should have all facilities for personal cleanliness and for the cleaning of their uniforms. The food ought to be plentiful and well prepared, so that the men will like it and eat heartily. Plenty of sleep, agreeable temperature, and good food will soon restore the men to good physical condition, while games and gymnastics improve their form.

In order to raise the morale of the men, it is desirable to make them forget all the hardships they have endured, to help them forget the horrors of war. Being in good physical condition, their morale will soon become very good, and then we try to amuse them, all officers striving to discover something new for their units. Some have plays, others challenge their comrades to football games or to grenade-throwing matches—all of which has also a very good effect in developing that *esprit de corps* which is so important. The *esprit de corps* makes every man feel proud to belong to his unit, for he proclaims that this unit is the best of all in the French armies and that all men of this unit are a fine lot. That *esprit de corps* will make them perform wonderful achievements in order to outdo neighboring units. But the exaltation of the morale is really the work of the officers; they are in close touch with the men and have their confidence. They will point out to them the reasons why they fight, they will tell them why they must be confident of success, they will give them some indications as to how the next battle will be fought and the reasons why a success is expected—namely, the great superiority in guns, in ammunition, in infantry, and in morale that we shall have in this particular sector. Then, as the training goes on, the men will feel and realize their superiority over the enemy.

Another sentiment which must be inculcated into every fighter is a strong hate for the Boche, a strong desire to meet him, to fight him, and to beat him. They become familiar with the thought that they will fight the enemy at a certain time under certain conditions. All this will not form a very formal part of the instruction, but daily the officers will talk with their men, read to them articles from newspapers and books, and tell them of the high deeds accomplished by their organization. In this way they will make their men feel as they do, and all of the unit from the leader to the private will form one body, one soul, animated with one single, almighty desire to kill the Boche and drive him back to his country. All this training for the strengthening of the morale takes place daily, on every possible occasion, and its results are proven on the battle-field. To see the men fight more gallantly than they ever did is, for the officers, the greatest of all rewards, and such moments cannot be forgotten. As an example, on the 25th of September, 1916, on the Somme, my battalion, in going over the top, had to cross a barrage of machine-gun fire, and they marched forward in the most splendid style, singing the "Marseillaise."

Let us now see how the technical instruction is carried on before the attack. We must at first train the number of specialists we want, then drill the group of specialists, and afterward have all the specialists work together. The specialists who have been selected are thoroughly taught all details of the specialty which they go in for. Next the specialist teams will work out, the bombers' team being taught how to fight in trenches and in shell-holes, either in defensive or in offensive, and the automatic-rifle team being taught the tactical use of their weapon in offensive and defensive. At last the use of all specialties, the fight of the whole platoon, is practised. From time to time the individual training will have to be resumed, but daily the whole platoon works together. This is done in order to co-ordinate the training of the different specialists, which would not be possible were they always left to work by themselves. The men are trained and practised in the use of all their weapons, including hand and rifle grenades, machine guns, and automatic rifles. They must become good bayonet fighters and marksmen. Other men than those quali-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fied are also taught the use of the specialties in order to be able to replace the specialists in case of emergency.

Not only the men have to work out, but the officers and non-commissioned officers also, for many of them have been recently commissioned or promoted, and the conditions of each battle are different from those of the previous battle. In every battle we use new material, new methods: our tactics are not like dogmas, unchangeable, and we take advantage of all that has been learned in previous encounters. It is but fair that the living should learn the lesson of the dead and secure greater success with fewer losses, so that the sacrifice of dead comrades will not have been useless, their sacrifice will not have been in vain. The officers and non-commissioned officers need to become thoroughly acquainted with all improvements which have taken place, and they are required to practise all new methods, not only on the map but also on the ground, and must learn to solve tactical problems. They should become thoroughly familiar with all of the methods which have been found to be successful in offensive battles, and with the handling of units in close connection with each other.

The staffs which are to participate in this battle meanwhile practise on tactical problems, analogous to those they will actually have to solve, and in manœuvring with the troops, putting them in positions which are, as nearly as possible, identical with those they will occupy during the attack. Then the troops will go over this attack on a selected ground which closely resembles the one on which they are going to fight, the German positions being very carefully reproduced. The end in view is to have every man, every officer, know exactly what he has to do on the day the battle will be fought. This is extremely important, in order that confusion and disorder on the battle-field may be avoided. The men must be prepared for many deadly tricks, and great dangers will await them at a turning of a traverse or at the entry of some dugout, which can only be avoided if each one knows exactly where he is to go and what he is to do. The mechanism of the attack and the liaison with the artillery require a very close study and will not be learned in a short time. All this can be compared to a play which before being presented requires much rehearsal in all the details by its actors, each one of whom will go over his own rôle individually and then rehearse with his associates.

At the proper time the troops and different services will be placed in position —first the aviation service and artillery, then the infantry. The aviation service and the artillery work in close connection, for one cannot conceive nowadays an artillery force operating without the help of the aviation service, which is the eye of artillery. The first object to be attained is to gain the mastery of the air in this offensive sector. To accomplish this the chasers will try to bring down the German planes in order that the observation planes may fly for the purpose of helping the artillery in registering. Aerial raids are carried on to destroy the principal centres of communications at the enemy's disposal. The railroad stations are visited by planes which hurl tons of explosives, while bridges, viaducts, important dugouts, cantonments, and barracks are also attacked.

After having prepared the emplacements for the batteries, the artillery will begin registering, and then the artillery preparation will commence. The first position of the enemy will be destroyed by the guns which have a shorter range, more especially by the trench mortars. The very big guns take under their fire the Germans' deep dugouts, such as the tunnels of Mont Cornillet in Champagne or on the Chemin des Dames, which are to be destroyed because there the enemy has sheltered the very important reserves. The means of communication of the enemy are kept under the fire of guns and machine guns. Every minute tons of explosives are hurled upon the German lines. In one of our latest offensives we fired over four tons of steel upon each yard of the German trenches. In that same offensive the British and French fired over fourteen million shells in fifteen days. This terrific shelling destroys everything, and the enemy's lines simply melt away. All defenses are blown away, the trenches no longer exist, and many dugouts are either ruined or have the entrances destroyed, so that the garrison

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is blockaded and will usually be buried alive. You may imagine what the feelings of the Boche must be. They were in a sector which was well organized, which possessed strong defenses, and which seemed impregnable, the defense being carefully arranged after two or three years of hard and constant labor. In so short a time by this appalling bombardment everything is destroyed, and in place of the well-planned trenches there remain but a few dugouts amidst a field of craters. Add to this the terrible noise which goes on by day and night, the smoke, the heavy losses sustained by the garrison, and you will clearly understand that the enemy must possess very strong nerves not to have a shaken morale. Every minute an attack is feared; the constant strain wears the men down very quickly and most of the time no supply, no relief, no transportation of the wounded is possible. From time to time the violence of the artillery fire increases into a drum fire. The enemy's artillery is constantly kept under heavy fire and is especially subjected to gas-shells. Thus the first act of the battle rages on.

The artillery preparation being well under way, the infantry which is to deliver the assault is brought up to the positions from which it will deliver the assault. The placing of the units in position is not an easy task, and caution must be observed not to be lost, as has been pointed out. Officers and non-commissioned officers make reconnoissances; then guides taken from units holding the line are sent to show the way to the incoming troops and bring them to the places they are to occupy. Of course these guides do not go back very far; they generally wait for the arriving units at the outskirts of the first position, and up to that point the troops have to find their own way.

The infantry which is to take part in the offensive battle, having been brought to the first line, occupies all the jumping-off trenches. Very often this relief is effected during the night before the attack, but this is only the case for the troops which form the first waves of the attack. Before this relief took place the troops occupying the offensive section will have made several raids in order to capture prisoners and get better information as to the morale and the strength of the Germans. Reconnoitring parties will also be sent to ascertain if the work of the artillery has been sufficient. The day before the attack on the Chemin des Dames a platoon of my regiment entered into the German first line and carried away forty-seven prisoners and a machine gun. This was done in daylight, but our shelling was so terrific that the Germans were quite unable to do anything to prevent us from carrying out this successful raid.

On the night before the attack the artillery will finish its work and the fire will increase in violence and prevent all movements of the enemy from the rear. During that same night our machine guns will be most active, and all night long machine-gun companies will keep under fire all the rear of the enemy's lines and all the means of communication in order to isolate them. Our troops and our officers know that the attack will take place the next day, but they don't know at what hour. Some time in the night or early in the morning the staffs send to the lines an order stating that the attack will take place at a given hour and all the watches are synchronized. In the operation orders the day of the attack is called day "D" and the hour is called hour "H," so the staff at the proper time informs all the troops that day "D" means, for instance, the 5th of May, and hour "H" is 9 o'clock. During the hours just before the attack our artillery makes a supreme effort and the shell fire is frightful, the enemy's batteries being under the most violent fire.

At the hour "H" the creeping barrage is put on the enemy's territory, moving along at a slow rate. On the rear of the enemy's lines a very heavy barrage is placed and the hostile batteries are subjected to a still more violent fire. The enemy's second line is heavily shelled, all the guns which do not take part in forming the creeping barrage concentrating their fire upon those lines so as to permit our advance and to crush every tentative counter-attack. An "incaging" curtain fire is put on both wings of the attack, so that the enemy cannot flee either to the rear or to the flank, and can only await the French bayonets advancing steadily toward him. On the other hand, the creeping barrage prevents the enemy from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

getting out of its dugouts, and when the last shells have fallen the front line infantrymen are there.

At the same hour "H," along miles of the front, waves of horizon blue come out of the trenches and advance at a uniform pace toward the enemy, while batteries of machine guns pour forth a shower of bullets, forming a curtain fire in front of the troops. From all the jumping-off trenches lines of French soldiers march on in good order. Behind the waves are the moppers-up, who have the special duty of seizing the entrances of the dugouts and making prisoners of the Germans who occupy them. Over the heads of the assaulting waves swarms of planes fly at a very low altitude, firing with their machine guns at every German who tries to make a stand. High in the air squadrons of planes prevent any enemy plane from crossing the line, in this way rendering the enemy's artillery blind. Other squadrons have passed over the enemy's lines to the rear and attacked the reserves, which are hurried up by the German staff to try to check our advance.

The assaulting waves protected by the barrage advance steadily, marching as closely as possible to this barrage. They go on to a designated point but no farther, and then immediately begin to organize the conquered ground—that is to say, they dig themselves in and form a line of trenches out of the shell-holes in which they are. Next they endeavor to build communication-trenches. Immediately after they have stopped, the planes fly over them and ask them to mark the line. At this signal the infantry spreads its panels on the ground, the plane takes a photograph and flies back to division headquarters, where the photograph is developed, and in less than two hours after the photograph has been taken the general knows exactly where the men of his division are. During that time other planes fly over the line and pay great attention to all signals which may be sent by the infantry, which asks for everything it is in need of—for instance, artillery fire, longer range, etc. The planes also warn the infantry of any counter-attack which the enemy may plan.

Of course most of the time the attack doesn't succeed in taking all the positions without a fight, as there remain some parts of the enemy's lines which resist, either because the artillery has not quite demolished them or because the garrison hasn't been sufficiently shaken by the shelling. Infantry then has to conquer these strongholds. They will do it by besieging them very closely, and if the infantry by its own means doesn't succeed in carrying them, the artillery has to resume the work. Often tanks (a type of armored cars which are able to progress on any ground and which are armed with guns and machine guns) are in front of the infantry and protect it by fire-power. They also prove very useful in reducing the strongholds which may prevent the infantry's advance. They cannot take the place of the artillery barrage, but as an addition to it they are of great assistance.

The great difficulty is not in conquering the ground but in holding it. To go over the top is nothing, for in a well-prepared attack the losses are but very slight during the assault. In the Aisne offensive, on the 5th of May, in my battalion there was only one officer slightly wounded, one man killed, and twelve men wounded. Three battalions of *chasseurs à pieds* carried the important position of the Croix Sans Tête with only three wounded and one killed, and there they took eighteen German guns. The assault in itself is not costly in human lives, but the holding of the ground results in many casualties.

After a few hours the enemy's artillery reaction becomes more violent and accurate, and intense shell fire is directed upon our new line. As the men have no dugouts and the trenches are not well made, losses are more severe than in an organized sector. There is no general rule as to when the enemy will begin to direct its fire against our infantry. During the Aisne offensive we attacked at 9 o'clock and the first German shell was fired at 9.35 upon the rear of our line. During an attack we made on the Somme on the 15th of October the enemy's artillery began shelling a few minutes before we started the attack. So the important occupation of all will be the organization and consolidation of the conquered ground. Before the attack is launched orders will have been issued explaining to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

every one how the conquered ground is to be organized, and all try to realize this organization as quickly as possible and in accordance with the written orders. The organization of the ground is made in depth, and reserves are immediately brought up, so that they may be able to counter-attack should the enemy succeed in reaching our line. Several lines of trenches will be provided for and in each of these lines dumps for ammunition will be located. Fatigue parties will bring up on the new lines the *matériel* and supplies for the organization of the position, including ammunition, rations, and water. The assaulting troops will try to have good liaison with the rear, so that they can report what is going on and to indicate what they need. Artillery will get the proper range for the new position, and be ready to let the curtain fire loose in a few seconds. Fatigue parties and territorials (troops composed of older men) will follow the assaulting waves at a specified distance to establish means of communication, to make trails, and to lay bridges made of fascines. The roads which are close to the former front lines are immediately repaired, for now they can be used by the wagons, the lines being farther away.

At this stage of the attack the infantry works more with the pick and shovel than it fights, and while some local encounter is going on for the reduction of strongholds or centres of resistance still capable of putting up a fight, fatigue parties and most of the assaulting troops, under the protection of strong outposts, dig and work without losing a minute. There one sees the truth of the statement "Time is blood." Crowds of prisoners stream toward the rear. By every staff they are questioned—only briefly by the staffs of the attacking troops, but more in detail at the division and the army-corps headquarters. Very often the prisoners are immediately used for work in the repairing of roads at the rear. When it can be done the wounded are transported to the rear, but often this is an impossible task during the day, and we have to wait till the night falls for our stretcher-bearers to bring out the wounded, because the enemy fires every time he sees a living being move over the conquered crater field. You will easily imagine what a difficult task it is for the stretcher-bearers to move in this upturned ground, amidst exploding shells and whizzing bullets—searching for their wounded comrades, putting them on the stretchers, and then, under the same conditions, carrying them several miles to the rear. Quite often the bearers sustain severe casualties. The wounded are carried to the first-aid stations, where their wounds are dressed, and they are sent farther to the rear, where ambulances wait to transport them to the field-hospitals. The wounded who can do so walk back to the dressing-stations, often in groups of two or three, helping each other to get out of the danger zone. This evacuation is more or less difficult, according to the enemy's actions.

If the attack succeeded very well, and it is noted that the enemy's lines are shattered, the success will be exploited and other objectives stormed, but this will only be done by order of the staff. Most of the time the staff keeps in hand the reserve troops, which will be engaged in carrying other objectives and pursuing the retreating enemy. This can only be done should the enemy's line be pierced on a sufficient front and should the troops give way. The pursuit must then be very quick, so that the enemy can have no time to recover, and so that his reserves will be carried away in a wild panic and be unable to fulfil their rôle—that is, to hold the ground and counter-attack in order to regain the lost positions. As soon as the assaulting infantry gets out of the crater zone the cavalry passes the infantry and speeds on, forcing the enemy to a hasty retreat. The defeat may then turn into a disaster for him. The guns are moved on, pursuing the enemy with their shells. The roads are quickly repaired, trucks carry infantry ahead so as to be at the heels of the enemy, which will have no time to save or even to destroy its *matériel*, its guns, or its ammunition. Hundreds of guns, thousands of prisoners will be the booty of the victory. A sufficient number of troops and guns brought into action will force the enemy to retreat over large spaces of country. The enemy will have but one chance to recover and that will be to occupy new lines far back to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rear, to occupy them with fresh troops who have not been under the influence of the defeat, well supplied with guns and ammunition and having at their head an energetic leader. During this time the retreating armies will have to fight in order to gain time and to allow the concentration and the organization of these new forces. The rôle of the pursuer will be to crush down rapidly every resistance, keeping at the heels of the enemy's main forces, so that they can make no stop at the lines which they intend to defend. On great areas of country open warfare will be resumed, and a big battle must be fought if the pursuer is to be stopped. During this pursuit the air service will not be inactive. Squadrons will fly over the retreating columns in order to locate them and also for the purpose of attacking them, obliging them to scatter themselves or to take cover and delaying them in their retreat. They will be able to give the proper range to the pursuing artillery, and the object of the beaten enemy will be to gain time at any cost. The pursuer will have but one idea, one sole aim—to crush every resistance, to get at the main force and give the enemy no time to rest or to recover.

"TO THE BEGINNING OF THIS DAY"

By Meredith Harding

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. F. SCHMIDT

THE Rhode Island shore is rather lacking in mileage. But having said that, one can say nothing more of a derogatory nature. It has at times and in spots the characteristics of a Land of Heart's Desire. There is a strip of shore two miles or more in length, curving in a great smooth crescent from the life-saving station on a rocky point to a summer hotel far enough down the coast for its true and homely nature to be disguised, as one sees it castle-wise against a glowing western sky. This crescent of beach shelves off suddenly, and the surf thunders in clean, and clear green. Not a summer cottage mars the soft brown curves of the sand-dunes. Back of them the water that pours in through the breach above the life-saving station is held as a little lake—"pond" the maps have it—two or three miles long and a mile across to where the few summer places are hidden by cedar-trees or the woods come down to the water. A fortunate place, joining the glory and thunder of the sea to the little quiet pleasures of a lake, and not yet fallen among real-estate men.

One of the first trains bringing the work-worn or luxury-bored summer crowd out of the city left two passengers, each unconscious of the other, on the station platform of the town ten miles inland; one was a tall, fair girl so exquisitely clad she was quite the only person in keeping with the shining limousine that quickly carried her away southward; the other was a young clergyman, whose black cloth and dark hair framed a white, tired face with eyes that looked patiently about for some release from this hurrying crowd with the city air still about them. He made his escape in a motor-car that stood near by for hire, and disappeared up over the rise in the road to the north.

The curate of St. Paul's, leaning back in the car, took off his hat, glanced at a road map, and drew that first long vacation breath which starts the summer's processes of repair in our weary souls. The winter had been busy, his work discouraging at times, and spring had been a long, difficult round of duties, lasting over into the first trying heat of June. He was, in many respects, a fortunate young curate, dearly beloved by his rector, his Sunday-evening congregation, his boys' club, his tenement-house families, whom he visited and cheered or advised

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or berated as the case demanded. He had, with much adroitness, contrived to avoid intercourse with the aristocracy of St. Paul's congregation. He held them frivolous and fashionable, and would have the rector deal with them; more especially the languid society maidens with drooping eyes who conspired to exhibit him at teas—occasions he loathed. Through persistent refusals and escapings he believed he had rendered his life quite satisfactorily girl-proof.

But this June afternoon, as the car rounded the curves of the gray road, and the trees reached down to him from the roadside, he wanted to be quit of everybody—friends, helpers, relatives, pupils—only to be alone, to woo—he wouldn't call it wooing—the "bliss of solitude," most elusive of all dreams that come to haunt and plague us in the town.

(Southward the limousine sped along till it turned in at the gates of a fine old shore place with high gardens overlooking the sea. The beautiful girl sprang out and greeted with a bear's hug the elderly gentleman who came down the steps to meet her.

"Dear Dad—dear place—not a soul, not a caller, not a tea, not a sound but the surf—and just us all summer long. It's much too good to be true!")

The curate leaned forward as the woods suddenly ended, and off over the fields he saw the dark-blue sheet of sea. The car left the post-road and bumped protestingly over a less-worn track that ran down through peaceful fields covered with glossy green bayberry and

One of the first trains . . . left two passengers . . . on the station platform.—Page 704.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

huge gray boulders, to the side of the lake and a small bungalow, "a shack," the vestryman had said who had loaned it to him, "a sort of sleeping-porch built around a fireplace and bookcase." The curate got out and stood waiting while the car, with a sophisticated parting growl, swung round and puffed back out of sight up the hill. The sound of it grew fainter, vanished, but no other sounds rushed in to take its place. Only from across the lake came the low boom of surf hidden by the yellow dunes, the sun slanted golden through the trees, the lake lay motionless as though to match the silence.

Next morning at seven the curate opened his eyes to receive a supply of butter and eggs and cream brought by a small farm person, who desired to stay and pick blackberries for him, and informed him the fishman would call from across the lake next day. All of which sounded so entirely satisfactory the curate turned over and slept soundly till noon, when he rose, dressed in a rough linen camp suit, and explored his domain. The next day he rose without great effort at ten, the next day at eight, and the fourth morning he did what on those hot, strident days in town he had imagined doing—pushed a canoe out onto the silent water when the dawn had scarcely turned the darkness to gray light. The surf sounded miles away, and its far-off rumble made the surrounding quiet more intense. He paddled alongshore, watching the little stirrings in the tree-tops, and then slowly out on the lake, where he waited for the sun to rise.

So far the man. Where does the other half of the story come in? She came in suddenly and most unexpectedly. The curate, lost in looking at the sky, was holding his canoe end on to the light breeze, facing down the lake. He felt a sudden jolt, heard a soft surprised "Oh!" and turned to find that another canoe, drifting sideways, aided by a white parasol sail, had collided squarely with the end of his, its occupant having kept no lookout from behind the sail, and having been deep in the reading of a book, which fell to the floor of the canoe as he turned. All this he realized later. As he turned he became aware only of a slim person in a boy's gray bathing-suit—a boy—no—a head of shining, flying, golden hair—a girl—strong brown arms skilfully twisting the paddle—bare brown ankles—a boy—laughing eyes of the darkest blue, with shadowy lashes—"fringed gentians," thought the curate, then "girl, surely." The alternate impressions came all at once and most perplexingly.

"'And the Emperor said, Good morning!'" quoted the girl.

But the curate's Hans Andersen was dustier than it should have been, and he only returned a somewhat breathless "Good morning." The radiant golden hair and the dark eyes spoke complacently:

"I didn't know any one else was ever on the lake at this hour. I don't usually come below that curve in the shore."

"I didn't suppose any one else came out so early, and I haven't been above the rocky point before," was the curate's brilliant rejoinder.

"You're not one of the summer visitors, then. I was sure they were never discerning enough to discover the sunrise."

"No, I may not be discerning, but I'm not a summer visitor. I came for a rest. You are evidently not one yourself?"

"No—I—I'm connected with the moving-picture camp at the south end of the lake— Oh, do see that cloud!"

And the curate welcomed the chance to disguise his sudden disappointment. Not that he wanted to see a girl anyway, and of course one couldn't be as glorious as she looked, but still she needn't have been a movie actress. He wasn't snobbish, preferring any worker to any idle rich, but the idea jarred so. He dreaded looking at her again for fear he'd find she was, well, flirting with him. But he did look again, and found her absorbed in the sky, hands clasped around knees, eyes wide, the breeze touching that remarkable hair, that seemed suddenly to glow as the first sunlight struck it.

When the sky was too bright to watch longer she reached for the book that had dropped, and the man inwardly gasped once more to see it was the Book of Common Prayer.

"Yes," said the girl, "I bring this and read Morning Prayer to every sunrise. It's the only thing that can express the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A small farm person, who . . . informed him the fishman would call from across the lake *next day*.—Page 706.

way all this sea and sky and dawn makes you feel. Even poetry sounds rather hollow. Are you at all familiar with the service?"

"Yes," said the curate, "I am."

"You must not laugh at the idea of my reading it. Of course I know it's awfully incomplete that way. It needs a man's voice——"

"Would you let me read it?" asked the curate, on a sudden impulse, and the girl handed him the book.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He opened it, feeling ill at ease for a moment, then the tremendous meaning of the words broke in upon him:

"The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him." "Oh worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, let the whole earth stand in awe of Him."

The earth kept silence, and the curate felt the presence of a boundless adoration in the beautiful, silent girl. There came between them a deep understanding as they each felt the nearness of that Holiest Temple, and each knew the other felt it too. The vibrant, flexible voice that had first won his rector's heart went on with the immortal words: "—Who hast safely brought us to the beginning of this day—" and on to "—the peace of God."

When he had finished they sat quite still for a moment, then he handed the book back to her, and she reached for her paddle.

"Now I'm hungry," she said. "It's a feeling that always shocks my soul when it comes, but it always comes. There are moments when one wants nothing so much as—scrambled eggs."

The curate dipped his paddle. "Good hunting!" he nodded.

"Good hunting!" she laughed. "I swim home from the curve. Don't be scared and think it's suicide when I jump in." And the canoe sped away. As it neared the curve of shore the shining golden hair disappeared under a red cap, and a long gray form dived headlong. Then an arm, white against the water, rose as though to grasp Excalibur, pushed the canoe ahead, and the red cap went bobbing after, out of sight.

The curate brought his eyes back, took up his paddle, and paddled slowly home, trying rather vainly to realize that he at dawn, in a canoe in the middle of a lake, had read Morning Prayer to a moving-picture actress—Morning Prayer, the old monastic service of gray-walled seclusion—here under a sky of rose and blue, the smooth lake just feathered by the freshening breeze. Golden hair—brown ankles—gentian eyes—scrambled eggs—tomorrow?—the curate shook himself with monstrous disapproval and hurried in to change his clothes for a sensible swim, to be followed by even more sensible coffee and as sensible a book as his shelves yielded. Noon found him idly watching the far blue sea-line.

The girl, whose connection with the moving-picture company lay solely in the fact that her father owned most of the stock in one of those flourishing organizations, and had loaned a few wild acres of his shore place to a director who needed that sort of scenery for a summer's work—the girl, in a ruffled flowered muslin, danced out to the breakfast-table on the broad porch overlooking the sea, and hailed with equal fervor her father and a pile of buttered toast. Then:

"Dad, dear, I've lost my heart."

"So you said last week."

"But that was a dog, Dad. This is a man."

"So you said, my love, last month."

"But that was a college child. This is a grown-up man. He—he's gorgeous, Dad. He has eyes like thunder-clouds when the lightning flashes, and tall—he must be 'taller than the smoke of three volcanoes.'"

"*Must* be?"

"I only saw him sitting down."

"Charming creature. Product of your dreams, I gather, as I've seen no one about these parts, and you've scarcely had time to meet the stars of Morton's troupe."

"Dad, he's no movie actor, and no dream."

"Then he'll be calling this afternoon. I shall see for myself."

"No, he's not calling. He doesn't even wish to call. He came for a rest, and he thinks I'm an actress. My canoe ran into his, and we watched the sunrise—he kept quiet beautifully—and then he read Morning Prayer to me. Such a voice, Dad——"

"Thunder, with volcanic mutterings—very effective."

The next gray morning twilight found the curate kneeling in the canoe, paddle ready, looking up the lake (with what he considered absurd eagerness) for a possible sign that he would not be unwelcome at the new sunrise. The sign came quite unmistakably as the other canoe shot into the centre of the lake, and an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

arm was flung up in greeting, then waved as a signal to advance. When the canoes met there were even fewer words than on the morning before. He smiled at the name of her canoe, *The Crescent Moon.*

"'There's something in a flying horse,
There's something in a huge balloon?'"

he questioned, and she nodded and went on:

"'But through the clouds I'll never float
Until I have a little boat
Shaped like the crescent moon.

And now I *have* a little boat,
Shaped like the crescent moon.'"

Quite as a matter of course she handed the book to him, and he began to read, while the still hidden sun sent a thrill around the horizon, and the lake hurriedly

"The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him."—Page 708.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

smoothed out the ripples from the canoes that its unruffled surface might better reflect the coming splendor.

The first morning had been an accident, the second an adventure, the third an established occurrence, and by the end of the week the days would have been incomplete had they begun otherwise. Not a word was said of any other meeting. The curate had a disturbing vision he tried to ignore, of rouge and costumes and melodrama, and he wondered more and more how there could be between them the perfect understanding he was conscious of while he read. She was as spiritual as a choir-boy looks. And she felt, as he had never known any one to feel, the spell and power of the splendid service.

The great phrases of the Creed—they always used the longer one, the "pretty one" she called it—seemed to go out from them and grow till sea and sky were full of their meaning. "Light of Light—the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life—" The benedictions hung above them and filled them with peace as the sunlight filled the sky.

For eight weeks they never missed a day. Three or four times the white fog lay so thick on the water that they did much hallooing before they found each other, and on those mornings the whole universe was just a whiteness and a voice. Three or four mornings the sun failed them, and sky and water were all a soft gray; the canoes drifted to the shelter of gray rocks; gray clouds hung low above them, shutting them in; a fine mist fell, and the white parasol served to shelter, not her, but the book. Mornings of glory, mornings of mystery, mornings of intimacy, and not a word about each other.

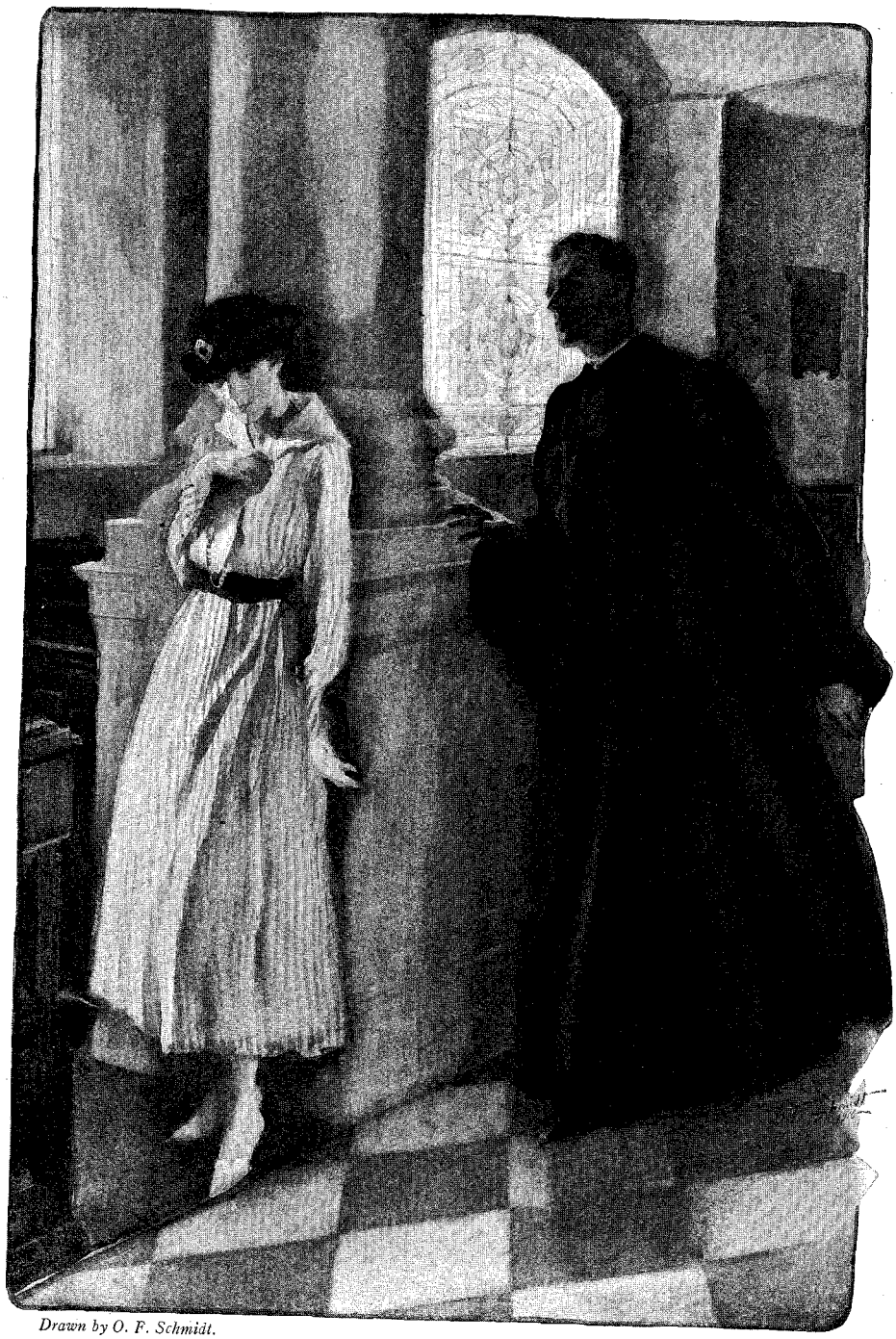
On one morning of low clouds and threatening rain, in the ninth week, when the end of the curate's vacation was near, he came in from the lake, threw much wood on the fire, and sat down before it to consider. The meetings at dawn had grown to be the central thing of each day. He knew that. And now they were over, unless—unless it was possible that the spell would hold if he saw her in commonplace, every-day life. But, after all, it couldn't. What they had between them was a matter of dawn and summer and the sea. A moving-picture actress and a priest—that was what he had avoided thinking, had tried to ignore. He had never mentioned his own profession, feeling it could only emphasize those fearful chasms he thought must yawn between them.

But he wanted something, and wanted it badly. He wanted the heart that looked from those dark blue eyes, he wanted the gay, free spirit that glanced and shone like the gold of her hair. He would have to see her in town, if she would let him, and then, either the charm would be broken, the sweet, high glamour of these mornings vanished, or else—and the rest of the day he considered the alternative.

Three days later the crowded station platform held them both again, unconscious of each other, and the same train carried them back to town. The curate found it hard to fix his mind on his work that was drawing near. All his thoughts centred around the coming Sunday, when she had promised to see him again. She had suggested meeting him after the morning service at St. Paul's, as a place they would both care for, "if he would find it convenient to be there?" And he had gravely assured her it would be entirely to his liking. Then would he know that what their hearts had felt together, before the sunrise, was real and high and holy, or would the mystery evanish before commonplace business and conventions?

If the man's thoughts were touched with gloom, the girl's were stormy. Had that man no heart at all? Had all these wonderful mornings meant nothing to him, when she had thought he was feeling them as she did? Never had all the world of the Unreal where she loved and lived seemed so tangible as under the spell of his voice and in the presence of what she had been sure was his own knowledge of that world. Was she never to have that guidance again? Must she always worship alone, now? She could understand his holding aloof all summer. That had been mutual. But at the last, had he been quite ready to give it all up, had he no wish even to acknowledge a friendship? Only that almost perfunctory request to see her in the city—"Not even knowing who I am!"—apparently

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by O. F. Schmidt.

The girl faltered, for he was coming quickly toward her.—Page 712.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be contented with a chat at the end of the church service. What was he, a teacher of English, an actor, some critic gone mad over the Literary Appreciation of the Bible, that he could invoke such splendor, morning after morning, and now let it come to an end as lightly as though there were no truth in it? But the power, the truth, was real in him, she was sure of that. It was no trick; it was the sort of man he was. Then what must his work be! He would be doing something so high and fine there could be no place for her. At least she would be able to recall the peace and the strength that came of his reading at sunrise, and at least she would see him again, on Sunday.

After an interminable week the curate at last found himself at the beginning of the morning service. When he could he looked searchingly about the back of the church, and down the side aisles for her, while he wondered, disturbingly, if work, rehearsals, new engagements, managers, had made her too tired to come before the end of the service. The time came for the Lessons, and he stepped forward to read, with a thrill to think his voice might be finding her when his eyes could not. Would she love the sound of it as she had on the lake? The memory, or perhaps something nearer, made him feel the same presence of her understanding. "Here endeth the First Lesson," said the curate, and looked over the edge of the book straight down into wide blue eyes —he knew they were blue—looking up at him from the front of the church. A white-gloved hand rested on the arm of the old gentleman beside her. That was old Norden—his eyes were like hers—her father! She was Barbara Norden! The girl who left the most beautiful of homes, and a host of friends, two years ago, and went to work in a Labrador mission, till her inconsolable father had gone north last spring and brought her back by main force. She hadn't known before who he was; there was no mistaking the astonishment in those wide eyes. And now that she knew, what would she think of him? Could she see his need of her, could she see the romance and adventure in his work, would she join him? Oh, she must be tremendously rich! He hated the word for a moment, but remembered his boys' club and a forlorn day nursery. Anyway, it didn't matter. Nothing mattered except that he must get to her, must explain so much, and ask her and tell her so much. He brought his thoughts back to the service and held them there, and the feeling of understanding with her and of living the words with her came back stronger than it had ever been on the lake, for now he knew it was true.

Friends must needs greet friends on all sides when the service was over; every one must ask about every one's summer. Barbara Norden must be welcomed back and introduced here and here and there. Would people never go? Inch by inch, she thought, the aisles were emptied. At last there were only a few people in the vestibule. She left her father deep in converse with the rector, and turned back, crossing to the side aisle just as the curate came out of the door at the other end. From the ends of the long aisle their eyes met, and the girl faltered, for he was coming quickly toward her, his arms outstretched. She touched the great pillar that hid them, to steady herself, and then walked straight into his arms, heard a heart beating madly under the black cloth, raised her eyes—and suddenly there was no need at all of any words between them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COONSKIN CAPS

By Mary Synon

ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY TOWNSEND

WHEN a weary magistrate in a dingy court sentenced Monty Culver to the Louisville jail he knew that he had done his duty to the State of Kentucky; for the boy, in spite of his youth, had a record scrawled loomingly across police blotters. He had run away from home when he was ten years old and from reform-school when he was fourteen. He had killed Ben Kaley—although a jury had called the act self-defense—when he was twenty. Now, arrested on a charge of resisting an officer in the performance of his duty of cross-questioning, he faced fate and the court with the sullen silence of experience; and fate and the court took him at his lack of word and sent him to prisoning-walls and Billy Langdon.

Prisoning-walls are much alike the world over, but Billy Langdon chanced to differ from the run of the world's jailers. Big of bulk and heart and mind, and soul, he had been looking on life so long from a newspaper man's point of view, seeing that men and women were human beings rather than numbers, or cases, or specimens in penology, that he wasn't able to change his visioning when he was elected to the care of some of the worst of humankind. In the port he harbor-mastered he had started a school for his wards; and, since school was part of the jail routine, he added to the magistrate's sentence and put Monty Culver within it.

The boy came into the schoolroom on the first day of his imprisonment with the surly hesitancy of the trapped. His furtive eyes glistened from gloom to hostility as he found his way to a desk. His mouth, queerly satiric for his boyish face, twisted scornfully as he surveyed the backs of his fellow prisoners bent over their tasks. With the hard amusement of a keener intelligence he listened to the stumbling answers that men twice his age were giving the patient pedagogue. When his turn came he flung out a casual "Don't know," whose mocking defiance caught Billy Langdon's ear as the jailer passed the schoolroom door and halted him for inspection of the new student.

For an instant their wills sped out to face each other like visible combatants. Then, before some power that he could not understand, Monty's defiance went down, leaving in its stead a rage that shook the boy with impotent fury. But in that halting of time Billy Langdon had sighted the gnawing cancer of the boy's soul and knew, as no other man had come to know, that Monty Culver was afraid.

That afternoon he sent for him. In the massive office overlooking the wide square that had seen so much of the making of Kentucky's history, with the gray façade of the Jefferson County Court-House threateningly dark in the oncoming twilight, Monty faced Langdon with a bravado that failed to hide from the jailer the twitching at the corner of his mouth. "Well," Langdon asked him, with the burr of a drawl softening his voice and covering steel with velvet, "why are you afraid of school?"

"I'm not." The boy grew taut. "But I don't need to go."

"Know everything?"

"All I need to know."

"Not enough to keep out of trouble, though."

"I will the next time."

Billy Langdon looked at him intently, seeing how pitifully young and lonely he was beneath his veneer of lawlessness, and seeing too the shadowing dread that lay deep in the boy's eyes. Out of a boyhood that had not been a bed of roses the big jailer had brought an almost wistful sympathy for unguided boys who fought blindly toward unknown goals. "Sit down," he bade Monty. As the boy obeyed reluctantly he leaned toward him over the edge of his desk. "I'm going to talk turkey to you, Monty," he said.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Not his talk, but his sympathy of understanding and his assumption that his prisoner cherished a genuine desire to better himself thawed the ice of Monty's defiance. Little by little he relaxed under the deft probing of the surgeon of souls. Because Langdon managed to make him feel that his failure to go to the jail school was a matter of cowardice and attendance a matter of pride he warmed to the thought of making himself part of the system. Langdon, feeling the crisis, put the question straight. "The biggest thing any school can do," he said, "is to make a man his own master. Want to come to ours?" His voice was casual, but his eyes looked into Monty's, asking him, man to man, if he would enter on a square deal. The man in Monty gave answer. "I'll try," he said.

That the road to knowledge was far from royal was borne in on Monty as he set out upon it. He could read and write and spell, and he found lessons easy as long as they merely reviewed his information and gave him a chance to prove his prowess, but when the novelty wore off and the strain began he lost interest in the game. "I'm tired of this," he told Big Ezra Davis, the mountaineer who was serving sentence for the pursuit of a feudal enemy along the levee, and who had been plodding through the jail school from the time Langdon had founded it.

"Didn't you tell the boss you'd try?" Davis inquired with a nonchalance that deceived Monty into admission of the promise. "Then you'll keep it," Big Ezra told him, "or, when you and I get out, I'll give you the God-almightiest lickin' your hide ever got." With a shiver of that constitutional fear he could not down, however he strove to deny it in word and deed, Monty went back to his books.

Langdon, hearing the story, laughed a little over it, but he sought out Monty and questioned the boy. With realization that the jailer's sympathy was no perfunctory adjunct of his office Monty made confession. "I'm just dead sick of verbs and decimals," he declared.

"Like history?" Langdon inquired in vivid recollection of days when he had sprawled on an old barn floor, devouring hungrily tales of Lexington and of Valley Forge, of Trenton and Ticonderoga, of Light Horse Harry and Ethan Allen, of Aaron Burr and Mad Anthony Wayne.

"You mean Washington and Jefferson and all them old stiffs? I should say not. Give me the stuff about real men."

"Who were they?" asked Langdon, with a twinkle that lurked in wait for Diamond Dick and Nicholas Carter.

"Them fellows that weren't afraid of anything, the ones that came through the wilderness, and rafted down the river, and fought the Indians, and—" The glow in his face lighted quick fire in Billy Langdon's brain. "You mean Boone and his pioneers, don't you, Monty?" he asked the boy. "The fellows who made this dark and bloody ground the fifteenth State in the nation? Well, they were real men, all right, but they happen to have made a bit of history by their adventures. Want to study about them?"

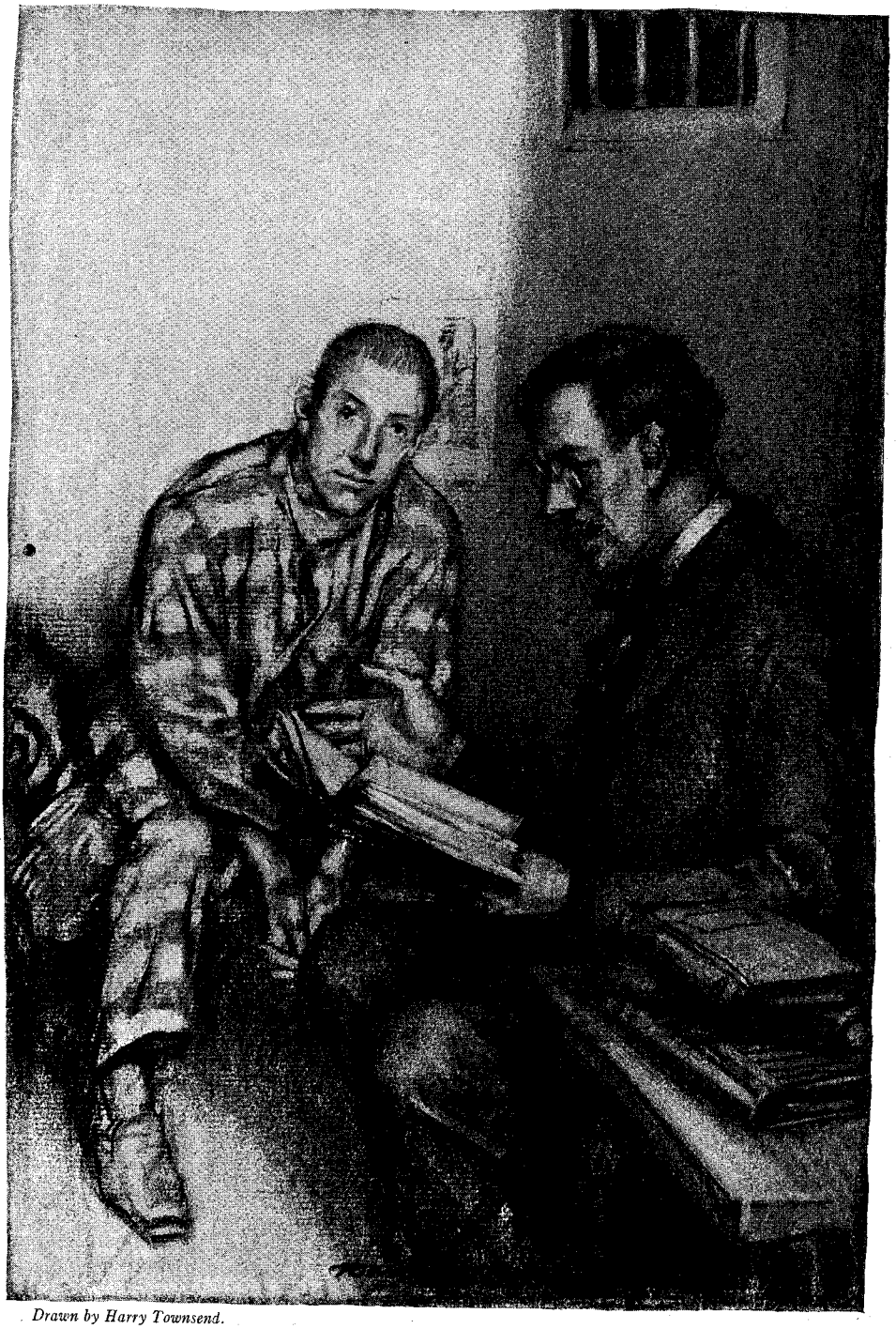
"You bet I do," Monty told him in eager relief from the boredom of grammar and lower mathematics.

As the jail class in American history was still struggling with the exploits of John Paul Jones, Langdon undertook a private course of instruction for the admirer of the pioneer group of nation-makers. It was quite as informal as any course upon which Socrates walked Plato, and as free in opinions as Big Ezra's hills, for all that it held session behind barred doors. Billy Langdon started it by giving the boy a book that recounted in simple fashion exploits of the trail-blazers. Then he listened to the boy's succinct reviews of the tales, reviews more illuminative of his own view-point than of the stories. Glorifying the virtue he did not possess, he brightened the warp of the telling with the threads of the fearlessness of the heroes of the wilderness. "And they weren't afraid of anything," was his inevitable climax, pathos heightening his lingering admiration of the courage that was not his own.

"What made you afraid, Monty?" Langdon asked him once. "Somebody beat you when you were a kid?"

"Somebody was always beating me," the boy said without self-pity. "When my father wasn't drunk my grandfather was, and they took turns at it. We lived

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Harry Townsend.

"There are plenty of frontiers," Langdon said, "but they call them by other names."—Page 716.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

down on the river, and the boatmen used to beat me too."

"Why didn't you fight back?"

"I took it so they wouldn't ever know I was afraid."

Billy Langdon chewed the end of his cigar while he reflected upon the relative values of just and unjust floggings; but, deciding that there was no use crying over such obviously spilt milk, he set about conserving the bit that was left in the pitcher of the boy's spirit. "See here," he told him, "why don't you play your game the way these pioneers did?"

"How was that?"

"I'll show you," Langdon promised.

The showing wasn't easy, for Billy Langdon was no professor of history; but he delved into library books until he found rich store. Week after week he brought them to the jail, while the boy burrowed into them avidly. "The Making of Kentucky," "With Daniel Boone," and "The Story of the Mississippi Valley" were grist to the mill of his fancy. "The Winning of the West" lighted beacons on the hills for his following. "Oh, but they were the boys!" he would sigh to his mentor. "Why didn't I live in them times?"

"These times are just as good," Langdon assured him, but Monty shook his head. "You used to get towns named after you if you killed an Indian. Now you get fourteen years. There ain't no frontiers left."

"There are plenty of frontiers," Langdon said, "but they call them by other names."

"When I get out I'll find them."

"You sure will, Monty," Langdon told him, and meant more than the boy knew. For week after week, as the lessons went on, the big man was seeing in his pupil the dawn of that questing quality of the soul that sends men forth seeking adventure, and he wondered on what field Monty Culver's lance would be lifted. Knowing so well the weakness that beset the boy, he wondered too if the lance would hold steady when the foe advanced. "It's all on the wheel," he thought as he pondered on Monty's future.

The wheel spun round to red on the day when Monty found the story of the Alamo. He came across it in an old volume of twisting capitals and of quaint woodcuts that Langdon had picked up at a book-stall in one of the river wards. Word by word he studied the story of the siege of the Texan fortress. The thrilling phrases of Travis's last message—"I shall continue to hold it, or I will perish in its defense. . . . The determined spirit and desperate courage heretofore exhibited by my men will not fail them in the last struggle; and, although they may be sacrificed to the vengeance of a Gothic enemy, the victory will cost the enemy so dear that it will be worse than a defeat. . . . My men will fight with that high-souled courage which characterizes the patriot who is willing to die in defense of his country; liberty and his own honor; God and Texas; victory or death!"—kindled his imagination until he could see, more plainly than the bars on the windows, the blood-red flag waving over Bexar while the commandant, and Bonham, and Bowie, and Crockett, and the others of that immortal band braved the foe. That some of the men of the Alamo had gone from Kentucky lifted him to heights of hero-worship of their deed. "I told you they were the boys," he told Langdon.

"You bet they were."

"What made them that way?"

"Being sure of themselves, I guess."

"But how can you get sure of yourself? Did they wear a charm?"

"Nothing but coonskin caps," Langdon laughed, pointing to the fantastic figures in the woodcuts, supernaturally heroic of size and topped with the queer helmet of fur.

"Guess I'll have to get one," Monty grinned with a flicker of infrequent humor. The idea pleased his fancy, and he clung to it with the tenacity of a mind that cherishes its few burrs of visualization. He tore the woodcut from the book, and tacked it on the wall of his cell, making of it a shrine for his growing worship of the men it depicted. Langdon, seeing the symbol of the boy's aspiration, wondered if the worship were a transitory emotion or an indication of a genuine intention to strive for courage. In a desire to transform it, if it were the former, or to hold it in the latter instance, he utilized it to win from Monty a promise to do nothing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to bring him back into jail after his release. "That's easy," Monty said.

"No, it isn't," Langdon told him. "It's easy to decide that you don't want to come back. It's hard to be sure that, no matter what happens, you'll remember to do nothing that will bring you back."

"I promise you," Monty said, flinging up his head in the manner of Travis of the woodcut, "that I won't come back."

The memory of the light that had flashed into the boy's eyes came back to Langdon on the day he was to say good-by to his pupil. Although Monty's sentence had expired on the day before the one set for the annual school exercises, he had chosen to stay for that event, declaring that he wanted to see Big Ezra take a diploma. "If he don't trip on it he'll eat it," he had jeered. Now, seated on the last bench in the chapel, he looked up at Langdon from out the flotsam and jetsam of the jail, and his gaze, crossing the chaplain's prayer, bore to the older man inspiration for the words he felt it his duty to say to his departing prisoners.

"You boys who are going out," he said when his turn on the programme came, "aren't taking very much with you, but then, a good soldier always travels light. But there's one little bit of equipment that one of you has already, I believe, and that every one of the rest of you may have just as well. That is the knowledge that you are a citizen of Kentucky, of a State that has always done her part. In other days the men of Kentucky put on their coonskin caps to go out and fight for the nation's existence. In these days of peace men have other work to do. But, war or peace, every one of you has in his knapsack the coonskin cap of courage. Don't forget that it's there, and, when the time comes—and it comes for every one of us somewhere and somehow—remember the Alamo, and put it on!"

It was a long speech for Billy Langdon, and he sat down breathless from his own oratory. Some of the prisoners stared stupidly at him, others seemed to have been merely brushed by the passing wings of the words; but Big Ezra gave him a wide smile of understanding, and Monty Culver's face glowed from among the others like a bonfire on a dark night. It was still shining when the chaplain gave the signal for "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and his lusty young voice rang high in the hymn. "Good timber," the chaplain appraised him, as the men filed out, but Billy Langdon shook his head. "Not timber at all," he said. "Monty's steel, waiting for the furnace, and only the God who made him knows what it will do to him."

The steel went in the furnace on the day when Monty took the job of express-driver that Langdon had secured for him. For the first time in his life he lifted responsibility and the burden steadied him. He made honest effort to do his work well, and was succeeding, when Big Ezra came to him one night with a warning. "There's a gang planning to rob the wagon," he told Monty impressively. "You be ready to shoot to kill."

"But I don't want to kill any one," he protested.

The mountaineer regarded him gravely. "Neither do I," he said, "but it never takes. I just have to, when the spell comes." And he strode away.

Monty, considering the situation, quit the job. On the day afterward the wagon was robbed, and he awakened to realization that his very escape from the ordeal he had dreaded would brand him with the suspicion of having been an accessory. In fairness he had to acknowledge that the circumstances of the robbery seemed to convict him, and with the sense of having been trapped by malign fate he tried to figure out escape from the net.

If he had possessed money enough to get away, he would have made the attempt. He knew that he could get it by looking up the gang he had trailed with before he had killed Ben Kaley, but he had a fear that among them were the men who had committed the robbery and he hesitated against involving himself with them. And yet, even if he did, the police could do no more than put him back in jail. They might do that anyway. And he had told Langdon that he wouldn't come back!

Buffeted by the winds of indecision he had stood at a corner news-stand as the home-going crowds surged past him, but the thought of his promise spurred him onward. "They can get me if they want to," he told himself grimly, "but

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I won't do anything that'll take me back."

Despite his decision he stayed awake all night in an agony of dread, awaiting the coming of the police. Every footstep struck terror into his heart until he welcomed the dawn. As soon as he thought he would find the places open he went out to the river neighborhood where the labor agencies were huddled. From one to another he tramped, seeking place in some gang due to go out that day on railroad construction, but not a place was sending crews. He was giving up in despair when he saw the sign "Men Wanted," and had turned into the store it placarded before he realized that he had come to a recruiting office of the United States Army.

A sergeant, weather-beaten to the hue of his khaki, stepped toward him. "Now you look like the boy we want," he said with a geniality that matched his Celtic eyes.

"But I—" Monty began, hesitant.

"Have you ever been in Texas?" the sergeant asked. "It's a fine place to winter in, and not so bad to summer in, either, and you're sure of a good many things you can't be sure of on the outside." His shrewd eyes studied Monty. "Three squares a day and security, and a chance for brave adventure if the little brown boys with the peaked hats get too gay."

Across the boy's face ran shadows of bugling memories of the stories of Crockett and the Alamo. "Come on in with us," said the sergeant. "It's a great life for a lad."

"I will," he said.

Twenty minutes afterward—while Billy Langdon was assuring the chief of police of his belief that the boy was innocent of complicity in the robbery—the doctor's examination over, he stood before an officer at a rude table. "I, Monty Culver, do voluntarily—" he began. His head went up and his shoulders straightened as he took the oath. His eyes were shining as he brought down his hand.

He was a soldier of the United States.

No harder and no easier than it is for other men was his adjustment into the life of a recruit. Shipped to a regiment in camp near the Texan border, he fell into army routine with an ease engendered of his years of institutional life; but the knowledge of those years kept him aloof from the comradeship of the men of his company. Every one of the seven men in the tent to which he was assigned was older than he—most of them in the veteran class. He knew that they watched him with steady eyes that probed his past without voiced question, and that they accepted him only on probation. If he gave them no confidences, he gave them admiration for their easy nonchalance, and he listened, and watched, and aped, until he could present at the end of six months a fair counterfeit of his company commandant's manner and of his top sergeant's attitude.

With rumors of war with Mexico shining like a daily false dawn, with Pershing sallying down over the border, with troopers returning to recount tales of thrills lived out in the hunt for Villa, Monty Culver grew into understanding of the game into which fate had shoved him headlong. He drilled, and worked, and obeyed orders with constancy, even to kitchen police duty. He liked the outdoors, even though Texas failed to prove the lotus land of the recruiting sergeant's idyl, or the battle-ground of the heroic tales. He liked too, although he could not analyze the reason for his liking, the protective sense of mass formation which bolstered him through the trials of drill. Under the training he began to develop a poise that expressed itself in surety of bearing. If he were travelling alone, he was at least going straight.

"He'll be a soldier some day," Fanning, the corporal, told the company mechanic.

"He will, if ever he gets into it," said that observer, "but it looks as if none of us ever will."

For the regiment languished on the safer side of the border, out of danger of all but the dry-rot of inaction. Through a winter and a summer and another winter the men chafed at the unending routine that led them nowhere. Endless criticism of the nation's war policies played battledore and shuttlecock in the tents until Monty felt that the system had some of the characteristics of the old prison life. His own contribution to the discussion—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the query, "Why can't we go down by ourselves and take one of them Mexican towns?"—had been greeted with a mirth that kept him out of the controversies that followed. He could not understand why the simple and direct methods of the frontiersmen of the thirties, his one criterion of warfare, had gone out of vogue in a situation of such striking similarity. "Old Crockett would have done it," he solaced himself when the corporal was wont to inquire when his buccaneering expedition would start.

In spite of the infection of impatience, Monty was developing, out of the routined existence and the accustomed nearness of a conflict that never came, an indifference toward danger that he would not have believed possible in his jail days. So used had he grown to the idea of fighting in Mexico that had the regiment been ordered across he would probably have gone into battle as a matter of course, taking his place without trepidation and without exaltation. But he never saw the land except as a hot stretch beyond a yellow river. For on the sixth day of April in the year of nineteen hundred and seventeen the war-clouds that had rolled westward out of darkened Europe broke, and the Congress of the United States acknowledged the existence of a state of war with Germany. Ten days later the regiment received orders to move northeastward.

To the veterans of the camp the order rained manna. That war had come during their time of service, and that the war should be a world struggle roused them from the lethargy of long inaction and stirred them to visions of their part. Joy rang reveille to men thrilled by the chance of the greatest adventure that had ever beckoned the American soldier. "We're going across," ran the rumor. Faces shone brighter even than accoutrement as men faced the rising sun in the growing surety that they would soon be cleaving across its pathway.

To Monty Culver alone of them came fear.

For, with the reading of the actual order that took the regiment into the American Expeditionary Force, there swept over him the old wave of terror, the old dread of the unknown. With shame and sorrow he acknowledged in the hours when he lay awake under the Texan stars that he had lost his fight with the enemy within himself. For all his determination, all his training, all his companionship with the fearless, all his new code of courage, all his slowly built trust in himself, all his good intention of bravery, Monty Culver was afraid.

Fear of the sea, fear of strange lands overseas, fear of shell fire, fear of enemies who struck in the dark, fear of wounds, fear of death walked with him through the days while other men rejoiced. Once he considered desertion, and gauged the width of the yellow river. Then he remembered his one sight of a firing squad and the sound of the volley that had killed a man who had tried to run away; and fear of the known outweighed dread of the unknown and kept him in his place. For all his outward calm, a pose assumed for the saving of face, he was in a panic of terror when the regiment moved nearer to the port of embarkation.

The excitement of movement and the crowding sense of new sights tended to assuage his terror. Cities flashed before his vision as the troop train slid through railroad yards. Wide rivers glided beneath high bridges. Massive hills lifted their summits close to the tracks. Huge furnaces belched flame into the night. A sense of America's greatness, of her overwhelming power, stole in over him, glossing his personal problem. The sensation of a tremendous power at his back began to buoy him. Then, suddenly, he saw the ocean, and the old horror swept over him once more.

With the regiment entrained on a wide plain in sight of the sea he could not escape the continuing oppression of the imaginings the gray waves evoked. Even the bustle of preparation, the excitement of activity, the thrill of patriotic interest of his fellows passed him by, although he held grimly to his pretense of indifferent courage. Fearing that his defection would be attributed to his record, should it ever be discovered, he sought to hide his sensations by strict observance of the piling duties. His camouflage, reinforced by the shifting of the men in his company, protected him from observation ordinarily too critical.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The shift in the ranks came with the enlistment of new men who rushed into the regulars on the rumor that the regiments that had been brought northward from Texas would be the first to go to France. That the newcomers were men of a different quality from those he had found on his enlistment was borne in on Monty when four of them were quartered in the tent which he had shared with the corporal, the mechanic, and five other weather-beaten wearers of the khaki. The order which distributed veterans among recruits piled into the close quarters one day a group who brought to Monty Culver the first acute realization of the way in which the people of the country were taking the war.

Raw recruits they were, one not yet equipped with a blouse, another lacking dress shoes, a third in a hat a size too small, but recruits who bore themselves with a certainty of purpose that proclaimed their conscious independence. They gave due deference to their elders, but reserved to themselves the right of critical judgment upon the latter, from corporal to colonel. Although no one of them ever said that he had come from a stratum of men not ordinarily regarded as fodder for the regulars, all of them announced it obliquely a dozen times a day.

For they talked, the four of them, as the men in the Texan camp had never talked, this Burden, and Cantwell, and Claiborne, and Briggs. If their discourse was not in the fashion of Heracleitus and Callimachus, it had at least the tang of some of the books that Billy Langdon had loaned to Monty, and the soldier listened to them with the avidity he had been wont to give the volumes. They talked of senators and congressmen, of ambassadors and cabinet members with an irreverence that sometimes sounded like food for court martial. They talked of war as a glowing opportunity for service, a field of cloth of gold, until Monty tingled with the joy of being with them, even though not of them. They spoke of home with a pride and a fondness that awakened in him that most poignant of all nostalgias, longing for a home of the kind he had never known. The look that came into his face as he hearkened to them grew so wistful that Burden, who had the curiosity of a fledgling playwright, set out to discover what went on beneath Monty Culver's shock of black hair.

"He's copy, that boy," he told Briggs, who had gone through Harvard with him, although without his designs upon the great American drama.

"We're all copy now," said Briggs.

"Not his kind," said Burden, and he proceeded to approach Monty with a friendliness more genuine than his words suggested. Unlike the veterans, he asked direct questions. "Where do you come from?" he inquired of Monty as they lay one afternoon in the tent after hours of racking trench work.

"Kentucky," Monty said.

"So does Claiborne," Burden told him. "His father rode with the Morgan raiders, and died unreconstructed. He used to go in the back doors of public buildings so that he wouldn't have to walk under what he called the Yankee flag. And Carter would carry the Stars and Stripes to the gates of hell now. Funny, isn't it, how we all swing in?"

"Yes," said Monty, and with a feeling that the conversation was taking him beyond his depth, pretended to go to sleep.

The incident, however, caused Monty to single Burden out from the rest of the group for his attention. He listened with such interest as no one of them had ever given a professor, while Burden talked to the other men, at times with a brilliancy that brought down their jeers upon his head. Cantwell, the boy from Milwaukee, had a rough-and-tumble way of closing the Harvard man's discourses, leaving Monty with the cheated feeling of a spectator who sees the curtain descend in the middle of an act. Claiborne, immersed in an effort to master the technical end of his soldiering, was frankly bored by Burden's embryonic philosophy, while Briggs, who came from a Massachusetts family famous for a gift of theological disputativeness, was wont to bury his college mate under an avalanche of argument. Little by little Burden, sensing Monty's interest, made him the target of his monologues.

The bulk of them went over his head, but, with his mental quality of catching and holding certain impressions, he grasped a few ideas that leavened his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mental sogginess and wrought wonders in establishing in him a respect for his private's rank and an understanding of what he might make of it.

One of these ideas was Burden's reason for enlistment in the regulars. "Like another poet," the Harvard man declaimed one day, "I hadn't time to go to Plattsburg. My country called, and I hastened. Behold me, courier of a million more who are coming, Father Woodrow, to fill thy battalions!"

"They aren't battalions," said Briggs, "and the million will be in the draft."

"What matter? They are of us. There are two kinds of men," he announced, "those who seek to get, and those who seek to give. The chaps who are trying for commissions without the requisite experience in handling men are the getters. We are the givers, aren't we, Culver?" And Monty, who had joined the army with exceptional adventitiousness, solemnly said that they were.

Another doctrine, which came home to him with keener poignancy, was Burden's theory of fear. "We'll all be afraid," he informed them, "for we're all endowed with imagination, and imagination doth make cowards of us all. We'll be swimming always before the great third wave."

"I thought we were going in transports," Monty frowned.

Burden regarded him the more gravely because of Cantwell's grin. "A figure of speech," he said, his tone more informative than his words. "A master's painting of a vision. Who else but Swinburne could have said it?

> "'It is not much that a man may save
> On the sands of life, in the straits of time,
> Who swims in sight of the great third wave
> That never a swimmer shall cross or climb,'"

he quoted. "But we shall cross it. Eh, Cantwell?"

"Oh, shut up," Cantwell adjured him. "I want to sleep."

"Sleep on, my child. The great third wave is the ultimate sleep. 'Death, my brother, who—'" he began.

"Oh, take off the record," begged Cantwell. "Who's afraid to die, anyhow? We wouldn't be here if we were!"

"I, for one, shall be horribly afraid," Burden said. "I shall see every horror of hell when I get to the trenches. I shall die a thousand deaths while I'm waiting. But I'll go on, just the same!" His voice rang out in a hardness new to its tones.

"You'll die one death right now," Cantwell yelled, flinging a trench shoe at him.

Monty, lying open-eyed on his cot, pondered over the gist of the talk, extracting from it slowly the idea that Burden, who had joined the army because he wanted to give something to his country, was going to be afraid when the crisis of action came. That he acknowledged the presence of fear amazed the boy, to whom fear was a shame to be hidden. Gradually he came into knowledge that the emotion itself might be but a stepping-stone to the overcoming of it. "I wonder if I could," he asked himself, and laid a corner-stone of the foundation of a fortress of courage.

For the first time since the war had come he questioned himself concerning his own relation to it. With the other veterans he had accepted it as a field of labor and of action. Now his brain groped through the fog of the voiced opinions of these recruits, scouts from a society that had made him an outcast while it had sheltered them. From them he caught the spirit of America in the crisis. "We're in the war for the United States," they spoke for their country, "and we're going to stay in it until we win. It doesn't matter if we die in the winning. What's death, anyhow? All that counts is victory!" Over and over he conned the phrases. Then, "I guess that's about right," he said, and girded himself in the shreds and patches of the raiment that Burden and Cantwell, Briggs and Claiborne had found waiting for them when they were born.

It proved an armor that dented the first arrow of conflict, the crossing of the sea. For the seventy-two hours during which he had known the time of sailing, Monty Culver had struggled with himself lest he show his dread of embarkation; but when the time came for them to go on board the transformed liner that awaited them as a transport he was too busy living up to the mood of the four men beside him to feel the depression he had anticipated. The very strangeness of the experience of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

boarding the great ship uplifted him, and he saw the receding coast-line of Jersey with the satisfaction of having done as the others had done. He had no one to leave behind, and he was spared the sorrow of parting. While others strained their eyes for a last sight of the land, Monty Culver was staring forward with that eager look of the seeker for adventure that Billy Langdon had once glimpsed in the boy's eyes. With it came an echo of that quality of hero-worship that had lifted him out of the ruck.

"We're on our way to France," the corporal said to him, as the transport nosed past the last long fingers of the shore.

"We're going to Pershing," Monty said, "to win America's fight."

"God help the Boche when we get there," the other said; "Black Jack, and you, and me!"

He laughed as he turned away, but Monty Culver did not laugh. He was seeing at the rim of the horizon those new frontiers that his mentor had once promised him he would find, and he was going out to them, as the old trail-blazers had gone, in the knowledge of a just and righteous cause.

They came to France in the chill of a gray morning, tumbling upon the docks with cramped haste. So busy were they with the obeying of crisp, curt orders of disembarkation that they were marching through the streets of the town before Monty realized the strangeness of the scene. Burden, at his side, began to exclaim in French, answering the greetings of the old men on the sidewalk. "Why, it's like coming home," he told Monty. But a sudden sense of the foreignness of the setting assailed the boy as he listened to the staccato phrases and stared at the towered and gabled roof lines.

It was not to leave him through the weeks while the regiment trained for action, although it shifted its perspective. He felt strangely alien to the place, although everything—the sodden skies, the booming of big guns, the sight of French uniforms, the language, both French and British, that he could not understand, the glimpse of the tanks, the long trains of armored motors bearing supplies to the front, the shell-shattered villages, the huddling refugees, the haste, the grip of tension—screwed him up to a feeling that the land, for all its strangeness, had been waiting for him.

Burden told him with laughter the tale of Pershing's speech at the tomb of the great Frenchman who had aided America in her war for independence—the laconic, "Well, Lafayette, we're here!" that had been more heartening to French ears than rivers of less significant oratory.

"Well, we are, aren't we?" Monty asked him.

"We are," said Burden, grown suddenly grave.

That they were very much there became evident as the days rushed them onward toward the goal of battle. The speed of their labors impressed the four recruits, but Monty even more, with the terrible need of haste. From the French training officers, tensely nervous men with spirits so drawn like fine steel wires that every wind of success or defeat twanged them, the men of the regiment acquired that feeling of pressure that makes leverage for rush work. Accustomed as he was to camp life, Monty took the outer shell of the service as a matter of course in France as he had taken it in Texas. It was the sense of urgent hurry that hung over their work that spurred him to acute realization of the import of his individual part.

Under the sense of responsibility he grew so gloomy that not even the efforts of Burden and Cantwell to force him to recreation succeeded. Burden was making himself a personage in the French village where they were quartered, becoming beloved of grandsires and granddames, while Cantwell, who spoke execrable French, threatened to create difficulties by his popularity with bright-eyed maidens. While Briggs wrote letters as long and as often as the law allowed to a girl in North Adams, and Claiborne studied a manual of arms, the other two musketeers valiantly strove to cement the Franco-American alliance. Made generous by their success, they sought to bring the lonely private of their company out of his slough of despond. "You'll go stale," Burden warned him. "What did you come over here for?" Monty demanded. "To play checkers?"

"Come on down to the café and sing 'The Darktown Strutters Ball,'" said

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cantwell. "We'll know soon enough why we came."

The heart of the knowledge came to them on the night before they went into action. There had been an encounter early in the morning between the English in the first-line trenches and the enemy, and the wounded were being brought back past the village where the regiment waited. Their groans as the ambulances went by came to the Americans. "Poor devils," Burden sighed. "I'd rather be smashed," Claiborne said, gritting his teeth. "It's all in the game," said Cantwell. Monty Culver said nothing. With the passing of the victims he had seen the shadow of his old life rising out of the mists.

The shadow grew through the night. Every observation bomb, bursting into light out over the trenches beyond, showed it lurking near. Over and over he tried to banish it, fighting for sleep as an ally. Time after time he counted ninety-nine sheep jumping a wall only to find himself wider awake at the end of each count. The heavy breathing of the other men only accentuated his wakefulness. He buried his face in his blanket, shivering in a cold more piercing than the physical chill of the air. He closed his eyes tightly, but the memories of his failures crept under his lids and stared down into his soul. As vividly as if he were once more living through them he recalled those times when he had hidden from his father's beatings, when he had fled the reformatory, when he had killed Kaley in a blind passion of terror lest Kaley kill him, when he had furled his defiance in defeat before Langdon, when he had run away from danger at his post. He was a coward, and he knew that he was a coward, and yet he was an American soldier, pledged to defend his country, come overseas to fight for his country's honor.

He was tossing in angry struggle to find sleep when a hand touched him in the darkness. His heart missed a beat ere he recognized Fanning. "Get up," the corporal said quietly. "We're going in."

He arose so slowly that the other men were on their feet before him, Briggs plunging around in an excitement that seemed to be blinding him, Claiborne pulling down his scarf with careful precision, Cantwell stepping with the high stride of a cavalry horse that hears the bugles calling advance. The three veterans with them—men who had known the Philippines—were making ready with a matter-of-fact calmness that Monty strove to imitate, but his teeth chattered as he heard Burden singing softly the song of the *Régiment de Sambre et Meuse* that the Harvard man had made his own since he had come to France.

"Le régiment de Sambre et Meuse,
Reçut la mort aux cris de liberté,"

he murmured the chant:

"Maison d'histoire glorieuse
Lui donne droit à l'immortalité."

"Oh, cut the crape," groaned Cantwell.

"Here goes for Kentucky," Claiborne said, as the muffled drum-beat summoned them.

"I'm with you," said Monty.

He fell into step beside them with the ease of old habit as they started out on the road. The night was nearly gone, and the air surcharged with a sense of impending action. A strange quiet, hideously ominous, had settled down over the trenches and the land between. Monty felt, as he went on with mechanical surety, that he was pushing against a soft surface that gave way at his approach only to resist his next step. All that he could hear was the thud of marching feet slushing through the muddy road. The sound shifted to harsher clanging as they struck the streets of another village. Then he heard Burden's voice humming again that song which had saved the days at the Meuse. Some one else began to hum it. An order, sharp as it was low, halted it. "Shut up, the Boches'll hear you!" Then, once more, the slushing of feet on the road.

Monty's eyes, focussing slowly in the darkness, saw that they were marching crosswise toward the first-line trenches. Claiborne, next to him, voiced his guess. "They're saving us the waiting in the holes," he said. "They'll send our smash straight over into the Germans." Monty, plodding on, fought down an impulse to clutch at Claiborne's sleeve.

The darkness before them was palpitant with portent when the halt came.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The corporal, coming to stand beside Monty, muttered the plan before the company commandant's order ran down the lines. "Straight ahead," he said. "Give 'em the bayonet, when you get 'em out. Fight 'em. Kill 'em. Only hold the trench when you get in." The order came.

Monty, moving forward, caught in the press of the company's advance, felt himself trembling violently. He lost the sense of being on solid ground. The plain beyond seemed to become a tossing sea, and he himself a swimmer, vainly striving to breast an incoming tide. Recollection of a time on the river when he had almost drowned heightened the sensation that he was going down. He put up his arm to ward off the oncoming wave. Suddenly he knew it for that third of which Burden had told him. Death, the great tidal flow, was rising to engulf him, as it had always engulfed men. He could not escape it. No man could. He would go down before it as he had always known he would go down—in fear. He could feel himself being sucked into its vortex. He could hear the gurgling sound of waters that would sweep over him. He was going down, down into blackness. Oh, God—was there a God? Was there nothing to save him?

The steadiness of the onward tramp of the company, throbbing with the sure beat of a ship's screw, caught him back from the rush of the wave. The certainty of the other men, marching at his side, held him up for a moment. Then there came to him the thought that he alone of them had nothing to fight for. The Philippine veterans and Fanning would win their chevrons. Burden would go back, when the war was done, to his assured future, Claiborne to the old white house in Lexington, Cantwell to his old, blithe ways, Briggs to the girl in North Adams, while he, Monty Culver, drifter and jailbird, out of the mud, would go back to the mud. Why should he fight for that? But was he fighting for that? Wasn't it, after all, for the same cause the rest of them fought? Wasn't it his country as well as theirs? He set his jaw at the thought, and braced himself for combat of the resistless force. Before him the surge of waters still crept.

Something smote his hearing as the waters rose. What was it? Had he died already, and come into eternity to hear a sound so strangely familiar? Weakly he realized that he was hearing a song. As if he were floating now, relaxed into non-resistance, he heard the voice. What was it singing? "And found the land of everlasting life"? No, it wasn't Burden. Claiborne was singing it. What did it remind him of? The camp in Texas? No, not that, but the jail chapel on that day when Langdon had bidden him good-by. What had Langdon said then, said to him?

"Citizen of Kentucky . . . go out and fight . . . when the time comes . . . coonskin caps of courage. . . . Remember the Alamo, and put them on!"

That was it. But that was long ago, back there in Louisville, and this was France. What made him think of it now? The song? What could it be? Burden was singing it now, too. Briggs lifted his murmur. Cantwell, laughing on his first note, struck the key. One of the veterans fell in, then another. An officer's "Hush!" fell unheeded. Line after line took up the relentless beat of the melody.

"Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,"

they sang as they marched over the fields of death.

Strong pinions of the soul, its words took up Monty Culver's drowning spirit from the sea of fear, lifting it over the advancing waves of craven terror, and setting it on that road that had Burden for its prophet and his comrades for its priests. Horror was not erased, for he could see before him the pangs and agonies of suffering, of torture, of death, but he saw them from a height, and beyond them he saw the glory of deathless conquest. A vast sense of freedom struck down the shackles of his old life. With the exaltation of the liberated he began to laugh as the order for the trenches snapped out over the sound of the hymn. Without memory of where he had once heard it, he paraphrased Big Ezra's threat. "I'll give 'em the God-almightiest lickin' their hides ever got," he shouted. Then, with the hymn on his lips and the coonskin cap of courage haloing his young head, Monty Culver went out into the land of shadows just before the coming of the dawn.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GAS ATTACK

BY EMMANUEL BOURCIER

EMMANUEL BOURCIER is one of the most successful of the younger French writers. His experience in the present war is typical of the upheaval wrought in the lives of French men of all stations by the mobilization of 1914. From a position of prominence in the literary life of Paris he was called to the trenches, and for three years gave loyal service to the Allied cause, participating in numerous actions, among them the defense of Verdun, during which he was wounded.

After several months as a common soldier Mr. Bourcier took up telegraphy, later became a mechanical expert in the telephone and wireless sections, and finally a master of the *liaison*—the co-ordination of movements of airplanes, artillery, and infantry.

War was not a new thing to Sergeant Bourcier, for, as a boy of nineteen, he had enlisted in the army and had spent ten years in the service, taking part in campaigns in Indo-China, China (Boxer Rebellion), Madagascar, Sahara, and Morocco.

Mr. Bourcier took up literary work in 1909, and in the following five years moved to the forefront of French authors. He was a frequent contributor to leading periodicals, and wrote eleven novels, most of which appeared in magazines. His works published in book form include "Les Visages de Pierres," "La Rouille," "La Rizière en Feu," "Les Reportages," "Gens de Mer," "Gens du Front." He has twice received the prize of the Société des Gens de Lettres, and in 1916 the French Academy awarded him the Montyon prize.

When the United States entered the war Mr. Bourcier was sent to America as a member of the French Military Commission, and was assigned to Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill., as an instructor of *liaison*.—*George Nelson Holt.*

THE severe winter ran its course. We had worked incessantly. We had a whole sector to ourselves. First, there was the tangled network of barbed wire, a piece of work in which we all had a share. Each evening, as night fell, a company of men went out on No Man's Land, to work in the thick, treacherous darkness. One gang dug holes and put in the posts, another stretched the parallel wires, another attached the transverse wires. As this required great blows of a mallet, it made considerable noise, which drew down the enemy's gun-fire. As they gained experience the men went out rapidly, worked swiftly, and returned to our trenches only when their task was accomplished. At dawn the Boches tried to destroy our work of the night before by firing many volleys into the network. The damage was never considerable, and they stopped that game when, imitating them, we cut their barbed wire to pieces.

Under that efficacious protection we contrived openings for listening and firing trenches. At the first, two men alternated in a constant lookout, with ear quick to catch any sound, with eye strained to observe the most minute sign. Behind them, on the benches,* entire sections, with guns poised in the loopholes, waited and watched from twilight to dawn, while the others slept, down in the shelters underground.

This organization constituted the first lines, in the spring of 1915, when we hoped for an early victory. So temporary did the work appear to be, we spent no more time and effort on our trench systems than seemed necessary for immediate purposes. The dugouts were of the most limited dimensions—really kennels, large enough for two men to sleep fairly comfortably, but which usually housed six, no one knows how. One came there

*The trenches were about seven feet deep. On the forward side was a step, or ledge, on which the men could stand when shooting.—TRANSLATOR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

overcome by sleep. One threw himself on the ground without removing his accoutrement and was asleep almost before touching the earth. To afford some protection against the bitter wind a cloth was stretched in front of the opening. While this shut out the unwelcome breezes, it also shut in a concentrated hot and malodorous steam, composed of the mouldy moisture from the earth itself, of human perspiration and panting exhalations, of wet leather and clothing. However, one breathed somehow. When the time was up and one went out to resume work or watching, the icy air enveloped one like a sepulchral winding-sheet, and the night blinded one's eyes. One followed the communication-trench, took up gun or shovel, as the order might happen to be, and became either soldier or laborer; or, more often, both at once. Everything was done at night. Everything was dismal, dangerous, frightful. There was no real repose, no relaxation. The incessant shell-fire added its horror to our other discomforts and dangers. The shell—that insensate creature of chance which bursts over the innocent, scatters its fragments over the plain, and in stupid indifference crushes a clod of earth or snuffs out the lives of a hundred human beings! The shell—that monster which comes with a moaning wail, invisible as a beast of darkness, and dies in a shower of fire!

One easily becomes familiar with its sound. At first every shot was terrifying. Then we learned to know approximately what course a shell would follow, at what point it would fall. Then we ceased to listen to or fear any but those coming our way. No others counted. They were non-existent.

Before we reached this point of familiarity the salvoes of that plaything the 75 made us shudder. They came so fast that we scarcely had time to distinguish the individual shots. Immediately the deadly whistling object skimmed the ground, and the explosion resounded. Some men turned pale, others paid little attention.

Berthet and I found much in this life to interest us. We ran about to see whatever could be seen. As soon as a cannonade began we went in that direction for the pleasure of observing it. We volunteered for all sorts of difficult tasks, tempted by the risk, enticed by the eternal charm of adventure. He was brave, was Berthet, but knew not how brave he was. Sometimes I sought to restrain him, at which he was always astonished. "I wish to know," he said, "if I will be afraid." And he had his way. He went out on the embankment, where he inspected the horizon regardless of the projectiles which saluted his silhouette as soon as he appeared.

We had some magnificent spectacles. One evening there was a bombardment followed by infantry attack. The German uneasiness had been evident in the morning. It expressed itself by a storm of projectiles which fell aimlessly and did little damage. The shells cut the grass, exploded like a sheaf of fireworks, sent the dirt flying high into the air. It worried us at first; then, as we found ourselves safe in the shelter of our deep trenches, assurance returned. Each man went about his business. Some were detailed to dig a tunnel, one must go to the kitchens to fetch soup and bread, another cleaned the arms, rusted during the night by the fog or in the morning by the dew. All the same, this violent bombardment troubled our officers not a little; they feared a surprise. We had a visit from our general toward evening. He gave some orders, took a look at the loopholes of observation, and went away apparently content. His calm was most reassuring.

Calm is not everything, in war. The plans of the enemy must also be taken into account. The Boche artillery became violent. Over our trenches streamed a fire of shells of all calibres mingled. They fell, tearing away whole banks of earth at once; they exploded thunderously, in a cloud of dust and stinking smoke. We looked for the worst; we suspected a close attack, a hand-to-hand clash. Suddenly a great cry rang out:

"The gas!!"

It was true. Over there, from the enemy's lines, came great greenish balls, rolling close to the earth, rolling deliberately yet swiftly, rolling straight toward us. Gas! That horrible thing, still almost unknown, which had been used for the first time only recently on the Yser. It was coming with deadly surety amidst

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a tornado of artillery. Orders were shouted back and forth:

"The gas! Put on the masks!"

Each man spread over his face the protecting cloth. The shelters were closed. The telephone, whose wires ran the length of the communication-trenches, gave the warning: "Look out! The gas!"

We did not yet know what manner of horror it was. None of us had experienced an attack of the sort. We ran to and fro like ants whose hill has been molested. Some fired their guns at random, others awaited orders. The frightful, livid thing came on, expanded to a cloud, crept upon us, glided into the trenches. The air was quickly obscure. We were swimming in an atmosphere stained a venomous color, uncanny, indescribable. The sky appeared greenish, the earth disappeared. The men staggered about for a moment, took a gasping breath, and rolled on the ground, stifled. There were some knots of soldiers who had been asleep in their beds when overtaken by the gas. They writhed in convulsions, with vitals burning, with froth on the lips, calling for their mothers or cursing the German. We gathered them up as best we could; we took them to the doctors, who, thus confronted by an unknown condition, found themselves powerless. They tried the application of oxygen and ether in an effort to save the lives of the victims, only to see them die, already decomposed, in their hands.

The masks had not yet been perfected and were a poor protection. Some ran about like madmen, shrieking in terror, the throat choked with saliva, and fell in heaps, in contortions of agony. Some filled the mouth with handfuls of grass and struggled against asphyxiation. Others, down in the shelters, sprinkled face and neck with brackish water, and awaited a death all too long in coming.* Over all this the artillery shrieked in unchained madness. The sky was of steel, quivering and molten. There were no longer any distinctly heard shots, but a storm of fire. It roared, it whistled, it exploded without respite, as if all the furies of hell were yelping, in a thick, metallic sky. At the left, little by little, an ever-reddening glow showed the neighboring city of Reims, which the Boches were bombarding in a mad rage of destruction. We saw the flames leap up, the houses kindle like torches and throw toward the sky clouds of sparks and streams of black and red smoke. Everything seemed flaming and tottering and falling in a wild delirium. The earth itself opened to swallow the last survivors. In the trenches the bodies of the dead were heaped, and twisted or bleeding corpses choked the passageways.

Fiercely, convulsively, desperately, the comrades who were unhurt fought at their loopholes. Reinforcements came from the rear in haste, and took their places. Their eyes were those of madmen, their breath was panting.

"The assault will be here in a minute, boys," I said to my nearest neighbors. "Look out for yourselves. Have your cartridges ready. You, there, lift your gun higher, or you will fire badly! And you, aim toward that corner you see over there!"

Berthet helped me, with a tragic manner of responsibility; the under-officers ran from one man to another, crying: "Keep cool! We will get them! Just let them come on!"

Then the action rushed on even more furiously, more demoniac. In the midst of the increased cannonade the gun-fire rattled. It commenced at the left, gained the centre, reached the right. The whole line crackled like the beginning of a roll of thunder. We could no longer see ahead of us. We fired as fast as possible, without knowing where, cutting into space.

"Here they are! Keep cool!"

In the dim light a gray mass was oscillating. As it rapidly advanced we could distinguish small objects on the plain, like moving blades of grass. We fired; cries could be heard. We fired more rapidly. The gas was dissipating, but the night was becoming thick. Our only light was the blazing city of Reims and the glow of shells. The pandemonium increased. One could distinguish only his immediate neighbor, lifting his gun, firing, recoiling from the discharge, replacing the spent cartridge with a full one. The pungent

*It has been found that water must not touch the skin for many hours after suffering a gas attack. The chemical action of the water rots the flesh. For the same reason the *poilu* is now clean-shaven: the poison of gas remains in a beard for days, and perspiration adds to the dangers of inhalation.—TRANSLATOR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

taste of burnt powder penetrated the throat. We sweat. We no longer feared. We pulled the trigger; we were fighting, we were defending the soil, the trench, the sector, in a blind rage. *They should not take it!* They should give up; they should fall back. We would kill them all rather than permit their feet to contaminate the spot we were guarding.

This endured for more than an hour, this insane uproar of shrieking voices, crashing cannon, cracking rifles; while Reims, in flames, threw to the wind her streamers of light.

We had no accurate idea of the battle as a whole. Each man acted for himself, for the little corner of ground in range of his rifle, for the piece of trench which he was holding. At one side the Boches jumped into the trench, cut the throats of the nearest men, then fell, themselves stabbed by bayonets. At another point they penetrated the barbed-wire entanglements, remained caught there, struggling to free themselves, and were cut to pieces by our fire. Farther on our shells crushed them. We were scarcely conscious of it. We elbowed our neighbors, we exchanged encouragement, we shrieked when we would speak. We were so intense, so full of fury, that many were frothing when commanded to desist. The under-officers exhausted themselves in crying halt, and had to shake each man to awaken him, to bring him to himself, to make him understand. We felt exasperated.

However, the cannonade was decreasing in violence. The gun-fire ceased, reviving only at intervals. The stretcher-bearers ran up, took away the wounded, picked up the tortured gas victims, whose lungs creaked like the bellows of a forge. The battle was over. The Boches were repulsed. In spite of their gas, in spite of the surprise, in spite of their cannon, they left on the field before us almost a battalion: sprawling corpses, dismembered like broken puppets; dead men who gaped at the stars; wounded, who soon were dead. Our losses were considerable, theirs were much greater. Twenty of their number remained with us as prisoners. Haggard and stunned, they were led to the rear for the interrogatory.

"Well, how has it been?" I asked Berthet, as I gripped his hand. "It was superb!" he responded. There was a hole in his coat. "Not touched?" "No, a ball just missed taking me off." He said it with a calm which I admired. He concealed from me the fact that he had breathed the abominable vapors.

After all, it was only a local action on our line. It was not, in the generally accepted sense, a battle. All of us have seen much greater since then. However, on account of the gas, this first engagement is vividly present in our memory, a recollection never to be effaced. It was an encounter so strange! That foul vapor which enveloped the earth, which ate its way into the fibre of the clothing we wore, corroded and withered the leaves on the trees, and changed the aspect of God's sane creation into a distorted image of hell, will remain forever one of the deepest infamies of the Germans. After contact with this poisoned cloud nothing retained its original appearance. The arms were red without being rusty, the color of uniforms was changed. There were very few of our men suffering from gun or bayonet wounds, but whole mounds of those who died in convulsions: poor, twisted dead, who agonized in dying, so disfigured their own mothers could not have recognized them. Some of them were wringing their hands, others were swallowing stones, others seemed to be rammed into the earth like stakes. This was not war; it was worse. This was not the rain of bullets which pierce the flesh, or break a skull in passing. This was not the brutal shell, which bursts to fragments, scatters in a thousand directions, and mows down a group of men as gayly as a child knocks down a house of cards. This was another matter. It was the very air turned accomplice of the enemy: blinded eyes, frothing mouth, rotted lungs, a breast on fire; every effort exerted redoubling the torture; the rescuer struck down above the man he attempted to save; the officer suffering like his men; the telephone-operator seized in his shelter; the courier arrested in his course—all alike smothered and struggling with death. This was a breath from the depths of hell, this diabolic invention, which that monster, the German Junker, forced men to choose: weapon of meanness and treachery, which sets at naught the valor of both defender and assailant!!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT IT MEANS

BY MAJOR LAUCHLAN MacLEAN WATT
Chaplain to the Gordon Highlanders and Black Watch in the Somme, the Ancre, and at Ypres

I

I HAVE been intimately linked up with the war since Christmas, 1914, living, moving, and serving with the brave men out there. And one learns many things on the spot, and gets not only fresh insight into old truths, but frequently also new standards and measurements to enable one to face positions that emerge from the struggle of to-day. And there are questions which are regularly being asked here of those who, like myself, come over from the Land of War, which should be answered with perfect candor—questions which arise partly from mere curiosity, and partly from pardonable anxiety.

One is asked oftenest about the men. American mothers and wives are anxious on that subject. "Is it true," they say, "that the standard of moral conduct is low—that men behave out there as they would not behave at home—that war roughens, degrades, and pollutes manhood—that it will even be dangerous for nice American boys to mix with the fellows yonder? What about religion amongst them?" Well, war is a rough school. And the enemy has shown how civilized man can descend to brutal levels, and how devilry can take the place of humaneness, when strength forgets chivalry. The story of the girlhood and womanhood of Belgium, told by the suffering ones themselves, without passion and without emotion, as though told by creatures who have turned to stone through the horror of it, having no longer a heart, is perhaps the saddest story history has ever had to listen to. She has not been able fully to record it, being sometimes blinded by her tears as she listened. It perpetuates, however, the fact of the measurement of womanhood from the enemy point of view. And it is not ours. We cannot enter into understanding of it at all. Our army out there has put no violence of outrage upon the weak. Womanhood has not had to weep through rape at the hands of the British soldiers. He is, in fact, tenderly devoted to the ideals of chivalry. He loves his womanhood at home; and he cherishes most dearly and with an intimate remembrance those whose faces are imprinted deeply on his heart. I have read many love-letters in printed books, and I have written my own share of very good ones, but I have never read or written tenderer epistles than those of our brave soldier men to their wives, sisters, and sweethearts across the sea. If you are sending your boys out expecting them to join up a kind of choir or Bible-class picnic, you are foolish. If you are expecting to find out yonder plaster saints, you will be bitterly disappointed. But if you seek for true stanch manhood, that loves home and the hearts there dear to it with an unwavering fidelity—that loves honor, and is content to live yonder in suffering and discomfort, and to die without a grudge for its sake, thank God, you will find it yonder, in crowds and masses. And the heart that is devoted to these things is surely not far from the kingdom of heaven.

As for religion, as we all understand it, it is there, strong, virile, and clear. Our first army, the "contemptible" invincibles, were our professional fighting men. Yet there were amongst them many as truly religious as may be found in pews or pulpits to-day. Their religion, however, was, in the main, dedication to duty. In their terrible experiences at the beginning of the war, vastly outnumbered, imperfectly munitioned, fighting divisions when they expected to be facing brigades, they lived right up to their ideal, and died as they were expected to die, making their bodies a wall impregnable against the terrible incursion of cruel wrong and anarchy into modern civilization and order. The next army of Territorials were our ideal-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ists. They comprised our scholars, our dreamers—the hope of our To-morrow, the strength of our To-day. Their mission was clear and deliberate sacrifice—to plaster with their blood the wall their predecessors had upbuilded. And they did it. The crosses above their graves, where they fought until they fell, are their witnesses. They knew what was expected of them, and they rose to the expectation. They were religious men. I have given them the sacrament of sacrifice before they went across the Great Divide, and I know. Had the war ended soon the returning wave of these would certainly have uplifted our old world to a loftier level than it had known. The new army, which is the nation, in fact, the empire, is as miscellaneous as the empire is. All sorts and conditions are there, and every form of thought; but thought predominates.

There will, of course, always be "the problem," who will return probably as great and grave a problem to the slum he left as when he went away from it. Our environments are old and hardened in our ancient cities at home, though America has her environments also, even in her comparative youth. She has her problems in khaki, too. Yet even the problem cannot but be touched through contact with the big things of this war. And if we could only get the slum purified before the returning, life would put on a new light for him. Fitting in again to the old environments will be a stepping down from the level of the soul's school in the trenches, even for him. That is the pity of it. For even the roughest has had glimpses of eternal things out yonder, and moments of breathless awakening as he has looked into the deep well at the world's end.

Still, this is, with me, the conclusion of the matter. I have been beside many, of all kinds, at the last, in the low dark lane that runs between the eternities, in the Land of Pain, and few have died without a whisper of the divine, and none that I can think of without a woman's name upon their lips. It is clean womanhood that keeps manhood clean. If the womanhood at home imprints itself deeply on the hearts of the men as they go, the very ache of the imprint will keep remembrance living, and deliver men from evil.

For there *is* plenty evil in the land across the seas, down in the base towns—evil that could be crushed and rendered impotent sometimes by a word from the proper authority, if only it had not been allowed to become a recognized part of the national life. Still, of the army, as a whole, it may be honestly claimed that it lives truly a straight and clean existence, for it contains all that is best in the manliness, and all that is purest in the stuff of our folk. Home habits are apt to cross the seas with a man. And the source and the solution alike are found therein.

And then men ask about the prospects of negotiated peace. In such a matter there can be no argument. You are up against the biggest of the great eternities. Is there a price for you? Is the blood of liberty's betrayal to rot your name out of the shining roll of all the good and true? That is the one issue. And we who are the children of the free have joined hands across the wide ocean and given eternity our answer. We have taken our venture of faith, and no matter what comes of it to us, generations away ahead of us will not need to be ashamed of our blood beating in their hearts.

A great question that is always asked is: "When will the war end?" It will end only when we are ready for the finish. And that will be when God sees that our hearts are fit to be the hearts of conquerors. It is the war of the spiritual against the material, and there can be no doubt as to which must prevail, for the sake of the life of the world. If the issue finally be not uplifting and redeeming, then all this sacrifice and sorrow have been the most fatuous of earthly experiences, only fit for the tears of angels and the mocking laughter of devils. But it is working out aright. It is unifying the good in man, and eliminating the evil. That is wherein stands out with startling clarity, the wonderfully awful anomaly of war. War is the vilest, cruelest, blackest thing that ever came out of hell; and yet it drags to the surface elements of consecration, of sacrifice for highest ideals, of spiritual elevations beyond utterance or dreaming.

I never knew the real meaning of the wounds of Christ till I saw the wounds of my brave brothers, slain for the sake of others. I never knew the real signifi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cance of duty till I saw them torn and broken, dying for duty's sake rather than yield a foot in the front of battle. It may mean less for the church than the church is apt to think, but it will mean more for Christ and for the best life of the world than meantime we can understand for our heartache, or see for our tears. The world will be a fool if she do not begin a new book this moment and try to be worthier than she is of the sacrifice of the brave, and so become worthier of the divine that is within her. Life will require to be hereafter far less a thing of dividing gulfs than a thing of ascending pathways. And so there will be a growing certitude of future peace, and an opportunity for the heart of liberty to beat freely.

Our British flag is, of course, the flag of a very ancient state. And it is natural that it should be made up of crosses—red crosses that tell of the heart's blood of the bravest shed in the way of sacrifice, the pathway to the sun, set in the white of pure purpose, and with the blue of northern skies and seas for background. There are no crosses in the American flag yet. But it also has the white stripes of clean dreaming, and the red of brave men's battling for liberty, with stars of vision and hope set against the vast blue of the heavens. Surely the fight that has the message of these flags above it will mean a world's emancipation from such shadows as have darkened it in the days that are past. And surely the free states of the world will rise immediately to fully awakened strength, and keep awake until the victory.

II

THERE are still some who speak to-day, as many spoke at the beginning, as though the war will end in a matter of weeks. It need scarcely be said that this is just the sort of thing that keeps the war going. For it makes the feet of preparation lag. It makes for "Ha! ha!" when it should be "Yo-ho! and a pull together!" And it has actually, more painfully than we like or dare to think, made officials gamble, on the chances of an early finish, with war's necessities, involving the lives of men.

You may, if you like, delude yourself into believing that Germany is at her last kick. But it cannot be denied that she is kicking hard. And whether you think the war is to be over next week or the week afterward, you have to keep getting ready the things that are necessary for victory, or you may have to sell them to a victorious enemy instead of slinging them at him. In a great modern war there comes no moment when a nation can venture to say: "Now, there's enough." I remember when in the early stages of the war we had to call out continuously for munitions—when the enemy could fling over at us something like one hundred and fifty shells a day, and we could answer with only three. Then came the big awakening and the vast stream of material poured across the Channel. And old ladies and gentlemen said, when one was home on leave: "Now don't tell me you haven't enough shells!" In a great vast conflict, which everybody who has eyes and understanding can now see is the life-and-death struggle of the world for its right to its inheritance of liberty, you never can have enough of anything that is needed. In a sudden onslaught of the enemy, or in the first few days of a drive, you have to expend more ammunition and money than were ever exhausted in probably all the campaigns of human history before our day. Hence the absolutely fatal danger of talking, unless while you talk you get things into readiness, lest your enemy punctuate your paragraphs by a big gun at seventy miles. And it is all the worse if, you being so far away as to be for the moment, and perhaps for months, not only safe, but a futile potentiality, he blow your ally and friend off the page of your correspondence, and out of the map altogether.

Oliver Cromwell was a wise and very tremendously effective soldier, and his maxim was: "Put your trust in God, and keep your powder dry." When you are negotiating with a foe whose character is known to be dangerous, it is always well to be getting ready all the while for the hour when he will stop the conversation with an ugly snap of his jaw, and resume his favorite amusements of ship-sinking and baby-killing. He can overtake a tragically great deal of these before you are ready to help to stop him. It would not even really matter if you were left

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with a good deal of material on your hands. It could always be used in peace manœuvres to show the world that you were in earnest, and that your talk is hitched to a battery or two—not an unwise thing to do when your adversary has already, before the world, beaten the life out of international law, and burked all laws divine and human. To shoot from under the white flag is treachery. But to show a coward and murderer that you have a gun ready to load to the muzzle with your protests, gives him pause, and makes him sit on something cool for reflection.

Great Britain had to go in first and do a vast amount of thinking afterward. She could not resist the tug of honor, nor deny the call of freedom throttled in Belgium by one of the big powers that had pledged its protection of that freedom. She had to plunge right over the ankles at once in rich warm blood that was most precious to her. She was wading to the front line ere she knew, "reid-wat shod," through graves of a shell-wrecked world. And that was how she secured her place, unshifted, in the perspective of history. There were some in Britain who wondered if money would not do the business. But the majority knew that a thing like this takes more than money—demands what is dearer than money—and so for over three long terrible tragic years she has given what was dearest to her. Every one of us has laid at her feet what we loved, God pity us, more than our life. For we have learned, through ages of sorrow, in the weaving of our ancient story, to give, holding our heart with both our hands, lest the bitter tears overspill, and we be shamed before the whole world, looking on at our pain.

We had no preliminary tappings to awake us. We plunged headlong into the horrid clang of a first casualty list of ten thousand of our best. When Uncle Sam gets his first big gash like that he will set his teeth and strike out in a way that shall make the enemy glower. The foe hoped he might come in at the very start of his first indignation, so that, because of internal conditions, America might be but a great eagle chained to his rock in the western ocean—a futile anger champing the links of his chain, which would have been a pitiable fatuity. But now, even though in some places loyalty may drowse, she will wake "when the deid bell jows," and the three thousand miles of the steep Atlantic will contract their bounds.

There can be no question of Britain's share. If she published all her figures the world's heart would stand still at the total of her waiting fee.

We were glad when America came in. We often wondered *when* she would come, but we never wondered *if* she would. We knew she could not resist her destiny, which is to share with all free states the burden and the sacrifice for liberty—to help to make the world a place where God's free people can live at peace and enjoy whatever prosperity comes to them by right. And now that she is in we all know she is there to stay until the victory.

That is the only answer, surely, when people ask, as they do continually: "How long is the war to last?" Until the victory. There is no half-way house in the struggle of the soul. It has to go on until it win its end, or die. And this is the conflict for more than bread and a wage. It is the soul's complete life that is at stake. And the men of the American army whom I have seen seem to be made of the true victory stuff, if only they get their chance.

I have long and frequently said that now we begin a new war. We can pull down the asbestos curtain between to-day and the past struggle. We are no longer fighting merely for the liberty of Belgium, or of the small states, nor for the rehabilitation of Serbia or Roumania. We are fighting for the liberty of mankind. It is our own death-grapple we are involved in.

And when people ask me: "Shall we win?" I answer by asking: "Do we dare to lose?" Do we dare to risk handing over our children and our children's children, if any be left us, to the same bitter heart-break, the same fathomless sorrow, the same tearless, dumb anguish of sacrifice that this hour of Europe's passion knows? It would be better to go right out anywhere, straightway, and walk into the jaws of immediate death—to drift in deep waters, or lie at the foot of a cliff with a bullet in one's brain—than to be an apostate of immortal destiny and betray the jewel of our soul.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A TUNE IN THE DARK

By Hansell Crenshaw
Author of "Ravenwood—913."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

HUGO BRILL leaned back in his deck-chair and eagerly unfolded a manuscript, which the Honorable Percival Birdsong had that moment reluctantly intrusted to his care. We sat on the upper deck of the S. S. *Dulciana*, one day out from Liverpool, as she ploughed her majestic way westward. In my capacity of confidential secretary I had been with Brill to England in quest of an unpublished manuscript left by the late Herbert Spencer. Although an alienist and criminologist by profession, Brill had for a dominant hobby the study of Spencer's philosophy; and following our spectacular and profitable solution of the celebrated Bellgrade case, my chief had felt entitled to indulge himself in what he called a "philosophic spree." Accordingly we had crossed the Atlantic and consulted the trustees of Spencer's estate with a view of purchasing the unpublished brochure which Brill hoped to possess and treasure as a private memento of the philosopher. But the trustees had referred us to the Honorable Percival S. Birdsong, a secretive, rat-faced little man, attached to the Foreign Office of the government, who had the coveted manuscript in his possession. It appeared that shortly before his death, Mr. Spencer had given this paper to Birdsong's uncle, a retired neurologist, for criticism and publication in a journal devoted to mental diseases which he edited, but the elder Birdsong's demise, following closely on the passing of Spencer, had left the brochure unpublished. We had found the Honorable Percival on the eve of sailing for New York, ostensibly to negotiate the sale and publication of the manuscript in America. Consequently Brill had regretfully cancelled a dinner engagement to meet his favorite playwright, Arthur Wing Pinero, and we had hurriedly engaged passage on the *Dulciana*, along with Percival and his precious script.

When Brill had finished reading the manuscript he passed it to me for a look. The pages were already beginning to turn yellow with age, and the typewritten lines were sprinkled here and there with corrections and interlineations by the aged philosopher's own hand. But what lent a peculiar interest to the article was the fact that it dealt with the psychology of dreams. In his "Autobiography," written some years before his death, Spencer said that the dream had remained to him an insoluble enigma. But from this later paper it appeared that he had accepted the wish-fulfilling function of the dream as enunciated first by Sigmund Freud, and had gone even a step further than Freud himself. With Brill's permission, I quote here the two opening paragraphs of what I read:

"Freud has shown conclusively, as I think, that nearly all dreams are wish-fulfilling processes, and that the function of the dream is to satisfy in a measure those desires and psychic trends which custom, cultural restraint, and circumstances habitually repress during the waking state. Logically enough, the exponents of this conception of the dream ascribe to most, though not to all, dreams a procreative significance; because no other desire appears to be so universal and so much repressed as is the one responsible for race perpetuation.

"There are, however, other deep-seated and persistent psychic impulses seeking liberation; and perhaps chief among these is the desire for revenge. Either good breeding, fear of consequences or religious considerations may render retaliation to this or that infringement upon one's rights impracticable, if not actually impossible. *A priori*, then, it appears that a considerable proportion of dreams should be spite dreams, or dreams of revenge."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"This is indeed interesting," I remarked, passing the manuscript back to Brill. "Has the Honorable Percival agreed to sell it to you yet?"

"No," Brill replied, gazing across the rail at the smoke of a distant vessel, "he has an exalted notion of the value to American publishers of this posthumous work. My liberal offers do not seem to interest him at all. He has given me a sort of conditional option, however; and I think I shall surely get it in the end. Of course, I could probably buy the manuscript after publication from whomever prints it, but I want to retain it unpublished as a sort of private curio."

We were prevented from further discussion of the matter by the return of Mr. Birdsong to claim his property. Accordingly, I lit a cigar and left him to Brill.

Twenty paces down the deck I was joined by Ivan Korsakoff, a gifted Russian who sat next me at table. His English was perfect and his personality most engaging. We talked of international affairs—the great war was just then brewing—and of sundry other things. The Russian's knowledge of science, music, and literature was astonishing, and I found myself subconsciously contrasting his soldierly figure, handsome bearded face, and ready brain with the puny physique and asinine talk of the Honorable Percival Birdsong.

Shortly after dinner I met Birdsong on deck and tried to engage him in conversation, but without success. He was naturally of a melancholy temperament and seemed particularly moody and diffident at this time.

My surprise may be imagined, then, when some two or three hours later I chanced to drop into the ship's smoke-room, and there witnessed Birdsong clean up his opponents in one of the most spectacular three-handed games of stud poker I ever saw played. The other players were a low-browed card-sharp, such as infest big liners, McGirk by name, and my distinguished friend Korsakoff. I was the solitary witness of the game. The Honorable Percival took from them in all, as near as I could estimate it, something like forty-five hundred dollars.

I left the smoke-room just as the game broke up, and outside encountered Brill smoking in a dark corner of the deck. I took a seat in the shadow beside him.

"Just saw the Honorable Percy playing poker," I remarked, "with the Russian and a professional gambler."

"They fleeced him, I suppose." Brill's tone was casual.

"They did not," I replied.

"The devil you say! What happened?"

I was about to reply when a man approached. It was Birdsong.

The Honorable Percival passed close to us and nodded sadly in response to our salutations; but he continued farther along the deck and passed from our view behind a life-boat, near the stern of the ship. He evidently stopped in the shadowy seclusion between this boat and the rail; for we watched in vain to see him pass on or return.

Just then some one strolled leisurely along the opposite side of the deck, whistling softly as he went, and, crossing to the life-boat, seemed to join Birdsong in the shadows behind it. We would have given no heed to this stroller, had not the weird melody he whistled attracted Brill's attention. In the darkness we could not see the whistler, but he carried a lighted cigar or cigarette in his hand, the spark of which we observed swinging at his side.

"What is that melody?" Brill mused. "I've heard it somewhere." Then he essayed, with indifferent success, to whistle it himself.

I was on the point of speaking when we were both brought abruptly to our feet by a muffled cry from behind the life-boat. Then some one far up the rail yelled: "Man overboard!" and people came rushing along the deck toward where we sat.

Hundreds of excited passengers thronged the rail, despite the lateness of the hour. The ship's propellers suddenly became still; and Captain Steckel, gold-braided and austere, appeared on the scene. Without ceremony he cleared the deck about the nearest life-boat, and in less than two minutes had it manned and in the water, searching the surface of the sea. No one seemed to know who was overboard, though Brill exchanged a queer look with me.

We shouldered our way to the rail and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by Arthur William Brown.

"There he is!" cried many voices. "There he is, sure!"—Page 736.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

peered over at the swaying life-boat and its lantern. The boat pulled far astern, then suddenly the majestic sweep of the *Dulciana's* big search-light illumined a vast expanse of waves. The air was warm, and the white shoulders and jewelled coiffure of a pretty woman next us in the well-groomed crowd somehow brought home to me the absolute horror of the drowning wretch's fate out there somewhere in the dark unfriendly water.

This impression was swept from my mind by a cry from the crowd. A bobbing object like the head of a man was discernible on the sea beyond the boat. The life-boat pulled for it eagerly.

"There he is!" cried many voices. "There he is, sure!"

But a moment later a groan went up from the crowd. The promising object was not a head, but a cap instead.

Full thirty minutes Captain Steckel held the big *Dulciana* while his men searched the sea in vain. Then he put a megaphone to his lips and bade them return. And even before the life-boat was well on deck, the engines pulsed, and propellers began to drone, and the big ship was on her way again.

Brill and I were at the captain's elbow when the limp and dripping cap of the lost man was handed to him from the life-boat. Some one held a flashlight, and as Steckel turned the plaid fabric inside out, three initials, marked in ink upon the lining, were brought to view. They were P. S. B.

"Percival S. Birdsong," a hushed voice interpreted.

II

THE low brow of Mr. Larry McGirk did not greet us next morning at breakfast. But big Ivan Korsakoff sat long over his coffee, canvassing with Brill and me the loss of Percival Birdsong. He mentioned that he was in his stateroom at the time in conversation with Xavier Rimsky, a Russian bassoon-player, on his way to join Mr. Damrosch in New York. The big Russian appeared to doubt the generally accepted theory that the Honorable Percy had leaped overboard with suicidal intent.

"Suicide it may have been," he admitted, "but why should a young man of wealth and position throw away his life?"

"He is of good family," said Brill, "but you may err, Mr. Korsakoff, in assuming wealth."

"My dear Mr. Brill, he won a small fortune from me last night. How could so good a poker-player throw himself away?" Ivan Korsakoff smiled sadly.

"Yet," persisted Brill, "he was melancholic in temperament, and may have given way to a fit of despondency."

"Perhaps you are right, after all," Korsakoff conceded gravely, "I don't know."

"If he did not leap overboard," said Brill, rising to leave the table, "some one must have thrown him over the rail. Who do you imagine would have done such a thing?"

"Who shall say?" Korsakoff's shrug was eloquent of his limitations in this direction.

Brill was thoughtful as we ascended to the deck.

"There is something in what the Russian says," he remarked. "Do you think McGirk was deeply incensed over his losses? Do you think he could have done *it?*"

"He looks the part," I replied, "and he gave Birdsong one or two pretty black looks at the finish——"

Brill stopped abruptly as we gained the head of the stairs and held up a hand for silence. The ship's excellent orchestra had begun its morning concert in the salon below. Brill was intently listening. A strangely familiar yet elusive melody floated faintly to our ears. While we listened to its weird rhythm and fugitive grace, a comprehending smile stole over Brill's features.

"The tune we heard in the dark," he explained. "Go ahead on deck and have your smoke. I'll join you later, after I've consulted the leader of the band."

When Brill rejoined me a few minutes later he wore a worried look. "I saw Captain Steckel below," he said, "and confided to him my interest in the Spencer manuscript which Birdsong had. He tells me that no such paper was found among the man's effects, and that it must have gone down with the unfortunate Englishman."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Do you suppose he carried it about all the time on his person?"

"When I saw it last," Brill replied, "he had it in a long leather wallet which he carried in an inside pocket. The wallet bore his initials, P. S. B., in curious silver letters mounted on the flap. The wallet was not found either."

At this point we observed the approach of Ivan Korsakoff, and Brill repeated a request made at the beginning of our voyage, namely, that reference to the Spencer manuscript be not made in the presence of others. The Russian took a deck-chair between us and proffered cigarettes from a silver case.

"I trust you slept well, Mr. Korsakoff," said Brill.

"Like a farm-laborer," the Russian replied.

"I did not." Brill spoke casually. "My sleep was disturbed by bad dreams —dreams of seeing my enemies jump overboard, one after another."

Korsakoff smiled and nodded comprehendingly. "Retaliation dreams, no doubt."

I felt a thrill of wonder at the versatility of the man. Here he had shown an individual insight into the realm of psychology comparable to that of a great philosopher.

Brill, however, showed no surprise. "You believe, then, in the wish-fulfilling function of the dream," he said.

Korsakoff flicked the ash from his cigarette. "Yes," he replied, "I got the idea from poor little Birdsong in a conversation we had only yesterday touching psychic matters."

Brill finished his smoke in silence. Then he excused himself, saying that he wished to visit the wireless operator. When I followed him half an hour later to the door of the wireless-room, he and the obliging young operator were just consummating an arrangement to give an X-ray exhibition to a select few cabin passengers. It appeared that Roentgen-ray experimentation was a hobby of the young physicist who presided over the wireless plant of the *Dulciana*. In a previous conversation, it seemed, he had informed Brill of this interest and had shown him sundry fluoroscopes, Cooledge tubes, and so forth. And Brill it was who had suggested the idea of breaking the monotony of the voyage for certain of the more intelligent passengers by permitting them to witness an X-ray demonstration and to examine one another's bones and heart-beats through the fluoroscope.

The exhibition was set for the hour immediately following luncheon; and Brill delegated me to invite twenty passengers, naming several to whom he thought the thing would appeal. I was of course prepared to hear Ivan Korsakoff's name among these, but confessed to some surprise when Brill included that erstwhile strong-arm man, Larry McGirk. Brill, however, was insistent, and I had long since learned that he usually knew what he was about, no matter how bizarre his proposals might seem at first.

As I went among the passengers to extend the invitations, I passed Brill upon two occasions in earnest conversation with Captain Steckel. Brill talked in low tones, the grim captain listening gravely and with close attention.

III

An eager little group it was that gathered in the dark-room arranged by the wireless man for his exhibition. A vertical frame, resembling a small door covered with some shining material, stood at the back of the room. This the operator explained was an "intensifier." A chair was placed against this frame for each "X-rayee" to occupy during the examination. Brill volunteered to be the first person "looked into." Accordingly he took his place in the chair, and the operator pulled down from above a swinging screen, about two feet square, and adjusted it against Brill's chest. The operator then stepped to one side and began to manipulate a battery of levers and switches. This resulted in a spitting sound, one or two flashes of light that caused the women to shrink; then came a dull green light in a large spindle-shaped globe, back of the intensifier.

The operator peered quickly into the screen on Brill's chest, then readjusted his levers and looked again. He now stepped back and assumed the rôle of demonstrator.

"Mrs. Dupree," he said, addressing a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

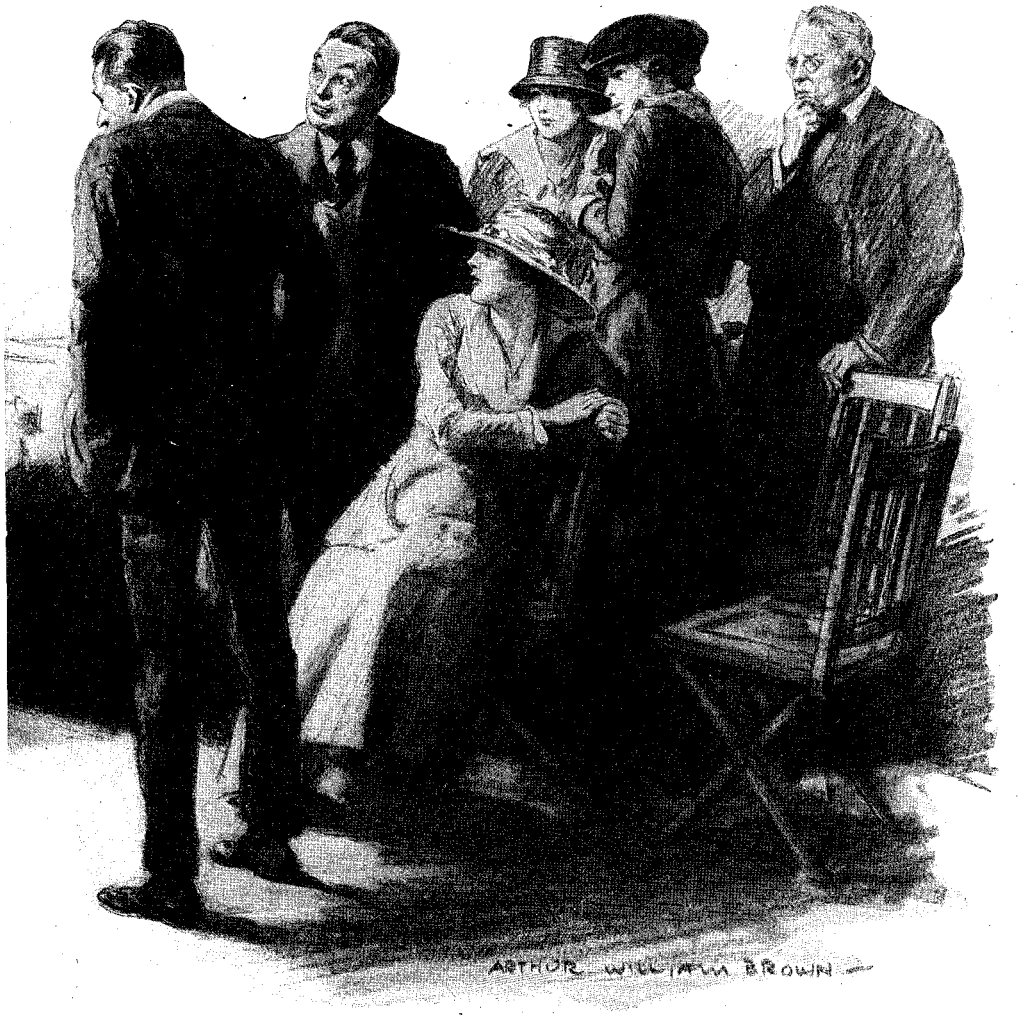
None spoke; but Captain Steckel faced the prisoner and

petite blonde, "will you take the first look?" And when the lady had timidly approached and begun to gaze into Brill's thorax, the operator continued: "You can see clearly the ribs and breast-bone, but by looking closely you may see the beating of the heart." He bent over pretty little Mrs. Dupree and indicated with his finger the outlines of the pulsating heart-muscle.

"How perfectly marvellous!" exclaimed the lady, withdrawing and giving place to the next observer, my friend Ivan.

The Russian was duly impressed, and in turn gave way courteously to others, including myself. One of the ladies now volunteered to be X-rayed, and Brill banteringly alluded to the ability of experts to estimate one's age by X-ray examinations. Then the operator and Brill invited Mr. McGirk to "sit in" on the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



roughly tore open his closely buttoned coat.—Page 740.

game, but he held back, promising to oblige them later. Accordingly Ivan Korsakoff was asked next, and took a seat behind the screen. The operator adjusted it and Brill took the first look. It was brief. But while one of the ladies took a turn at looking, Brill spoke in an undertone to Captain Steckel.

The master of the ship now asked for a peep at Korsakoff, and, bending before the screen, looked long and intently through the Russian's chest. Then abruptly he crouched and did something to Korsakoff's wrists. Instantly an animal-like cry broke from the big Slav, and he tore the hanging screen from his breast and sprang to his feet. Some of the women screamed and huddled back among other startled passengers. Then the lights were switched on, and we all saw what had happened to Korsakoff. His wrists were securely manacled. He stood strain-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing at his bonds and breathing hard. None spoke; but Captain Steckel faced the prisoner and roughly tore open his closely buttoned coat. Steckel then thrust a hand into the left inside breast pocket of the Russian, and drew forth a flat leather wallet. Brill and I drew near. On the flap were three tarnished silver letters, letters that the fluoroscope had clearly revealed. They were—P. S. B.

Captain Steckel opened the wallet and took out a sheaf of bills and the unpublished manuscript of Herbert Spencer.

IV

Brill again leaned back in his deck-chair and eagerly unfolded a manuscript.

"There are two or three little things I'd like to know," I said.

"Fire away," Brill replied, looking fondly at the manuscript.

"How did you come to suspect Korsakoff instead of McGirk?"

"The tune we heard in the dark was a *motif* from the celebrated string-quartet by the incomparable Russian composer P. Tschaikowsky. . . . Then, too, Korsakoff's knowledge of spite dreams was a suggestion. Birdsong was a non-communicative soul. He did not tell the Russian anything about dreams, I'm sure."

"And the manuscript? Did Captain Steckel lend it to you?"

"No," said Brill, eying one of Spencer's interlineations with infinite satisfaction. "He took it upon himself to give it to me, as a fee for my services in the case. He undertook to make everything satisfactory with the heirs."

Subsequent events proved the captain successful in this undertaking.

After a brief pause I spoke again. "That a man of Korsakoff's calibre," I said, "would commit murder for a paltry sum of money, is a shock to me."

"He didn't," Brill replied; "he is probably a German spy. The Honorable Percival, if you remember, was attached to the Foreign Office."

THE YELLOW CURTAINS OF ROME

By Bertha Bolling

There, in the city of Cæsars—
Where, mid the domes, one dome—
Over the age-worn doorways
Swinging, the curtains of Rome!

Outside, the noise of the city—
Street cries, the patter of feet;
Inside the dun curtains' swaying,
Silence, dim daylight, retreat!

Kneel where the prayers of the thousands
Tremble in pleadings for grace;
Pray for the peace that is halo
For the pale Christ Mother's face.

Memories, poignant and pleading,—
Rose window, pillar, and dome,
Incense, and twilight, and silence,—
Veiled by the curtains of Rome!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"We've got to pay him in gold—sho! A million dollars in yellow bucks in that little office of his!"—Page 742.

HOARDED ASSETS

By Raymond S. Spears

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

JERRY RUFUS, for whom no useful occupation had ever been found, dropped out of Old Mississip' into Willow Slough, and floated down almost to Crane River. He landed his little green shanty-boat against Chicken Island, where he lurked till nightfall, because he feared some one up-town in Mendova would recognize him. While he waited, he pondered on the question of his opportunities in the town up the bank.

He questioned himself as to what his play should be? No actor gave the subject of his make-up greater attention than did Jerry Rufus, and now he decided on a bold front, for the reason that his natural gait was an impudent strut, and he liked to wear neat and well-made clothes.

Soon after dark, with the inspiration of an excellently tailored suit, with patent-leather shoes and a top-coat, a French cane with an electric flash in the handle, and a *pince-nez* perched cockily on his countenance, he pattered up-town, along North Main, turning into Cedar Avenue, and dined at the Oreacas, the famous Mendova restaurant.

Not a policeman recognized him, and he saw two plain-clothes bulls who would have known him had they been alert. He turned up Cypress Avenue, where he noticed a gloomy building with tightly drawn blinds. As a man entered, a flash of light swept the street—sure sign of a place of pleasure, and Jerry approached a lurker in a shadow and asked:

"Is it all right?"

"Surest thing yo' know, suh! Straightest game down thisaway way!"

"Too high?"

"Two bucks lets yo' in—what line?"

"On the road——"

"Shake. Come in!"

The sentinel took Jerry down through

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the basement, where he was treated as a brother, and after a cup of delicious coffee among his own kind he went upstairs with one of them.

"Try my wheel," the man whispered.

"Good old pal!" Jerry nodded; "I need a run of luck!"

It was a lively place, with low music, darting boys, a crowd of men, mostly young, gathered around roulette-wheels and older men around card-tables, with a mixed crowd around the faster game of craps. Jerry shot half a dollar at the crap-table, as if unfamiliar with the game; he declined to enter a poker game—the ten-dollar limit was too high. In an hour he drifted around to the table of his new-found friend and tried his luck. He lost, then won more, and all the time he listened for a tip. Some one said:

"Well, co'nel, I hear you've bargained for Whipley's timber-brake?"

"Ya-as, we're going to buy it."

"Sho! Curious old man, Whipley! I've heard say he wouldn't ever take anything but gold into his hands, selling or anything. Never a check, greenback, bank-note—never anything but metal money."

"Ya-as, he's sure particular the kind of money he handles. In our deal"—Jerry could feel the speaker glancing around, and he blessed his acute hearing, as the voice dropped almost to a whisper—"we've got to pay him in gold—sho! A million dollars in yellow bucks in that little office of his!"

"What! Away back there in the swamps on his plantation! What is he thinking about?"

"Notions—just notions! Somebody worked counterfeits off on him once. It took us five years to make that bargain. Why, I had to go to church with him—hue-e! Tell you about it some time!"

The talk turned to the game, and Jerry Rufus moved around with the crowd, to watch a young high-flier laying down the yellow chips and throwing them into the yawning mouth of the goddess of chance; Jerry could act natural there, and he knew how to play in and out. He sat in to a two-dollar limit game, playing opposite a dealer for the house, and astonished that worthy by his run of luck. There he managed to learn, in an aside, that the purchaser was Hoop, of Okal, Hoop & Hipper. Reading the angel-wing feathers on the backs of the cards as swiftly as the dealer, he more than held his own.

Jerry was a hundred dollars to the good when he withdrew from the house, but he thought less of the money than of the fact that the timber tract was going to be paid for in yellow boys—an exchange of fifty thousand acres of famous Mississippi bottoms for, as Jerry figured quickly, about a ton and a half of yellow bucks. His mind expanded with dreams of such financial independence as a million dollars implies! Jerry choked over the thought.

Jerry Rufus knew better than to go wandering around town, wanted as he was. Accordingly, he tipped the friendly sentinel a five-spot, and dreaming in his little world of sudden hope, he scurried to his little shanty-boat, to figure on the long chance which luck had thrown his way with a careless fling.

He could not sleep for the thing that might be! Suppose a man could get a million—suppose he could get away with it! Why a man could afford to be honest if he had all that money! He could get the little home he had long calculated on, and he could go to a little pink-and-white girl that he knew and say:

"Come, you white gal! I got a little frame house with a bunch of roses on both sides the door, bigger'n any bunch a Johnny ever throwed across the footlights to you! I got buried in the garden a crop o' yellow roosters perched on sunbeams—Come on, gal!"

Would she come? Would she! Why, she'd come and tuck her lily-white throat into the matrimonial slip-noose like she was trained to do it!

When he went fitfully to sleep at last his dreams were sweet. In the morning he bushed up his whiskers and shaded them a bit. Then he put on a reversible coat, green worsted outside, dark blue inside, neither side new or conspicuous. His other clothes were equally subdued, and when he sallied forth with a meal-bag over his arm, no one would ever have remembered seeing him before. He was like a peddler seeking something to feed his horse—something cheap.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He headed straight up Crane River for the Okal, Hooper & Hipper sawmill yard, and along the bank he came to the log dump, above which was the little shipyard. There on the ways was a motor-boat, the *Tupelo*, on which two men were painting. Her bottom was bright red, her sides a dark gray, her trunk cabin a stain brown. Jerry recognized it as one of the West Point stock towboats.

"She's a fine boat!" he nodded. "She sure does look good!"

"She sure does. She's dressin' up for the biggest job any motor-boat ever done on Old Mississip'!" one of the men began. The other snapped:

"Shut up, you dad-blasted fool!"

Jerry looked the boat over calmly and then ambled on up the yard.

"Ho law!" he breathed. "They's about ready. How can I do it? How can I git that there million?"

Almost frantically he schemed, growing desperate as inspiration refused to give him a hint of what he should do. He knew it would take fifteen hours to reach Whipley's landing. The days were but eleven hours long. Part of the trip must be made in the night—but which part? A river pirate prefers the night for his operations—Jerry Rufus could see the veil of inspiration beginning to quiver, preparatory to the grand opening scene. His fingers twitched, his senses were all alert, his heart was throbbing so hard that it fairly ached—but withal he was obliged to saunter along with his lips tightly closed, lest some ejaculation interfere with his future by attracting present attention to him.

He went down to the levee to see what he could see, and there he saw a motor-boat. It was about thirty feet long, had a low cabin forward, an open cockpit aft, a dirty-white coat of paint. As he looked at it, startled by the feeling that some time he had seen that boat before, and trying to place it, he walked out on the temporary foot-bridge and looked into it.

"What! What!" he breathed as he saw the engine: "Twenty horse-power—towing bitts! Why, it's one of those West Point stock towboats! It's the dead split 'of the *Tupelo!*"

The present owner of this dirty craft was soon back from Main Street, where he had purchased some groceries and lubricating-oil.

"Howy!" Rufus greeted, rejoicing that he did not have his big front on. "Ain't it costly to run that engine?"

"Why, the dang-blasted thing takes eighteen gallons of gas a day, if yo' run hit!" the man answered angrily. "I thought I was gettin' somethin' to trip in!"

"I should think a shanty-boat would suit you better?" Jerry suggested, sitting on his heels, while the man filled a pipe.

"It would, but don't nobody want this thing, though——"

"Well, I'm a speculator in such things—what'll you take for it?"

"Why, I'd take four hundred," the man answered hopefully; "and then I'd buy me a shanty-boat——"

"I haven't four hundred, but I've a good shanty-boat up Ash Slough—if you was thinkin' of tradin'."

"Let's go see," the man exclaimed, and they went up to Ash Slough in the motor-boat, and there they traded, Jerry giving two hundred dollars to boot.

Then Jerry painted the motor-boat which he had purchased, painted it as near like the *Tupelo* as he could. Then he bought twenty kegs from an old junkman, kegs that were like the kegs in which the gold had been to the bank. These kegs two darkies cleaned with turpentine and gasolene, and Jerry filled them with sand and gravel and headed them up.

He had some work to attend to up-town, and shortly after dark, down at the foot of Beat Avenue, where there were no spectators in the gloom, he shipped the kegs up-town on a mule-team dray, and had them left in a shed.

Then Jerry went to a small saloon near a large contracting truck garage. It was long after working hours, but there was a chauffeur waiting there, who was willing to take another drink, as he complained:

"Theh I was, all set up to go 'round teh see a frien' of mine—now I got to go totin' a load down to the levee to'd ten o'clock. 'Low the boss'll not gi' me a case, either! He's mean, mah boss is!"

"I suppose it's that Gum Bank job?" Jerry suggested carelessly.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Yassuh, sho! I got to hang around, too, till hit'll be too late to see mah frien'. A man cayn't call on a lady afteh 'leven o'clock!"

"He shore cayn't!" Jerry sympathized.

"Ten o'clock!" Jerry breathed as he sauntered away. "They'll shore load off'n the plank stagin' by the float on the mud bar. Lawse! Lawse! That's way up above the levee lights—I cayn't believe hit!"

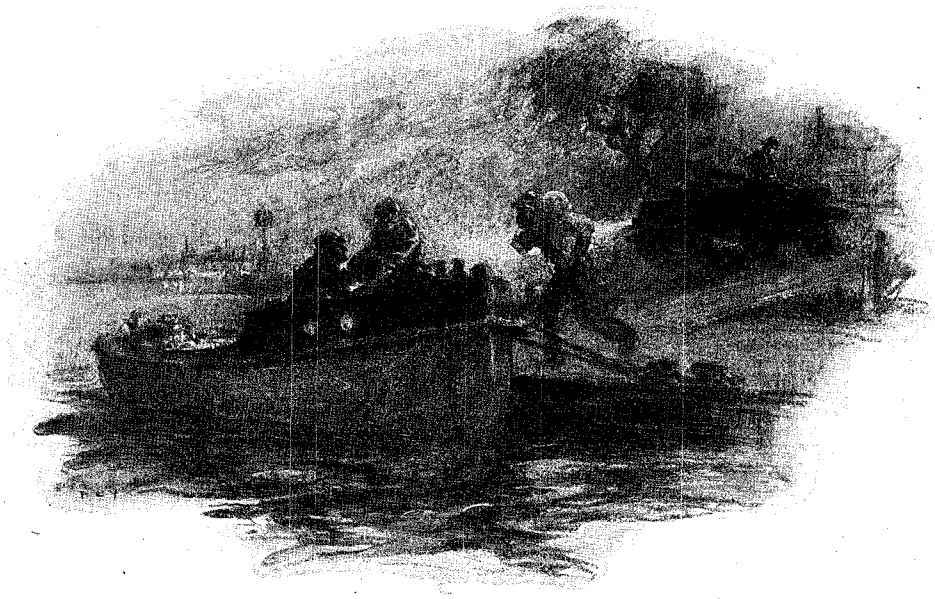
He raced then to another garage, and bargained for a truck to carry twenty kegs down to the levee and load them on a launch there.

"Send along three men to help load them!" Jerry said, "and get them down at 9.45 o'clock sharp!"

"All right, sir!" the garage manager assured him. "I'll send for them!"

Jerry Rufus, from the willows, saw the *Tupelo* swing down Crane River just before 9.45 o'clock, and five minutes later he steered into her wake with his own *Tupelo*. Just clear of the mud bar at the mouth of the river he stopped and held to a snag while he watched through the night glasses the work at the landing.

Breathlessly, he saw a truck come down the steep levee decline and he saw the men trot out on the stage with their loads. They came and went swiftly, and the *Tupelo* soon cast off and drove away downstream while the truck went up the levee. Jerry ran his *Tupelo* down and made fast to the stage. He primed the engine and set everything, even to the rudder, in readiness for a quick departure. He retied his ropes, while he waited, so that both ends were on board, and he would not have to jump to the float to cast off—trust a river rat to think of some such last refinement of preparation.



One by one the kegs came, and before the twenty kegs were on board, Jerry's arms were aching.

Then he waited, cold and shivering, watching for that other truck to come—and it came at last, with one light burning. It came down the levee and stopped at the end of the landing-stage.

"All right there?" a voice called softly.

"All right!" and then the first keg rolled into the cabin, as he added to the cabin: "Stow both sides so she won't lop over!"

One by one the kegs came, and before the twenty kegs were on board, Jerry's arms were aching.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Twenty!" he called. "All right!"

In the dark Jerry slipped to the shore lines, and he was away before the truck had backed up. He choked as he shoved out into mid-stream, and instead of going down, turned up—headed away into that northern country where he had long since picked out his little farm, and where he knew a pink-and-white little girl would welcome him!

He had intended to carry the whole boatload with him right up to the upper Mississippi, but now he felt the folly of that. He believed that every motor-boat from New Orleans to St. Paul would be subject to search of sheriffs and town marshals and government-revenue service-boats, seeking the lost million—no use to resist them!"

Trust a river rat to adapt himself to a sudden shift of plan. He swung into Payto Bayou, thirty miles above town, and there, at 2 o'clock A. M., he dropped the kegs overboard, one by one, to the hard sand bottom, where they would await his pleasure in ten feet of water at the three-foot stage.

He ripped off the paper on which he had painted the name *Tupelo*, and he threw mud at the sides of the boat and painted the cabin white again. All this painting and changing was done between the wet dew of dawn and the warm sun of noon. He moved up the river then, leaving Payto Bayou's overarching trees and enjoying the fresh autumn sunshine. "I've made my getaway!" he told himself. "They can't prove a thing against me—if I don't handle no yellow bucks, what have they got on me? Hue-e-e! A million simoleons—I can wait a year, and live soft on what I can make working. Oh, I can work, now!"

He struck a job that afternoon. A drifter wanted a ninety-log raft swung down to Sawmill eddy, and he paid five dollars for the work. At the sawmill Jerry Rufus picked up three hundred pounds of junk, a heap of rubber boots which the man had discarded, and these he used to veil his real prosperity by stacking them upon his boat.

Jerry salvaged a gasolene-launch that a hunting sport sank in Point Pleasant crossing, the motor bringing him three hundred dollars. Jerry toiled on with all his might, so that he wouldn't have to do anything that would bring the authorities down on him. He worked all winter long, up and down the river, and never a question did he ask any man about things that might have happened. A junker minds his own business! He was so afraid of gold that he wouldn't touch a coin of that metal, lest he become a suspect. He demanded his pay in greenbacks or in silver. Men have been landed in Joliet or on the farm just because they happened to have a coin of gold or a sparkler or something like that. Jerry made up his mind that he would give no one a chance to frame anything up on him because of his reputation. He would neither take anything nor, through indiscreet remarks, questions, or otherwise, approach the suspicious.

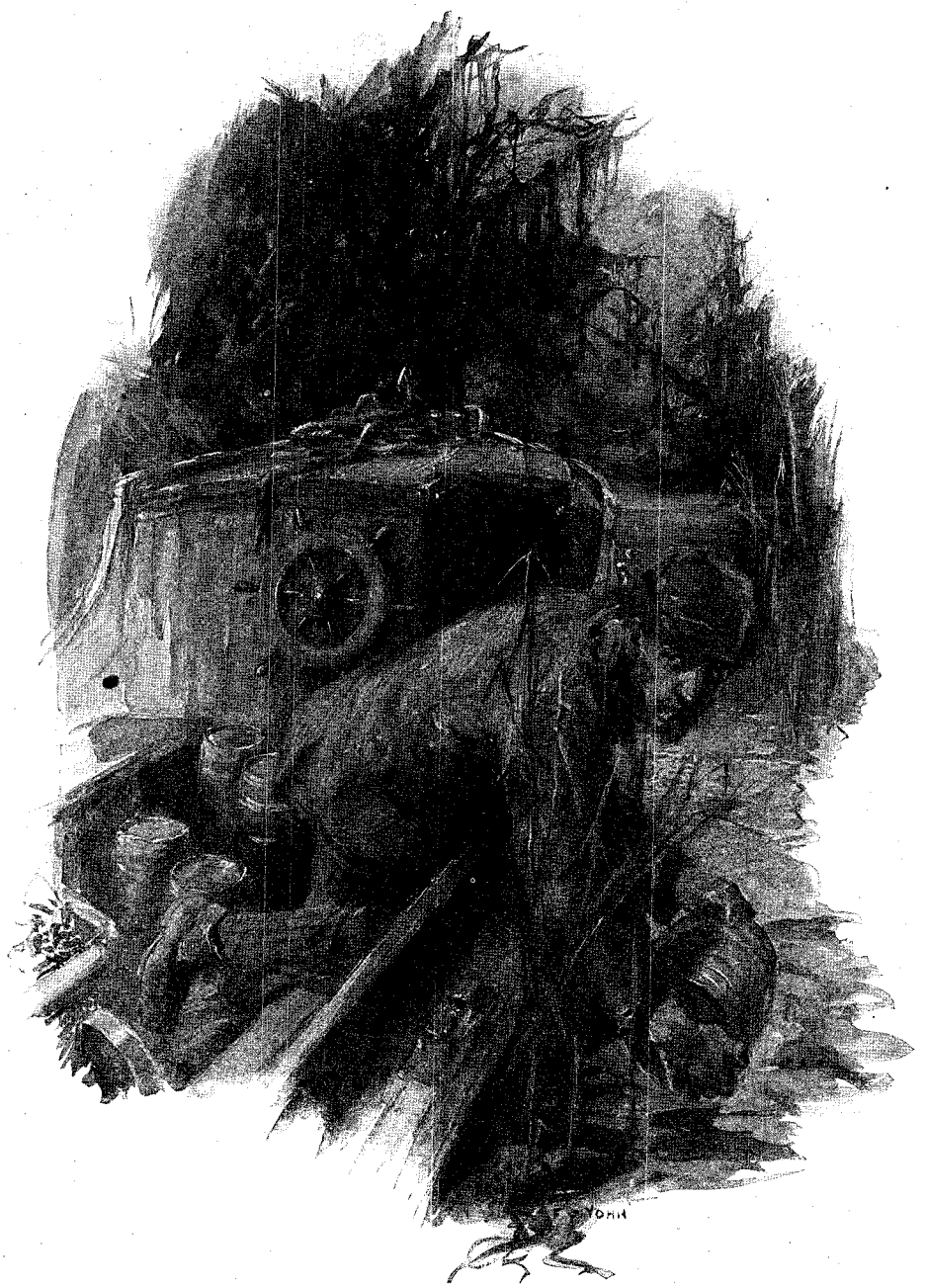
Jerry reformed his behavior. He knew better than to turn any tricks that winter. He let go a chance to lift half a ton of government handy line on the Plum Point reach revetment works. He bought the machinery of a worn-out cotton-gin and barged it honestly, instead of stealing its loose brass, copper, and lead at night—and made more by his restraint than he would have made by night-hawking.

Jerry had capitalized himself at last; he had twenty kegs of cold assets down in Payto Bayou, and he figured that he could afford to work and toil honestly for a while, in order to come clear with what he had. Born an undersized, scrawny, weakling, half-starved baby, and cowed and unloved in an asylum, trained and schooled in further wickedness in a reformatory, he had held to one idea, a stake.

When he made his stake he would reform and turn square, would live on his income! Now he had his stake; he was working and living on his earnings. He went to see the girl of his ideals, and she was willing. She asked no questions about his prospects, for Jerry was a lovable rascal. Jerry had always supposed she would demand that he show his hand, prove that he had a stake, but she did nothing of the kind. When he told her of his little motor-boat, and his junking, rafting, drifting, and odd-jobbing, she was delighted.

"I'd love it!" she cried; "oh, this

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



He dropped the kegs overboard, . . . to the hard sand bottom.—Page 745.

world is so mean I want to get away from it, down Old Mississip'!"

"Let's!"—he seized his opportunity, as usual.

They were married with never a word about the million which Jerry had prepared to tell about as his one best bait. Some day, he decided, when it was perfectly safe, he would make a draft on that bayou sand-bottom bank, but for the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

present he could not risk the gold-coin danger. He passed Payto Bayou with only a glance at it. He earned money, towing, junking, and even taking out parties of fishermen and picnickers, never once picking a pocket or clipping a shiner.

With his million to fall back upon, with no dread of poverty or pressing want, he turned his mind to the little things of business and work, and he earned something about every day, and averaged a good deal more than his expenses came to. He was surprised to find that after several months of married life he and his wife had saved more than two thousand dollars. This gave Jerry Rufus an idea. By working up a credit at various banks along the river towns, he could gradually bank his gold, little by little, along with his earnings. In a few years, by increasing his business he could safely slip into his income the million that was the making of him.

There was no hurry; he banked the savings in four banks. He bought and sold, odd-jobbed, and then he was inspired: he had dabbled in bucket-shop stocks; now he began to buy stocks on a wide margin, a hundred six-per-cent shares with twenty-per-cent margin. He bought the stock and the bank carried it for him. He accepted three gold coins in part payment for a raft of drift logs which he caught in a sudden high water. He banked them, with bills and silver. The cashier did not even look up questioningly.

What a jewel his wife was! She toiled with him, loved the wide river, helped heave the anchor, and learned to run the engine. She steered the boat while he handled the lines; she was as good as another man on board, when it came to working; she was a thousand times better than any man could be, with her gay little songs, her buoyant laugh, her housekeeping problems. She never forgot her gratitude to Jerry for coming and getting her when he did.

"You came just in time!" she would whisper. "I was about ready to give up!"

Something in her tone, in her remarks on that subject, made a cold fear clutch Jerry's heart, thinking what would happen if they ever caught him with that million. He would wake up in the night, half crying from a dream of a pursuit and imminent capture. He would feel that Nemesis was on his trail, for it was said that a man's wicked acts always bring their punishment, whatever becomes of a man's good works.

When in the twilight, as they swung down some long, dark reach, Jerry's wife would see only the loveliness of the soft darkness, the vast river opening up new vistas of sweet suspense. But Jerry saw that it was the vast portals of a pen opening up to let him in. He choked when he thought of that million lying waste in the bottom of Payto Bayou, but he would ask himself what he would gain with it? They had plenty to eat, plumb comfort in their little cruising junking-boat, and in the banks were increasing funds. In a year or two he would have the first hundred shares of stock paid for. From that they would have an independent income of six hundred dollars a year.

"We could live on that in a shanty-boat!" he told himself. "No hurry about it. Another year and I'll drop into Payto after that million. Hit's a plumb comfort to know I got it to fall back on."

One night they tied in Payto Bayou, and Jerry Rufus did not sleep at all. He shivered with conflicting apprehensions. The ghost of the million came to taunt him, and he could almost see the money dragging him forth into the full publicity of the world. The world would dub him one of the most remarkable crooks that ever lived; they would picture him and his wife—his wife, too!—as though she had had a share in the job, though she had done nothing to deserve the blame.

His wife could not imagine the cause of her husband's preoccupation. He could not tell her; he knew that she was true-blue and that she was on the square. She had made him pay a darky a half-dollar which she had promised but forgotten to give for a brass casting.

"I don't want any money that isn't earned right!" she said upon his easy remark that it didn't matter about the four bits.

It occurred to him that she might not rejoice in the million. She might despise it. She might say that they had enough without using that dirty money. She

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I can leave most of the kegful buried in a hollow tree."—Page 749.

might even insist that he return it to the rightful owners!

They towed a light skiff behind the motor-boat, and in the morning Jerry made an excuse of going up the bayou to shoot some squirrels for dinner. He had a grappling-iron in the boat, and when he was opposite the bend that marked the sinking-place of the million, he dropped over the grapple, and after some effort

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

snagged something which was half buried in the sand. He managed to bring it up.

"I neveh thought they'd sink!" he muttered. "The sand'll bury 'em. I'll have to drudge 'em up!"

He had caught one of the kegs that rested on the pile on the bottom. He raised it over the stern of the skiff and then pulled hastily ashore, where he sought the secrecy of a cane thicket.

"I can leave most of the kegful buried in a hollow tree," he said to himself as with a wrecking-iron he pried out the top of the keg.

"'Fore the Gawd!" he gasped as he stared at the revealed contents; "they ain't no million! I got my own kaigs! Jes' sand an' gravel!"

He stared blankly at his own hoax, his heart sinking within him. He had been banking on that money for years, working and slaving like a roustabout and keeping square, earning honest money, apparently in vain. His dread of hunger, weakness, inability to earn honest money returned.

"What'll I do?" he exclaimed fearfully; and then, as he sat weakly down, he grinned and said aloud: "Sho! I don't cyar; what dif'rence does it make? I've be'n working on sand, all right! I ain't a crook no mo'! I done got in by a square deal. I don't have to be a crook—I kin make a livin' 'thout bein' no crook!"

With that he heaved the keg of gravel into mid-bayou and returned to his boat.

A RUNAWAY WOMAN

BY LOUIS DODGE

Author of "Bonnie May," "Children of the Desert," etc.

XVII

SUSAN DREAMS

SUSAN was entirely bewildered by the suddenness with which she was transferred into a realm, an atmosphere, which was strange to her in every detail. She became aware, vaguely, that the woman who was conducting her into the private realms of the hostelry had assumed a brisk and decisive manner. But she was too deeply concerned with other impressions to pay much attention to her companion. She was being stunned by magnitudes which were quite unprecedented in all her experiences.

She had never seen a dining-room which approached in spaciousness this dining-room in the Horseshoe Hotel. It may have been a ballroom originally; or it may be that a partition had been removed when the building lapsed from its destiny as a residence and became a place of public entertainment. At any rate, it was sufficiently large to harbor echoes, now that it was empty of all save tables and chairs. There were a great many tables large enough for four persons—a score of them, Susan thought. Each had its much-worn white table-cloth, and a cruet, and a bottle of catsup or of Worcestershire sauce.

There were high windows, looking out upon the tangled garden, and one of them, alas, looked out upon a vast sea of cans which had been thrown from the kitchen window after their contents had been removed.

And then there was the kitchen—a wonderful place, with its phalanxes of dishes, and its immense range, and its cupboards filled with linen or cooking utensils. Susan had never previously grasped the fact that a kitchen of such immense capacity was needed anywhere. Even to one as inexperienced as she these things suggested the need of many servants.

"How many people do you have to provide for?" she asked uneasily.

The other woman easily read the

*** A summary of the preceding chapters of "A Runaway Woman" appears on page 4 of the Advertising pages.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thought in her mind. "You mustn't worry about that," she said. "Except on special occasions there are never more than a dozen or so, and they're spread out over an hour or more. It's hardly any more difficult than looking after a good big family. We have to be able to handle a good many more on special occasions, like court week, when the town's full of strangers and we can expect to have a lot come in for meals. But in ordinary times it's easy enough."

She peered into several steaming stewpans on the range, and then into the oven, in which Susan caught a glimpse of a roast of beef. "Everything seems to be all right," she decided. And then she briskly instructed Susan in the first of her duties. There were certain tables to set, and bread to cut, and dishes to place in a convenient position.

Susan thought of one precaution which it seemed best for her to take. "You know, Mrs. ——" She paused in embarrassment.

"Royal," supplied the other woman. "My name's Royal."

"Thank you. You know, Mrs. Royal, I'm going to be fearfully ignorant about this sort of work, just at first. I hope you'll make allowances for that."

"You'll do very nicely, I'm sure." The tone was pleasantly reassuring. "Come, now, let me see what you can do with the roast. It's been in long enough." She stood back a little quizzically and indicated by gesture as well as word that she wished Susan to remove the roast from the oven.

With the feeling of an inexpert diver leaving a lofty perch and facing strange waters, Susan stepped forward. If she was somewhat overawed by her immediate surroundings, she still had a distinct contempt for the general run of things which characterized Horseshoe. She was determined not to betray any want of capacity.

She seized a cloth which lay conveniently at hand and grasped the roasting-pan firmly in both hands. She placed it on the table and looked about her for the carving-knife.

"There it is," said Mrs. Royal.

But Susan had already located it and was applying it expertly to its steel. There were a few things she had learned to do, even in that one room in Pleasant Lane.

She began to carve the meat. And so her newest obstacle was surmounted and her new work was begun.

She could scarcely have been in a condition conducive to mental growth during that hour and the hours which immediately succeeded it. She was applying all her energies to the task in hand. She was determined not to fail in this new position, which had in it the merit of a definite end and intention.

She was speedily made aware of just that quality in her task. There were certain things to do within a given time; and failure to do them meant the disrupting of a system. She was not drifting now; she was not living aimlessly. Moreover, she began to perceive, little by little, that she was in a place where individuality might be made to count. The dinner that was about to be served, or which was being served, did not represent any planning of her own, certainly; but there were infinite varieties of dinners and other meals, and very certainly she might expect to have a hand in shaping these later on.

When men and women began coming into the dining-room, immediately after twelve o'clock, Mrs. Royal's manner became firmly masterful.

"Take off your apron now," she said briskly, indicating the garment which had been provided upon Susan's entrance into the kitchen. "You will find a white apron in the cupboard drawer there. You'll wait on the tables and I'll serve the meals. That's our rule."

Susan was dismayed. "I'm so untidy," she faltered. "If I only had time to get ready! Couldn't you do the work in the dining-room this time and let me do the serving?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Royal, not at all unkindly. "You look better than I do. You may not feel just right, after travelling, but this is an emergency —and, really, you look quite neat. Go ahead, like a good woman. You'll have time after dinner to think about your appearance."

Susan obeyed, feeling that she could not have refused; and when her hands, bearing a heavy waiter, trembled so that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she could scarcely control them, she was grateful to find that the half-dozen men in the dining-room and the lesser number of women looked at her with friendly eyes and spoke to her reassuringly, and even helped her in little ways. Most of them were of a kind of people Susan could not place. They were equally unlike the men and women of Pleasant Lane and the country districts through which she had passed. Their voices were pleasantly modulated; they were quiet, and they seemed to take no unnecessary notice of her.

She gained confidence; and presently she had finished her work with a very fair degree of adeptness and success.

She was busily and happily employed with the simpler task of washing dishes a little later when Mrs. Royal began, rather eagerly, the preparation of another meal, which she placed on a waiter.

"Somebody else?" she asked.

"You go ahead. Mr. Mann has just come in. He says he's been looking around the town. I'll see that he gets what he wants."

Susan was sorry not to have the chance of waiting on Mann. She felt that it would be quite a suitable thing to do, seeing that he had faithfully waited on her under different circumstances. But Mrs. Royal had already gone into the dining-room, bearing the laden waiter.

And so Susan continued to wash a seemingly interminable number of dishes. But out of the steam which enveloped her she evolved, little by little, a stimulating dream. She drew a picture of herself as a different, a more skilful Mrs. Royal. That is to say, she imagined herself as a *Mme. Boniface*, with the situation entirely in her own hands. The experience of having plenty of room to move in, which had come to her during that day for the first time in her life, had created a mild kind of intoxication. It was a wonderful thing, she thought, to be able to move across one room after another without any fear of trespass or rebuff. Why shouldn't she have her own hotel, some day, if she applied herself to that end unfalteringly? She was like a boy who knows of no occupation save that of his own father, and who decides at a very tender age that he will be a sailor, or a soldier, or a teacher—or whatever it is that his father is—when he gets to be a man. Susan had never known any really womanly occupation before, and now it seemed to her that her destiny lay in a hotel dining-room and kitchen.

She was drawn away from her revery after a time by the realization that Mrs. Royal, who still remained in the kitchen, had become inexplicably silent. She turned about to determine the cause of this new condition.

Mrs. Royal was standing in the kitchen doorway, a little on one side, looking intently out into the dining-room. There was something at once furtive and intense in her attitude. She suggested a very large cat lying in wait for a mouse still beyond its reach.

Susan stepped noiselessly to a point from which she could follow the other woman's line of vision. And then she slipped back to her place again with an odd smile on her lips.

Mrs. Royal was gazing fixedly at Mann—at him and nothing else; and Mann was keeping his glance lowered. There was an unspeakably innocent and demure expression on his face—in his very attitude.

The thing she had seen took a firm hold upon Susan's imagination. It became almost a part of her comprehension. But it did not seem to her a very important matter. Rather, her conclusion was that Mrs. Royal must be a somewhat silly creature. But she was aware of being uneasy. She believed this was because she might logically expect to find it difficult to get along with a woman who was not only silly but who had a fearful temper.

Then she went back to her dream again—to a more practical phase of it. She was thinking of the task which lay ahead of her before the day would be ended. There would be supper to get. She would try her hand at a nice bread-pudding.

She asked Mrs. Royal if there were any raisins.

She got no response for quite a long time. But at length there was the sound of footsteps in the dining-room. Mann—the last diner—was going out.

"What did you say?" asked Mrs. Royal then.

Susan repeated her question. She told Mrs. Royal what she planned to do.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"That will be ever so nice!" declared Mrs. Royal. "No, I haven't got any raisins, but I can get them."

She seemed pleased to have an occasion to go out on the street; and Susan pondered this fact too. She had known women who had a passion for getting out of the house; but in Mrs. Royal's case it seemed strange. Why should a woman who gave so little care to her personal appearance wish to go out where people could see her?

And then she frowned a little. She was thinking of how Mrs. Royal had stared raptly at Mann as he sat in the dining-room, and how Mann had assumed that strange look.

She realized at length that she was rather pleasantly excited. Life wasn't any longer a tedious thing. There were various forces all about her. There were complications. There was a sort of game to play and she had her part in it.

XVIII

"THE BRIDAL SUITE"

It was seven o'clock in the evening on the first day of Susan's stay at the Horseshoe Hotel, and Susan was descending the stairs from the second floor with the somewhat aimless intention of seeking a resting-place.

As she passed the dining-room she noticed that Mrs. Royal was still there and that she was somewhat ungraciously placing food on a table before a huge man with a childish, almost benign expression of countenance. The man had on the garb of a fisherman and was not at all tidy in appearance, and Susan surmised that he might be a relative, and that he had been kept in the background until all the guests had been served.

She did not give a second thought to the matter. She had, in truth, too many problems of her own which kept revolving ceaselessly in her mind.

She could not quite understand why she should be so greatly worried by the one act of deception of which she had been guilty since she had entered the hotel. She had been called "Mrs. Mann" and she had not corrected this misimpression. She had meant to do so, but the task became more and more difficult as the day passed. There was Mrs. Royal's fearful temper to consider; there was her own strange status to bear in mind.

She was resolved to tell the truth about the matter when occasion arose; but in the meantime she was willing to wait until circumstances might come to her aid.

Despite an unusual degree of physical weariness, she was experiencing a kind of elation which was quite new to her. She had completed her day's work without a mishap and she had won general commendation. Mrs. Royal had behaved very considerately toward her, too. Susan had been permitted the use of Mrs. Royal's own room during the afternoon; and also there had been an hour or more during which she had been allowed to attend to certain personal tasks in the commodious kitchen—the laundering and ironing of linen. There had been, in truth, quite a long period during the afternoon when she had enjoyed the sensation of being her own mistress and of being permitted to do her own work in a leisurely fashion. No room of her own had been assigned to her as yet, but Mrs. Royal had promised to attend to this matter as soon as she could; and in the meantime she had been made altogether comfortable.

Now, as she descended the stairs, she was aware of certain sensations which were both strange and delightful. The sense of dignity was one of these. She had her place in the world and she was capable of occupying it creditably. She experienced also a new attitude toward leisure. Her definite tasks were done, and now she had really a lively sense of the advantages of being free to do what she would.

She thought of Mann. It occurred to her that it might be quite delightful to have a talk with him. It seemed to her ages since she had had an opportunity to do so. She had served him at supper and there had been an exchange of glances: hers prideful and gratified, his alertly whimsical. But of speech there had been almost none. The sense of responsibility had been upon her, and Mann had realized this.

She wondered where he could be; but she realized with a little shock of surprise that she should not care to look for him,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or even to ask for him. A consciousness of something of delicacy in their relations came to her.

She made her appearance on the immense front porch; but after a swift survey of all that was spread before her vision there she slipped back into the doorway so that she could see without being seen. The place seemed to be uncomfortably public; and there were certain activities going forward which seemed to her highly questionable.

A number of men were seated on the porch, some of whom she did not recognize as among those who had a claim upon the hospitality of the hotel. They were probably town idlers. They sat where they could look down the main street of Horseshoe, with its petty activities of many kinds in the distance; but they were interested in something much nearer.

The sidewalk in front of the hotel was part of what was clearly a town promenade, and this was the hour when the young women of Horseshoe, neatly and in some instances even gayly dressed, were promenading. They afforded a rather pretty picture in their bucolic fashion. They were girlishly young and fresh. They pretended not to be aware of the presence of the idlers on the hotel porch; yet nothing save the presence of those males could have explained the gay hysteria, the exaggerated movements of lips, and the effective control of glances which were to be noted among the promenaders.

The thought occurred to Susan that if these young women belonged to Pleasant Lane, and had behaved as they were now behaving, they would have been greatly humiliated before they got very far. But she did not draw this conclusion to the detriment of Pleasant Lane so much as to the silly customs of Horseshoe. She had only one name for a young woman who permitted herself to make mouths for the benefit of strange men.

Perhaps the city has its bigotries as well as the country.

She was rather relieved to encounter Mrs. Royal as she stepped back into the hall.

"Come, I want you to go up-stairs with me," was Mrs. Royal's greeting. "You know, I don't want you to feel that you are a servant here. You're here as my friend."

She slipped her arm through Susan's, and much to the latter's chagrin she drew her out to the porch and walked ostentatiously the length of it and back again. She was talking gayly, though Susan did not catch the drift of her remarks. It was quite like those promenaders down on the sidewalk. And then they went up-stairs.

They entered a room which appeared to have been designed for a sitting-room, though just now its furniture included a bed. The windows looked out upon a balcony which hung over the street. The furniture included, besides the bed, a marble-topped centre-table, holding books and a stereopticon with views; a cabinet filled with curios; a sofa; and several chairs.

"This room," explained Mrs. Royal, "is what we call the bridal suite, though of course it isn't a suite and no bridal couple ever used it; so far as I know. But it's our best room and I always feel as if I was putting on airs when I spend an evening here." She nodded with an impressive smile and added: "It's the room I've fitted up for you."

"It's nice," said Susan, to whom it did seem admirable. Then to her surprise she saw Mann standing in the doorway.

"I guess I've found the right place?" he inquired. The question seemed to imply an understanding between him and Mrs. Royal.

"Yes, this is the place," the hotel woman assured him.

Susan was frankly pleased to see him. She was surprised when Mrs. Royal nodded toward a chair which seemed to have been quite accidentally placed close to her own. There was an empty chair near Susan, too, and she wondered why Mann shouldn't have taken that one. But she realized that he hadn't really been left any choice.

She was pondering this matter, not very graciously, when there was another arrival. A second figure appeared in the doorway—a very portly figure this time.

Susan recognized the newcomer as the late diner she had seen in the dining-room. He proved to be Mrs. Royal's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

husband; and Mann and Susan were introduced to him as Mr. and Mrs. Mann.

Susan was almost too uncomfortable to speak coherently when Royal took the chair close to her own. She glanced at Mann in a reproachful fashion, but he did not seem disposed to come to her assistance. When she regarded Royal again she could not help discovering that he was a submissive, docile creature, who glanced at his wife from time to time with the uncomprehending uneasiness of a child.

"How nice!" exclaimed Mrs. Royal. "A family party." She was dressed more carefully than she had been during the day, and she was now assuming a gay, coquettish manner. Susan thought again of those girls down in the street. She felt disgusted when she observed Mrs. Royal's efforts to play the part of a grand dame. Mrs. Royal was plainly trying to make a favorable impression upon Mann.

As for Mann, he was plainly not to be dispirited or embarrassed by anything Mrs. Royal did or said. The innocence he had assumed as a cloak earlier in the day gave place to a marked cheerfulness. He was delighted to note the strange improvement in Susan's bearing. She seemed to have gained greatly in some indefinable way. And she was so undisguisedly resentful of Mrs. Royal's monopoly of him! He was not slow to remark that Royal too resented his wife's gay and free manner with one who was a stranger. Mann believed he comprehended quite fully the relationship between Royal and his wife. Royal was a poor, fond creature who delighted in his wife's brightness and hungered for the crumbs which fell from the social table at which she sat. He could not help marvelling at the ironies of human existence. He realized how often it is possible to find the wifelike woman married to the unfit, evil man—the waster; and the husband-like man married to the slattern, the shrew, the aimless gadabout.

He leaned forward idly and picked up a photograph-album which lay on the centre-table. As a kind of accompaniment to Mrs. Royal's gay chatter he turned the leaves.

Mrs. Royal noted, at length, that after listlessly turning a score of uninteresting faces he was now looking quite interestedly at a very old daguerreotype. The picture was that of a very young woman whose natural merit of outline and feature was not to be obscured by antiquated style and stilted pose.

"Poor soul!" was Mann's comment. "She's probably a withered old woman now, and maybe dead and gone. But you can see how proud and pretty she was when she sat for that picture."

Mrs. Royal took the album from his hands and turned it about without removing it from his knees. Then she inspected the picture.

"Oh—that!" she exclaimed. "She's anything but dead and gone. She owns the very room we're sitting in. I mean, she owns the hotel building."

Mann, really interested, looked at her inquiringly.

"Her name is Eliza Gunn. She's considered half-witted now. When she sees strangers in town she advises them to go away. She tells everybody that Horseshoe is a 'hellhole.'"

Mann bent his gaze upon the picture again, and Mrs. Royal did not know that the expression in his eyes had swiftly changed.

"But why?" he asked.

"Oh, disappointments. The Gunns started well, but they wound up badly. Her brother was Judge Gunn. He was a congressman from this district a good many years ago. He built this house to live in. He came too near spending all the money he had to build it. The woman he was to have married died the day before the wedding. He was defeated the next time he ran for Congress. He began going down-hill and died a few years later. His sister Eliza inherited this property. There wasn't anybody else; and she's been living on the income from it I don't know how many years."

"But she? How was she disappointed?"

"Oh, she was always a silly creature. She thought she was a poet. They used to print her things in *The Nail*. Her brother was influential then and they were afraid to refuse to print the stuff she wrote. Then Judge Gunn went to Washington, and she went along to keep house for him. I believe the judge couldn't see

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that what she wrote was just rubbish, and he paid to have a book made out of it while they were in Washington. That was what settled her. Nobody paid any attention to the book. That is, hardly anybody. You know the kind of book I mean. It had her picture in it. There was one paper called the *New York Sun* that wrote a long piece about it and put in some of the poems. But you could see it was just to show that the editor didn't see anything but rubbish in the book. People in general didn't pay any attention to it at all. You know, poetry don't mean anything to you unless you're a little off yourself. When she came back to Horseshoe she was soured on everybody. So was the judge. After he died she went along holding herself above other people, and the older she got the more disagreeable she got. She's just a poor old crank now."

Mann had continued to study the faded portrait, and his mind travelled from the young, serious face to the bent figure he had encountered on the road when he came into town.

"Good heavens!" he said finally, "just to think of it!"

"Of what?" demanded Mrs. Royal.

"Why, that she was young and pretty—and maybe gifted—and she hitched her wagon to a star. Yet look what she's come to!"

"Oh, well . . . there's always a tale of woe if you look at the dark side of things." She leaned back, disinterested, weary. "It's been a long, hard day, hasn't it?" She patted her lips with her fingers and yawned. "And you people must be awfully tired. I guess it's time for us all to go to bed."

She arose and went over to where Royal sat. "Come on, old man," she said with a sudden show of fondness. She took hold of his hair and gave his head a little shake; whereupon he closed his eyes contentedly and seemed in no mood to stir.

In a moment she had him on his feet and arm in arm they moved toward the door. She turned about then. "Well, I hope you'll both sleep well," she said in her best manner. "I know you won't need any rocking, Mrs. Mann," was her final fling.

Then she and Royal went out, closing the door behind them.

XIX

SUSAN RISES TO AN OCCASION

THE Susan of a month ago—perhaps even of twenty-four hours ago—would have met this new predicament by springing to her feet and uttering a cry of remonstrance—and self-betrayal.

The new Susan did not move for an instant. She sat darkly regarding that closed door. She dimly sensed the fact that Mann was gazing at her with heightened color and with the familiar gleam of merriment in his eyes. She realized that resentment or anger on her part would be unreasonable. She could not decide that any one was to blame for the predicament in which she found herself. She herself had been at fault, perhaps, more than any one else. She tried hard to master the overwhelming discomfort she felt at being alone, under such conditions, with this man in whose presence she experienced an indefinable constraint.

At length she turned to him quietly. "You know you can't stay here," she said.

For answer Mann went to the door and listened, to be sure that the Royals were really gone. Then he retraced his steps slowly and thoughtfully. "Of course, I know that," he replied. There was complete and ready assurance in his tone. His solicitude for her was genuine, yet he saw the humor of the situation too, and for the moment he avoided her eyes, the better to be able to keep a sober countenance. "Of course, I understand that," he repeated, "but you know there's nothing to be gained by letting the whole household know I've got to get out."

He ventured to look at her then, and Susan exclaimed quickly: "No, let's not let them know anything—to-night."

"We might just wait a few minutes. Maybe then I can leave without attracting any attention."

Susan rocked slowly. She had difficulty in meeting her companion's glance. "Yes, that will be better," she admitted. The keen discomfort had faded from her eyes, but the fixed determination remained.

"Besides," he added, adopting a less serious tone, "I'd be glad of the chance to talk to you a little while. It seems that we're not going to see much of each other

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as long as we're here, except by special contriving."

She regarded that closed door again. "I was wondering where you could be, just after supper," she admitted.

"Ah, had you forgotten—Cleopatra?" He pronounced the word whimsically. "You see, I was stabling Cleopatra and looking after her welfare. It seems that the 'accommodations' you are working for include the care of her, too. Mrs. Royal really seems disposed to be generous."

These words brought a rueful expression to Susan's face. "I think we've had about enough of—Cleopatra," she said. "It seems foolish, keeping her any longer. I wish you'd give her away."

Mann brought the tips of his fingers together judicially. "I'm afraid it couldn't be done," he argued; and she immediately had the feeling that his mood was about to take one of those flights which made his speech incomprehensible to her. "Giving things away constitutes almost the only problem the human race hasn't been able to solve. You know, if you've got anything that doesn't belong to you by right of honest sweat and toil, it's seemingly impossible to get rid of it without starting a lot of trouble. The philanthropists have found that out. You see, it isn't right for people to accept gifts unless they're really entitled to them. If I were to go out and try to give our esteemed Cleopatra away I'd probably be arrested. I'd be taken for an insane person, or some sort of malefactor. In either case they'd want to lock me up. Of course, certain millionaires are able to give libraries and 'foundations' away, but that's merely because they've got a lot of nerve and because the people they offer their gifts to are too strongly tempted. As a matter of plain fact, the police ought to arrest the millionaire too, when he goes about giving away things he hasn't earned to people who haven't earned them. No, I don't believe we'd better look upon Cleopatra as a gracious gift in connection with the gentle souls of Horseshoe."

Susan looked at him a trifle resentfully. "Well, then, please let's not talk for a little while," she begged. "Let's try to think."

"The fact is, I've already been thinking. I've found things to think about during my travels about this estimable town to-day. For instance, they never have more than one thing at a time to talk about in a town like Horseshoe. Just now they're talking about the strange woman who made her appearance at Quitman. They're wondering what became of her. I don't want you to worry about it, because it isn't worth while; but I do want you to have the facts so that you can govern yourself accordingly."

For the moment Susan forgot that closed door and all that it meant. "I've got no reason to be afraid," she declared. "That dreadful old judge warned me to leave town when I got into Quitman; but I hadn't done anything. Suppose the people here do find out that I'm the same woman? They couldn't harm me."

"Oh, no, they couldn't harm you. Not legally, at least. But, you know, most of the harm is done just by unfriendliness, by gossip, by petty persecution. They could harm you in that way. I'm only thinking about that. You see, you've got such an earnest way of wanting people to like you. I think you'd be unhappy if they began to point at you and lower their voices when you passed—even ignorant, idle-minded people. It's not the most important thing in the world, but I know you'll want to be careful."

He was speaking quite simply and calmly now. These were the kind of words she could understand, the kind that soothed her; and for one unguarded moment her eyes rested upon his with confidence and gratitude and liking.

A deeper note of earnestness in him was touched to life by that glance of hers. He leaned forward guardedly, yet with a kind of intimacy. "Mrs. Herkimer," he said, "before I take up my pack and staff again, as of course I'll have to do as soon as you're settled comfortably, I want to submit a request to you. I want you to give this thing up and go back to the city with me. Let me work for you and provide for you. The plain truth is, I like you tremendously. I won't use a stronger word now, when I might seem to be taking advantage of you. Possibly I couldn't truthfully use a stronger word. But it's a good deal when people just like each other. Maybe it's better than some kinds of love—the kind that people sometimes feel when there isn't much liking. You

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

see, I want to give myself another chance. I want to give you another chance too—there's the truth. You're too nice a woman to be roaming about the way you are now. You're likely to run into all manner of hardships. You'll quit thinking about the adventure of it, and then there won't be anything left to stimulate you. The monotony of tramping will be just as bad as the monotony of staying in one place. Let's go back to the city, you and I. Come, what do you say?"

He was leaning far forward now; and with the last word he stretched out one hand—not as a lover to a beloved but as a comrade to a friend.

Susan was not unmoved. She remained silent a little while. A silent frown, creasing her forehead, and a tired expression which drifted across her eyes like a cloud, gave her an expression of refinement, of delicacy, which was altogether eloquent.

"I don't believe you understand," she said finally. "I thought I had made it plain. I belong to Herkimer."

"But you don't belong to him. Even admitting that you ever belonged to him, you don't any more. You ran away from him. Are there any ties left?"

"I'm afraid I can't explain. I don't think I ran away from Herkimer. It was from the life I led. And at least he didn't run away from me. I think his claim stands." She paused. "And I might want to go back again some day," she added after a troubled silence.

"Ah, that's it!" Mann's voice was almost scornful. "It's fear! You're not really independent, after all."

"It's not fear—no, it's not. I just shouldn't feel decent having anybody else as long as Herkimer never quit me. If you don't understand how I feel it's better for us not to talk about it any more."

Mann sighed. "Ah, well," he said. And after an interval—"I suppose I'd better be moving, now. I'm not sure I'll be able to get out of the house."

"Yes," assented Susan. But he did not move; and after a moment of troubled silence she asked uneasily: "Where shall you go?"

"Oh, that's easy. I can go out on the road somewhere and sleep in a field."

Susan stirred uneasily. "I wouldn't do that," she protested. "They might find you and arrest you as a tramp."

"They might. Still, I don't see anything so terrible in that. I've been subjecting myself to that risk all along." His ready smile, tinged with bitterness now, was in evidence.

"But I want you to think of me!"

"Yes, certainly I must do that. Maybe you'd suggest what I ought to do?"

"Couldn't you pretend to slip out to see about—Cleopatra, and then sleep in the stable?"

The smile broadened. "Hardly. The stable isn't very completely appointed. There isn't any loft. Just a couple of stalls, without any flooring. Cleopatra might object to a companion too. She might kick me."

Susan glanced at him stealthily. She supposed he was smiling; but for once he was regarding her gravely.

"Well, then, I could give you money, and you could go somewhere."

"Somewhere . . . ? That's rather indefinite."

"I mean to somebody's house."

"But everybody's gone to bed by this time. Besides, people of the Horseshoe stamp don't reach out into the night and draw strange men into their houses. Moreover, if people saw me looking for a place to sleep, and recognized me as the man stopping at the hotel, what would they think? Should I tell them I'd had a quarrel with my wife?"

"No, you shouldn't." A little refluent wave of anger and discomfort broke over Susan. "I don't want you to use that word again. That's got to be set right to-morrow, some way or other. I never told anybody we were married."

"That's true, of course; but then neither did I!"

She was almost in despair. "Maybe," she suggested, "you could find an empty room in the hotel somewhere."

"I'm afraid not," he objected mildly. "I could hardly go prowling about, looking into one room and another. Besides, I think Mrs. Royal said the house was full."

She met this statement with a look so forlorn and helpless that he laughed swiftly and arose. "There," he said reassuringly, "it will be all right. I'm going."

It had been infinitely delightful to him to watch the play of her solicitude and that childish perplexity which seemed to be the key-note to her character—to all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that she was and all that she did. But it seemed unkind to try her patience any further. However, a new difficulty now arose.

"What have you decided to do?" she wanted to know.

The blunt question took him by surprise. As a matter of fact he had not decided just what he should do. He might sit on a door-step somewhere, or spend the night in the railway station, or go for a long walk until morning—anything rather than impose his unwelcome presence upon a helpless woman. "Oh, anything," he replied cheerfully. "You needn't fear that I shall not come out all right."

But she detained him with a look. "You know," she said, with the wish to be quite honest, "the room is yours as much as mine."

He shook his head. "You're not fair to yourself," he objected. "You're paying for it."

"No, I'm not."

"You're working. It's the same thing."

"It only happens that I am. I don't forget a time when you did all the work—and shared the benefits with me."

He leaned against the door and regarded her almost moodily. She was forever revealing some new trait in her character, and always it was something fundamentally honest and fine.

"Couldn't we," almost exclaimed Susan, with a light of relief in her eyes, "couldn't we make it into two rooms?"

"Certainly not!" declared Mann.

"Yes, we could." She turned, the tips of her fingers pressing against her lips. "We could move the bureau a little . . . and that chair—see, we could hang the counterpane across, between the bureau and two chairs, one on top of the other."

"But that would be only a partition."

"And when we had made it into two rooms you could sleep on the lounge—in *your* room."

Mann, almost wholly in pantomime, laughed heartily, smiting his thigh with his palm.

"It's the best we can do, to avoid getting into trouble," she declared. She began, without waiting for his assent, to carry out her own suggestions. They moved the bureau a little, trying not to make any noise. Then a straight-backed chair was fitted snugly into a rocker. The counterpane was stretched between the two highest points and pinned into place.

"It will do very nicely," decided Susan. Her problem seemed solved wholly to her satisfaction, and Mann made no protest.

The light was turned low, and each made ready for sleep, the counterpane serving as a white, frail barrier.

It was the first chance Mann had had in many a night to sleep in a soft, sheltered place; and Susan too was greatly in need of rest. Yet a strange excitement filled the mind of each. The feeling of intimacy was not to be overcome by a few yards of cotton fabric.

When Mann lay down on the lounge it creaked so violently that he suspected it was meant for ornament rather than for service, and he wondered what they could say to Mrs. Royal in the event of its collapsing. However, the creaking ceased before long, and Mann became aware of Susan's movements. She was *inching* herself into bed, so that there might be the slightest possible complaining of the bedsprings.

"I guess you'll sleep fine," he suggested.

There was no response.

He was sure she could not have fallen asleep so speedily. "I say, I guess you're pretty tired," he persisted.

Still there was no answer.

"It's a good thing it's not cold weather," was his final observation. And then he received his answer.

"We're in different rooms!" declared Susan. "We can't *talk!*" She spoke quite sharply. Her tone conveyed to him the fact that she considered him to have been guilty of a flagrant indelicacy.

In the dim light Mann put his hand over his mouth to suppress a laugh; and for the remainder of the night the silence remained unbroken.

XX

CUPID'S BYPATHS

AT this period of Susan's career there was no event which cast its shadow before, despite the nearness of the one big adventure. Her activities all became al-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most pleasantly adjusted, and in an almost unprecedented degree she was at peace.

Day after day she worked in Mrs. Royal's kitchen and dining-room, and if she feared an outburst of passion from the woman she tried faithfully to serve she was pleasantly disappointed. Mrs. Royal remained most amiable.

Night after night she repaired wearily yet strangely content to her room. She continued to share it with Mann; there seemed no possible escape from this arrangement now. The improvised partition was set in place regularly; and after the strangeness of this arrangement passed—as, oddly enough, it speedily did—it seemed to Susan a slight tax upon her comfort when measured with what seemed a well-established sense of security.

The arrangement which would have seemed to a shrewder—and perhaps less moral—woman a wholly unthinkable one was regarded by Susan as an essentially innocent method of self-protection from ills which her conduct had neither merited nor invited.

To a considerable extent Mann shared Susan's views touching this matter. At least he speedily analyzed her point of view, and decided that they were injuring neither themselves nor any one else by their deception. It is true that after the first night he spoke seriously to his companion touching his obvious duties and the possible risks she was running. He suggested that he take his departure, leaving the impression that he had work to do elsewhere and that he meant to come back.

But this suggestion was not acceptable to Susan. She would have been unable, perhaps, to explain why she did not wish Mann to go away. She only realized that she was happy and contented and that she did not wish to run any risk of having conditions changed for her. Doubtless she was not unmindful of Mann's friendly services during their first days together, and it may be that the wish to see him come upon better days had not a little to do with her opposition to his going away. But the greater probability is that she felt a sense of protection from his presence and did not wish to run the risk of being recognized as the mysterious woman who had attracted so much unfavorable attention by travelling alone.

She put an end to his argument that he ought to leave her with the simple statement: "Now that we've got two rooms, I don't see any reason why you should go away."

He permitted her reference to the two rooms to pass without comment save the unspoken one in his eyes. He seemed to ponder the matter.

"And I suppose I ought to linger around without anything to do but to show up at meal-time?" he asked.

"Well . . . yes."

"I'm afraid you overestimate my merits as a tramp. That would be the proper thing for a real journeyman tramp to do; but I'm afraid I haven't passed the apprentice stage in some respects."

"And I wish you wouldn't talk like that," said Susan. "I think it's ridiculous for you to pretend to be a regular tramp."

"I admit that my faith in myself is shaken—especially when I think about the inclination I've got just now to go to work at something. You know the present arrangement can't go on long—that's a sure thing. You needn't be at all surprised any day to hear that I've picked up a job."

And so Susan had her way; and day by day her plans took more definite form in her mind, and seemed simpler and less unattainable.

She was determined to acquire a knowledge of that broad science of housekeeping which had always been as a closed book to her. More specifically, she had decided that she would have a hotel of her own. She did not quite see how this was to be brought about; but that was a problem which she would take up later. She did not conceive it possible that she should relinquish her new mode of life; and she did not imagine that the atmosphere she now enjoyed could exist anywhere save in a hotel. When she got a hotel of her own she would manage better than Mrs. Royal managed. She would work harder, for one thing. She would give more thought to the work, too.

She was quite pathetically happy in her work. She was learning many things, she believed. The fact is that she was recording a very real growth. She was discovering hitherto unsuspected talents and emotions in her equipment and nature.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The successful browning of a roast filled her with ecstasy. The odors which came from the commodious oven in the kitchen were to her as perfumes and incense. The swelling of loaves, of vegetables, of fruits, as the heat set their chemical forces in action, delighted her eyes. The homely symphony of the kitchen noises were as a siren song in her ears. Her hands delighted in the touch of dough, of meats. Her soul expanded in that place of ample areas, of many varied rooms. She was obtaining, for the first time in her life, a glimpse into the real kingdom of womanhood.

She did not realize how far along the new road she had travelled until one day Mrs. Royal confided to her, with a sigh:

"This is no life for a woman of refinement. If I had my way I'd have a front room to sit in, in a city, with a thousand people going by all the time, and nothing to do but to sit and look out."

"Good gracious!" was Susan's response—that and nothing more. But legions of thoughts crowded into her mind.

Not a little was added to her joy in life at that time by the attitude of Mrs. Royal's husband.

Susan had never known another man like Royal. So much of patience and docility and outreaching fondness was a thing quite outside her conceptions of men. He was childishly proud of his handsome, slothful wife: so much so that he carefully hid the wounds which her neglect inflicted upon him. She was fearfully inconsiderate of him, brutally putting aside his childlike efforts to serve or please her. Often Susan saw what Mrs. Royal seemed incapable of seeing: that his eyes filled with pained wonder and that his lips quivered ever so slightly when she repulsed or ignored him. And little by little he unconsciously turned to Susan for comfort. There was perfect simplicity in her kindness to him—as there was in her bearing toward every one. And this was a thing he could thoroughly understand. The time came speedily when he looked at her gratefully when she went to little pains for his sake. He soon acquired the habit of sitting for hours at a time in the kitchen, performing the more menial duties which otherwise would have fallen to Susan's lot. He had little to say to her. His chief pleasure was in fishing, and on several occasions he spoke to her of this, and became almost enthusiastic as he described the stream where he went to fish and his experiences with rod and line. He never spoke of his wife: an attitude the delicacy of which Susan appreciated thoroughly.

She could not understand why he should not have fared better. He was not really old—scarcely past fifty; and he was not really stupid—only wholesomely simple. He seemed to Susan merely a big boy. She pitied him. She began to be almost fond of him.

The attitude of these two toward each other was not long unknown to Mann. More than once he observed that when Susan placed Royal's food before him at meal-time she would pause long enough to speak to him gently; and it was further to be observed that on these occasions Royal paid no heed to his food but gazed after Susan as she returned to the kitchen with eyes like those of a neglected old hound that has had a friendly pat on the head.

And sights like these set him to pondering strangely; for there was another little drama going forward in the hotel which only he knew anything about.

This related to Mrs. Royal. She seemed to Mann the sort of woman who might take a passing fancy to any number of men; and he could not close his eyes to the fact that for the time being she was harboring sentimental thoughts of him. The truth is that her lax, sensuous nature was strongly attracted by something in Mann: something unruffled and sophisticated and silent. She did not understand him; therefore she was disturbed by him. Often he looked in her direction to perceive that she was regarding him with a kind of wan, rapt expression; and when their eyes met she would collect her wits and shake her head with an effect of jollity, while the color would deepen in her face.

While Susan worked faithfully in the kitchen Mrs. Royal spent much of her time loitering in the halls, or on the porch, or about the hotel office, on the chance of encountering Mann. When this little stratagem worked successfully she would have almost nothing at all to say; but her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

embarrassment and the very triviality of her words were significant enough to a man who was not without the usual wisdom of one who, in his time, had been a pleasant adventurer among many kinds of women.

Mrs. Royal was not lacking in the feminine skill of inventing necessities, problems, predicaments, which brought her and Mann together. Mann saw through the subterfuges easily and read the woman's mind unerringly. Under different circumstances the experience might not have been quite uninteresting to him; but at a time when a sort of idealism had been awakened in his mind by Susan's piquant simplicity and honesty, he found it trying to have to play lamb to this grosser woman's wolf, or to look dull or innocent—to be required, in brief, to uphold the old tradition that a man is defenseless in the hands of a designing woman.

He was unwilling to incur her displeasure; for he knew that if she became angry there would be little chance for Susan to be left to pursue her way in happiness and peace. And Susan—he could not underestimate the truth—Susan had entered upon a period of blooming which was altogether marvellous. Their talks together, after the day was over, were bringing revelations to him. Her mind was becoming more active; her sympathies were broadening, she was learning how to laugh at misadventures, at inappropriate words. He saw in these developments a promise of a higher order of friendship between them in time; or perhaps something better than mere friendship.

And then affairs between him and Mrs. Royal came, one day, to a swift denouement.

He was sitting in the hotel-office desultorily reading a newspaper two or three days old when he heard the far-away whistle of a locomotive. Its mournful music was engulfed immediately by the thin, disagreeable sound of many feet on the wooden sidewalks. The people of Horseshoe were hurrying to the station. The arrival of the train was still an event. It was a mystery to the Horseshoe mind how the immense engine, with a momentum which seemed uncontrollable, could draw up neatly at the same spot every time. It was the Horseshoe way to gaze searchingly at every detail of the passing drama: the fretting engine, with its ominous emission of steam; the uniformed man who ran across the platform and disappeared into the station, only to reappear with a slip of colored paper in his hand—his "orders," as it was soon discovered; the authoritative word of the man in jumpers who reigned placidly in his cab; and then the application of power again, and the movement and noise which brought the drama to its close.

When Mann heard the whistle he noted the fact that a canary that had been singing lustily back in the dining-room suspended its song, as if to listen.

Mrs. Royal appeared in the doorway, leaning against the casing, while her hand, following an unconscious habit, ran up and down the buttons of her dress to guard against the neglects and oversights of a hasty toilet.

"Not going to see the train come in?" she asked. She had already learned that Mann never went to see the train come in, and that a pilfered tête-à-tête was always possible at this hour. There was a poor attempt at archness in her manner, a light note that was painfully unreal.

"No," replied Mann, "I don't seem to care a great deal about seeing the train come in." He laid aside his paper and leaned back in his chair. He did not look at her after the first glance. He seemed to be unaware of the predatory gaze with which she regarded him.

She remained in her place in the doorway, listening intently. She was breathing unevenly. The train moved out of the station with a loud clangor of its bell and a shrill whistle, and the high, ominous sound of confined steam doing its appointed task. The canary in the dining-room had resumed its song; and beyond, in the kitchen, arose a sound which proclaimed that Susan was at work pounding a steak.

And then the woman left her place in the doorway. She advanced into the room silently, eagerly; and before Mann could divine her intention she was on her knees beside him, thrusting her arms about him and pressing her lips to his face.

(To be continued.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE POINT OF VIEW

IT has often been said that in his oft-repeated assurance that he "Would consider it an honor to die for France," Edmond Genet, whose "War Letters" reveal a charming and brave youth, but "answered the call of blood." There can be no doubt but that his great-great-grandfather, "Citizen" Genet, whose namesake he was, often looked back with longing for his native land; and this much we know, that the family traditions on the paternal side were handed down from father to son with much care, until they fell upon the fruitful soil of Edmond Genet's mind and soul. This fact, however, must not be allowed to obscure the equally important fact, that he had a double line of ancestry whose ideals of patriotism he inherited. At the same time, when one reviews the history of his French ancestry, it seems like a psychological coincidence that he should have gone to France to die for the freedom for which "Citizen" Genet endured exile. It is appropriate to recall the "Citizen's" mission to America.

The Aviator and "Citizen" Genet

America, having declared herself free, had failed to secure recognition of her rights from England, and was, therefore, naturally anxious to create a sentiment in her own favor in France. To this end she sent Franklin to the French court, and although at the time France was more than willing to give assistance in the way of men, money, and army supplies, such as heavy guns, tents, and clothing for thirty thousand men, it was not until the news of the surrender of Burgoyne reached Paris that France formally acknowledged the independence of the United States. It then became a matter of national policy for her to enter into a secret treaty, a compact of friendship and alliance, with the United States, to "be made public only in case England should declare war against France." This treaty was put into the national archives awaiting the course of national events. In the meantime France, torn by internal dissension, had successively come under the rule of the Assembly, the Girondists, and the Mountain or Red Republicans, leading up to the assassination of the King, and the establishment of a republic under Danton, Robespierre, and Marat.

At this point the Genet history in America begins, and around this "secret treaty" it revolves. In 1793 the new French Republic sent its first minister to the United States; his name was Edmond Charles Genet, and his title "Citizen," owing to the fact that all titles had been abolished in France. This young man, then but twenty-eight years old, had already acquired, owing to his bravery and skill, the rank of captain of dragoons; further owing to his gifts as a linguist, he had held various important offices; he had been attached to the Bureau of Interpreters, the French Embassies at Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, and in 1781 succeeded his father as chief of the Bureau of Correspondence in the Department for Foreign Affairs. In 1792 he was sent as ambassador to Holland, and from there transferred, in 1793, as Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States. His mission was to induce the United States to declare war against England. When he arrived he was most enthusiastically received, and his journey overland from Charleston —where he landed—to Philadelphia, was one unbroken ovation; outriders met him as he approached the city, and hailed him as a true "Son of Liberty." Banquets were held in his honor, and on one of these occasions, in Philadelphia, it is related that the head of a roast pig, severed from the body and named "Louis XVI," was passed from guest to guest, and as each one received it he plunged his knife viciously into it, uttering some sentiment regarding liberty and the rights of men. Indeed, people were so infatuated with "Citizen" Genet, that the French craze took complete possession of them, and they wore "cockades," erected "liberty poles," addressed each other as "citizeness" or "citizen," went to the extent of using these titles in letters, on business documents, marriage certificates, and even had them engraved on tombstones.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Was it any wonder then, that with so much sentiment in his favor, "Citizen" Genet should have expected the United States to keep the pledge made in the "Treaty of 1778"?

In President Washington's Cabinet were two men of the most diverse minds regarding the management of national affairs. One was Hamilton, who believed in the rule of "the iron hand," and headed the English party; and the other was Jefferson, who believed in the people's capacity for self-government, and stood by the French party.

After bitter controversy on the subject, President Washington, feeling that the United States, having just established her claim to a republican form of government, could not afford to become involved in the wars of the European nations, contended that the "treaty" had been made with the King, and not with the French Republic, and therefore was no longer binding, and on the strength of this argument he issued his famous "Proclamation of Neutrality." Naturally, "Citizen" Genet, anxious for the preservation of the French Republic, pronounced our government "weak and timid," and led on by many American sympathizers, and sustained by the Anti-Federal party, threatened to appeal to "the people." Having been vested with full power by the French Government, he at once acted on his own interpretation of the "Treaty of 1778," and had eight privateers commissioned, and with the assistance of two French frigates, captured fifty British merchantmen. This enterprise might have been allowed to continue had it not happened that, unfortunately, some of these vessels had been taken within the jurisdiction of the United States, and our position as "neutrals" then made it necessary for President Washington to ask the French Government to recall Genet, which was done, and he was succeeded by M. Fauchet.

Although formally recalled, "Citizen" Genet never returned to France, for the reason that "The Reign of Terror" had been inaugurated, and many Girondists, of which party he was a member, had been imprisoned or led to the guillotine.

When one considers the political intrigues which centred about "affairs of state," it is only fair to admit that Genet displayed a most admirable spirit, for, yielding with the grace of a gentleman, he at once retired from the field of conflict, and being of a liberty-loving nature, swore allegiance to the United States, married the daughter of Governor George Clinton, of New York, went into private life, and is said to have been an ornament to society.

"Citizen" Genet had four sons and two daughters, and the third son, William Rivers Genet, married a Miss Taylor of Philadelphia, and from this line the aviator, Edmond Charles Clinton Genet, was descended. He was the youngest of three sons of the late Albert Rivers Genet and Martha Fox Genet, and was born at Ossining, N. Y., on November 9, 1896, and died at Ham, France, on April 16, 1917, in his twenty-first year.

Military service appealed to this family of boys, for the eldest, Ensign Albert Rivers Genet, is in service with the United States Navy, while the second son, First Lieutenant Gilbert Rodman Fox Genet, is stationed at Camp Jackson, S. C.

Genet's mother is descended from a long line of eminent jurists, educators, and patriots. Her father, Gilbert Rodman Fox, was a member of the bar of Bucks and Montgomery Counties, in Pennsylvania, and for years filled the office of clerk of the court for the eastern district of Pennsylvania. His father, John Fox, was president judge of the judicial district of Bucks and Montgomery Counties and a major in the War of 1812.

John Fox's father, Edward Fox, came from Dublin, Ireland, about 1774, was the son of an officer in the British army, and during the Revolution was an aggressive member of the Council of Safety, was recorder of deeds for Philadelphia from 1799 to 1802, and secretary and treasurer of the University of Pennsylvania from 1791 to 1822.

Thus it will be seen that Edmond's mother's ancestry had a reputation for loyalty sufficient to have transmitted to its descendants a spirit of justice and patriotism.

THE facts about Edmond Genet's brief life were summarized, with some of his letters, in the Magazine for May. It will be recalled that he was the first American aviator to die under the Stars and Stripes in France. When only sixteen he served on the U.S.S. *Georgia* during the Vera Cruz expedition, then as apprentice seaman in the United

The Brief, Crowded Life of Young Genet

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

States Navy, next as a private in the Foreign Legion in France, from May, 1915, to May, 1916, and last as a pilot in the Lafayette Escadrille.

With the Foreign Legion he saw active service in the French trenches, and when the battle of Champagne was fought went to the very front with his company. On this occasion the Germans, noticing their uniforms—blue coats, red trousers, and yellow sashes—shouted, "We know who you are, Foreign Legion; come on, and we will wipe you out," and this threat was no idle one, for when the battle was over but thirty-five men of this company were left, Edmond Genet being one of them.

When King George reviewed the troops after the battle, Genet carried the colors as they passed before him, and for their bravery these men were decorated with "a cord of honor"—red and green in color—which was fastened to a buttonhole in the coats of their uniforms, and carried from there across the right shoulder.

Genet was transferred to the aviation service in June of 1916. The following November he was made a pilot aviator, and in December went to the front over Verdun.

His name will be inseparably connected with that of his flying mate, Sergeant James R. McConnell, who fell while flying over the German line just three weeks before Genet's death. Concerning this event, Edmond Genet wrote home, saying: "We found his body in a field at the edge of the village of Petit Detriot, his machine completely smashed; not being able to land, we landed some distance away and motored to the spot, and found Mac's body terribly mangled, his papers and identification mark gone, the Germans having stripped him of everything, even to the boots. I will try and land there to-morrow when they bury him, to see that his grave is properly and decently marked; I would give up twenty citations, and suffer twenty wounds to have McConnell back again."

Less than a month later, and just ten days after the United States had declared war against Germany, Edmond Genet gave his life in the cause of freedom and humanity. He was so happy to have had "the Stars and Stripes" to place with the French flag when he started out on his mission that morning. This mission was to carry President Wilson's war message over the German lines. Hundreds of thousands of these had been printed in the Paris office of the New York *Herald*, and sent to the aviation stations from St. Quentin to the Swiss frontier for distribution. They were in the form of pamphlets, with the American flag at the top in red, white, and blue, and the packets were so carefully arranged that they burst open when dropped, and the leaflets were scattered far and wide over the German trenches, the cities, and even over the Rhine and inland.

He returned safe and happy from this mission, but in the early evening there was a "sortie," the worst air battle that had yet taken place, and just as Genet was starting across the German lines a shell burst under him, shattering the left wing of his machine. He was seen making an heroic effort to guide his machine within his own lines, and just over Ham the crippled wing snapped off, and the machine made a drop of several thousand feet.

The village of Ham where he fell was then just inside the French lines, and about seventy miles northeast of Paris, but was recaptured by the Germans in the great drive in March. Genet was carried into a hospice close by, and buried from there the following day, with military honors. His casket was placed on a "caisson" attached to which were five horses led by five picked soldiers, and attended by a body-guard from the Aviation Corps. The French flag and "the Stars and Stripes" intertwined draped his casket, and the War Cross awarded for bravery rested on them. The United States Embassy sent a representative from Paris to be in attendance. Captain Smith of the United States Navy and Captain Thénault of the Lafayette Flying Corps made addresses, while the French army chaplain conducted the services.

Genet lies in the shadow of what was once the princely estate of the Marquis de Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicenza.

Everywhere tribute has been paid to this splendid young man. From the French Government came citations lauding his devotion to duty and his bravery of spirit. Captain Thénault's words are a loving farewell:

"He was our Benjamin, beloved of all, our only reproach against him being his reckless daring. He would have done great things had he lived."

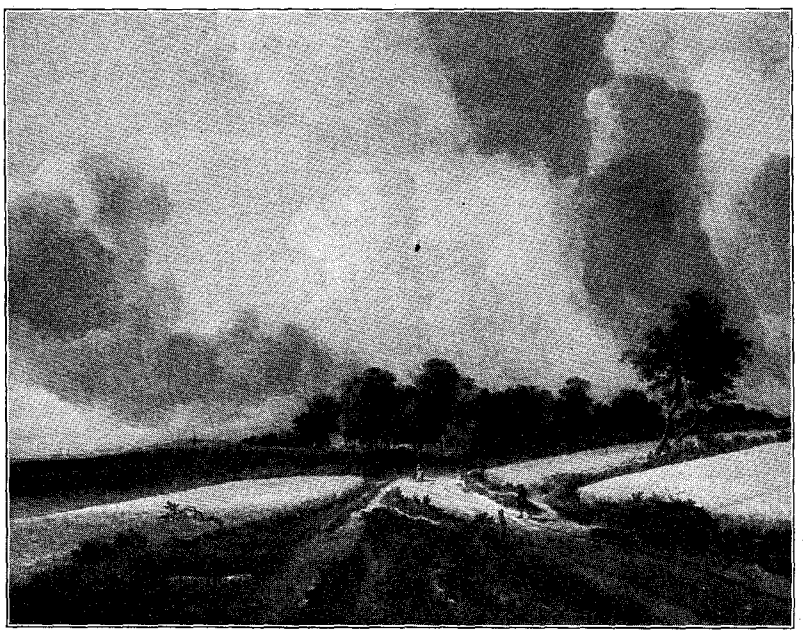
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FIELD OF ART

NATURE'S DEBT TO ART

OF every artist who merits the name, of every one who has had a real self behind an accomplished hand, may be said what Emerson said of his friend Channing: "In walking with Ellery you shall always see what was never before shown to the eyes of man." Powerless to reproduce any natural object or aspect, forced to translate it into something of a wholly different kind, an artist may so express it, may interpret it in so suggestive, so illuminative, so enhancing, exalting a way that his result is not a record but a revelation. Therefore when Emerson writes, again, that "it has been the office of art to educate the perception of beauty," if we modify the words a little, making them read "one of the offices of art," none could be more true.

As a rule, however, this patent truth is accepted with a vague kind of lip-service only. Few who are not artists really feel convinced that the more they know about art the more clearly they will see, the more deeply they will feel, the beauty of the natural world. Most people believe, instead, that the better they love nature the better eyes they must have for works of art. This would be a more dubious statement than the other even if to love nature always meant to see nature in the right and full meaning of the words. But while now and again a lover of nature may, as Emerson implies of Channing, have an artist's eye although not his powers of translation, the majority are unable to analyze nature's beauty or consciously to enjoy its minor as well as its larger manifestations and variations, its more subtile and transitory as well as its broader, more lasting aspects. Our eyes need deliberate cultivation; and, readily though they accept it within any given field, for a new field they need it afresh.



From a photograph copyright by the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Wheat-fields. By Jacob Van Ruysdael.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We know, for example, how patiently in learning to read we must learn to decipher the symbols to which verbal meanings have been arbitrarily attached, but how in the end they become, I may say, pictures of these meanings recognized so entirely without effort that a glance may reveal the purport of whole lines, almost of a whole page. Quite as wonderful an accomplishment as this and still more common, so universal that we do not think of it as acquired at all, is our skill in recognizing and remembering the slight variations that distinguish one human face from another, a skill so great that even though we may have seen a face only once or, indeed, may have seen no more than other little pictures of it, we can identify it in the smallest photograph or in the roughest caricature that is hardly a face at all. Although this power is acquired very early in life, unconsciously, without a teacher, it is as much the result of visual training as the power to read. It is easy to test this in the one case and the other and thereby to learn, furthermore, how narrowly limited our acquired accomplishments may be. We have only to turn a printed page upside down; we have only to remember how puzzlingly alike when we first saw them we found all Japanese or Chinese faces.

Of course, what for convenience' sake we call visual training is more truly mental training. Not the physical instrument but the user of it needs education, although the results may vary more or less according as the instrument is excellent or faulty. That is, we perceive not all that the eye brings to our notice but only those things which we consent to notice, at first with conscious effort, at last with unconscious ease.

If, understanding this, we want to enlarge our enjoyment of natural beauty the best way to begin, I hasten to say, is not by studying works of art or the principles of art, but by studying botany a little. It is the easiest of tasks, the most entertaining, and, in proportion to the time and trouble it costs, the most remunerative.

As we learn really to perceive the natural world we must, if we have any æsthetic feeling at all, develop our perception of beauty. Learning, for instance, to see more distinctly than before the difference in general effect between different kinds of trees, gradually we perceive that it springs from beautiful diversities in contour, in mass, in color, and in what I may call texture—that is, in the character of the masses of foliage as determined by the manner of growth of the terminal sprays and by the number, the size, the shape, and the disposition of the leaves. And so it is with every component part of that verdure of field and forest which we used to see as but slightly diversified stretches or masses of green, *perceiving*, perhaps, little more than such outstanding features as a particularly large elm-tree, a group of white-stemmed birches, a dogwood or clump of laurel in bloom.

By no means all there is of beauty in the outdoor world can be revealed to us by even the most intimate acquaintance with plants. In its larger aspects this beauty is due in part to combinations of earth-structure, water, and verdure, and in part—in very great part—not to the intrinsic characteristics of terrestrial factors but to the sky that overarches them, the light that bathes them, the air that envelops them in ways that perpetually vary in accordance with changing times of day and altering atmospheric conditions. Science will not assist us to appreciate all this. Here art may be our guide and teacher.

How many people has Corot, for example, taught by his delicate insistence upon certain phases of natural beauty to perceive living Corots which, all unseeingly, they had beheld a hundred times before! Not every painter of land or sea has so conspicuously shown something of interest to so many eyes as Corot or Constable or Monet, I may say, or the draftsmen of Japan. But the more we know of the work of the older and the more recent, of the greater and the lesser painters of landscape, the larger grows our gallery of possible living pictures, of pictures that may enliven and enrich our walks abroad, even our rapid motor rides, even our rushing journeys by rail. And thus we may come to realize how constantly art is repaying the debt it owes to nature, how truly nature is indebted to art for a multitude of loving appreciative children who, if left to the guidance of their own eyes, would have remained half-blind and but vaguely charmed. I do not mean that all of them will understand how their eyes have been trained, or that the whole of any one's pleasure in natural beauty will consist in recognizing analogues to this type of landscape-painting or that; only, that any one who has been in the habit of looking with intelligence at pictures must thereby have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

improved his powers of vision and developed his sense of beauty.

As a rule, the painters of to-day and yesterday have cared more for color than for form, and so have the laymen, for, in our different degrees, we are all alike subject to the influence of the "spirit of the times." Therefore we especially need the teaching of those elder men who saw nature more as arrangements of line and mass than as rhapsodies of color and light. Go to school to the painters of Europe. Photographs of their work will serve or, still better, the old engravings in which some of them make so fine a showing.

It is possible, too, to learn about natural beauty by trying in modest ways to use pencil or brush ourselves. In "Northanger Abbey" Jane Austen shows us how highly esteemed this process once was, telling us that Catherine, when she made acquaintance with the Tilneys at Bath, found that

From a photograph copyright by the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Entrance to a Village. By Meindert Hobbema.

Ruysdaels and Hobbemas, to the Claudes and Poussins and their like, and you will most surely and quickly learn what is meant by dignity and grace of form, by harmony of line, by balance and contrast of masses, effective and beautiful composition. Even the backgrounds in the figure-pieces of the earlier Italian painters may teach us how to notice the great differences in degree of beauty that mark the lines of hill and mountain as we see them in the distance. And if we look at old Chinese paintings until we can accept their conventions and understand their language, they will train in still other ways our eye for composition and for the forms of rocks and trees, of water and clouds. When such training is our aim, I may add, we do not need to study the actual canvases of the "classical" "they were viewing the country with the eye of persons accustomed to drawing" and were deciding "on its capability of being formed into pictures with all the eagerness of true taste," whereas she herself, knowing "nothing of drawing, nothing of taste," could neither see as they did nor understand their conversation. When, her ignorance confessed, Henry Tilney favored her with a "lecture on the picturesque," probably the taste that he expressed, could we divine it, would not appear to us as antiquated as do some of the terms he used, talking of "foregrounds, distances, and second distances, side-screens and perspectives, light and shade"; for we still admire the taste displayed in Jane Austen's time by the creators of the one art that England has taught to the rest of the world, landscape-gardening.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Horace Walpole records that William Kent, whom he calls "the father of modern gardening" as contrasted with the French or formal style, had learned from his essays in painting "to taste the charms of landscape." And the writers, like Sir Uvedale Price, who explained in books the principles of "picturesque beauty" while Repton, Brown, and their fellows were exemplifying them on the surface of the ground, advised the cultivation of an eye for composition and for color also by a study of all kinds of works of pictorial art.

Even apart from the fact that it is always wise and well to cultivate our powers of enjoyment, there is a good reason why, just now, we should invite both science and art to teach us about natural beauty. Although we have abandoned amateur sketching, replacing it by the hasty snapping of a camera, of late years we have largely taken up, as amateurs, the art of gardening. More and more in America we are coming to wish for country houses of our own and for beautiful grounds about them. Often, of course, a landscape-gardener—or, as he now prefers to call himself, a landscape-architect—is charged with the disposition and the planting of the grounds. But often the owner (or more probably his wife) feels competent for the task with only the assistance of his own gardener or of an enterprising nurseryman; or, if he is more modest, he asks counsel of the architect of his house, and the architect may not be modest enough to decline the alien responsibility. Alien it is to any one who has not a systematized knowledge of the principles of art and a cultivated eye for natural beauty combined with much knowledge of trees and lesser plants and their very varied requirements. Owner or architect or horticulturalist, the one like the other is an amateur in landscape-gardening unless he has enlarged by other training his preparation for his own special work. And the making of amateur pictures in permanent form on the surface of the earth, for all men to see and to suffer from, is a very different sin from the spoiling of sheets of paper with futile drawings. Moreover, while the most futile drawing will probably have taught its maker something, a bad piece of landscape-gardening will seldom teach its perpetrators anything—never except after years of increasing disappointment with what may be irrevocable mistakes.

Everywhere in our rural and suburban neighborhoods such mistakes afflict us. They are not as gross in some ways as they used to be. For one thing, we have pretty well got rid of those brightly colored, stiffly outlined "pattern beds" which, instead of being confined to formal gardens, used to be spotted about on what ought to have been quietly green grass-plats and lawns. But the abnormally colored shrub and tree and the badly placed informal flower-bed we still have much too abundantly with us. And as regards more subtile questions of color and all questions of line, of form, seldom indeed does an amateur make the best of his site. Seldom have both aspect and prospect been duly considered in the placing of his house, seldom are his walks and roads intelligently laid out, his trees and shrubs well selected and well grouped, his flowers bidden to grow where they will not disturb landscape serenity or, still worse perhaps, obtrude themselves between his windows and piazzas and a fine view.

If, now, it is asked why, as art can teach us to appreciate nature, it is a dubious saying that, conversely, a love for nature may give us better eyes for works of art, the answer is twofold. In the first place nature can teach us nothing about man's methods of translation, about either his imaginative or his technical processes, about

> the human hand's half-godlike alchemy
> That upon nature's patterns moulds and makes anew.

And in the second place, while the aim of art is demonstration nature's aim is merely exhibition. From a multitude of natural things that are more or less beautiful in themselves, more or less harmoniously arranged, often bewilderingly various within narrow boundaries, and often changing in their aspect almost as rapidly as the hands move around the clock, the artist selects these things and those under one fugitive aspect or another, emphasizes them by eliminating the rest, poetizes them in a way peculiar to himself, and stabilizes them for our eyes to see and our æsthetic sense to feed upon as long and as often as we will. All that nature does for us is to spread before our eyes the multifariousness of its creations and then leave us to discover, unaided, what passages the artist has selected for interpretation and to appraise, uncounselled, the value of his renderings.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 24.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

WAR NEWS AND THE MARKETS

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

THE series of weeks during which the German army was pushing back the English and French line in northeastern France—with a repulse of the German army only when it seemed about to achieve its purpose—has been marked by many fluctuations of popular feelings. There were recurrent days of tense anxiety, when, in New York and other cities, the daily newspapers published, even on Sunday afternoon and evening, "extras" which were eagerly bought and read for news of the latest turn in the battle. In not a few reviews by the military experts and in not a few public utterances, the note of absolute despondency was struck. It is possible that General Haig's order of the day, issued to the British army on April 20, declaring that "we are with our backs to the wall" and that "there is no other course open to us but to fight it out," had of itself an unfavorable effect on public sentiment, because of its lack of inspiring stimulus such as Joffre's summons at the Marne. Yet along with this recurrent mood of pessimism there certainly was evident, in America as in England and France, a spirit of stubborn confidence in eventual results.

Anxiety but Stubborn Confidence

With the governments, this underlying sentiment was reflected in their attitude toward Germany and in the public utterances of statesmen regarding the future. On no occasion since the war began have the Entente governments rejected more absolutely all talk of terms of peace or compromise than in the two months of the present German offensive in northern France. President Wilson selected the critical moment of the German drive to declare, in a public speech at Baltimore on April 6, that the thought and words and actions of the American people must now be devoted, not to consideration of peace terms, but to "utterly defeat the force of those who flout and misprize what we honor and hold dear." The British Premier, speaking soberly of the battle to Parliament three days later, stated it as his government's position that "while we have one ship afloat, we shall not accept a German peace."

If it be said that this uncompromising attitude in the face of adverse developments at the battle front merely signified desperation, the answer is that governments which have been defeated, and which know they are defeated, never adopt any such position. Military advantage seemed to be fairly divided in 1814 between Napoleon and the allies, but it was Napoleon who was manœuvring to get terms of peace and the allies who refused them. It was not Frederick the Great who made the first overtures for peace in the Seven Years' War, even when his own fortunes appeared desperate; such overtures were begun by the coalition of enemies who had at first seemed certain of annihilating him, who had more than once been apparently close to success, but who had eventually failed.

It was the Southern Confederacy which used every medium to start peace negotiations in the middle of 1864, at a time when the Northern people had become perhaps more completely discouraged over the course of military operations than at any previous juncture of the war. To carry the historical survey up to date, the only direct and urgent overtures for peace, during this present European war, have been made by German emissaries in the winter of 1915, by the German Chancellor himself in December of 1916, and by the Austrian Emperor in the middle of 1917. Unless some sure political instinct has always governed action of this sort, the actual outcome of other wars could not have been so infallibly foreshadowed by the fact as to which side made the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

persistent appeal for peace, and which side refused it.

Full Speed Ahead!

THE attitude of the people, during the trying weeks of this "German drive," has not differed from the attitude of their governments. The first effect of the Allied reverses on the popular mind, undoubtedly, was disappointment and despondency, but the second effect was entire disappearance of the "peace talk" familiar in 1916 and even in 1917. In England, the military situation resulted in a wholly uncompromising alignment of the previously restless Labor party on the side of the government; in America, its immediate effect was the insistence on speeding up of our own machinery of war.

Sixteen months ago, our Middle Western communities seemed to be indifferent to the issues of the war and to be looking forward mainly to its early termination. Since the present campaign in western Europe began and the retreat of the Allies followed, all testimony from that part of the country has been to the effect that the West had merely made up its mind that the German successes meant a longer war than it had expected, and that it was adjusting its business plans to that probability, with no abatement of confidence in Germany's ultimate defeat. The notable development in the canvass for the Third War Loan, which began on April 6—just after the Germans had won their most spectacular success—was the astonishing response of subscribers in the Western States which had so lately represented themselves as apathetic to the war. That section of the country in actual fact subscribed to the last loan two to three times as much as it had subscribed to either war loan of 1917.

This popular confidence in the final outcome had its origin first, no doubt, in the public's knowledge of the righteousness of the cause of the Allies, but second, in the belief that no such challenge as the Central Empires had thrown at the civilized world could possibly end in anything but eventual disaster—especially when, with the declaration of war on Germany last month by one more government on the American continent, the coalition against the Central Empires and their two feeble allies had come to number nineteen separate states. Perhaps there was also some reminiscence of the period in our own Civil War when every gloomy inference that to-day can be drawn regarding the prospects of the Allies might have been drawn more forcibly in regard to the fortunes of the North; when Lee had invaded Pennsylvania and was thought to be moving on Harrisburg or Philadelphia, and when it must have seemed to the readers of the news that the Southern army was invincible.

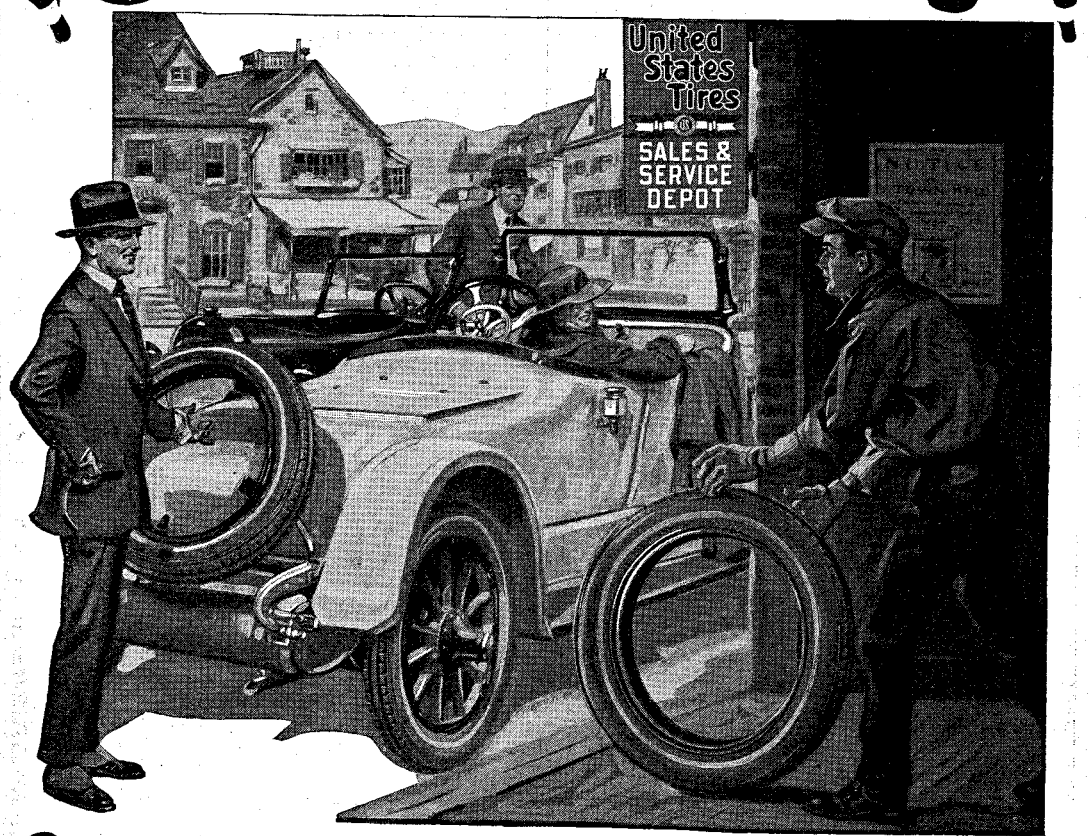
The Stock-Market Calm and Unruffled

ONE of the striking facts of this present chapter of the European war has been that the New York Stock Exchange, which was apparently bound to voice the real consensus of financial judgment, remained calm and unruffled during the period in which the Germans were achieving their most important successes. After five weeks of the attacks on the French and British fronts, and in the face of other circumstances (such as the requisition of the country's financial resources for the war loan) which of themselves might easily have accounted for a decline, prices were close to the level which they had held when the German advance began. Some of them were higher. What was perhaps even more impressive, British Government bonds at the end of that period were selling ¼ to 1 per cent above their price at the beginning of it.

Beyond these very general indications of the public's attitude, it was only possible to say that judgment of immediate results was suspended while the whole world watched the course of the mighty duel in Flanders. Certain other incidents of the period—notably the continuing German occupation of Russia, the fomenting of civil war in Finland by German emissaries and German troops, and at length, the bullying of Holland by the Germans into un-neutral concessions through a scarcely-veiled threat of war—were judged by the outside world in different ways. That to some people these actions should have seemed to indicate absolute and possibly well-grounded confidence on Germany's part in her own eventual victory on all the battle fronts was not

(Continued on page 46, *following*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Good Tires *and* Good Tire Service

Look for the sign.

You'll find it everywhere.

You can count on the dealer who displays it.

We have chosen him for his reliability. Then marked him for your convenience with our Sales and Service Depot Sign.

His is not merely service in its ordinary sense —repairs, accessories and tires when you need them,

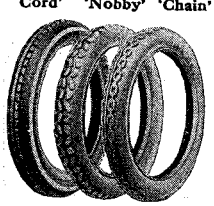
—but a highly individualized service for *you* and *your car*—adapted to the particular conditions *you* have to meet.

He will tell you the tire you ought to have —'Royal Cord', 'Nobby', 'Chain', 'Usco', or 'Plain'.

He knows which of the five is best for your car. Ask his advice.

Bank on his judgment as hundreds of thousands of experienced motorists are doing.

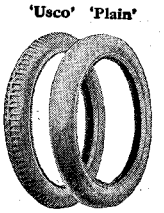
'Royal Cord' 'Nobby' 'Chain'



Also Tires for Motor Trucks, Motorcycles, Bicycles and Aëroplanes

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme

'Usco' 'Plain'



United States Tires are Good Tires

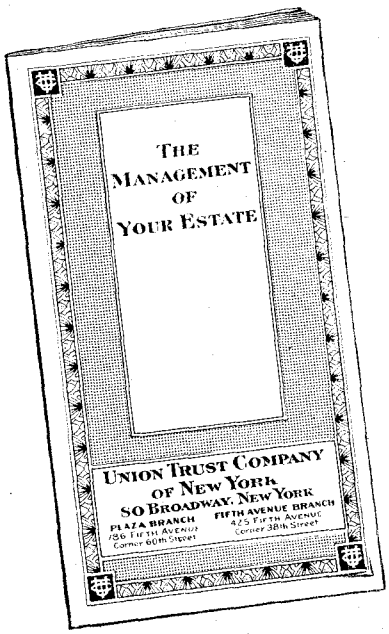
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Financial Situation, continued from page 770

surprising. Other observers, however, better versed in history, drew a different inference.

With the army chiefs in control of German diplomacy and politics, and with the achievements of the army what they had been in the eastern and western campaigns, the growth in their own minds of a belief that this was to be Napoleon's "Continental system" over again was easily enough explained. But any one familiar with Napoleon's own career—a chapter of military achievement vastly outshining the record of the German General Staff—could not miss the historic fact that it was precisely this trampling down of defeated Continental governments, the invading of some states, the threatening of others, and the robbing of nearly all, which made the final catastrophe what it was. No less significant was the sullen and suspicious attitude of the German press and people over these political exploits of the General Staff; a striking parallel to the turning of the French people against Napoleon at the seeming climax of his success in subjugating Continental Europe. This is a matter of the future; but the angry pro-

Financial Situation, continued on page 48



To the man of affairs who is answering his country's call to arms

THE MANAGEMENT OF YOUR ESTATE is a twenty-page booklet describing the services performed by this company. It will interest every man who is giving thought to the safeguarding of his business interests while in the service of his country. We will gladly mail you a copy upon request. Further details will be cheerfully given by the officials of this company at our main office or at either of our uptown branches.

Union Trust Company *of* New York

80 Broadway, New York

BRANCH
425 Fifth Ave.

Capital and Surplus
$8,500,000

BRANCH
786 Fifth Ave.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Taking advantage of Investment Opportunities

▼

OUR current investment list presents a wide range of sound securities at prices unusually attractive. It will be sent upon request for SB-67.

The National City Company maintains complete departments for the investigation and analysis of different classes of securities.

These departments are equipped to give full information as to the status of any securities you may now have, and to suggest, if desired, advantageous readjustments of your present holdings.

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

CORRESPONDENT OFFICES

Boston, Mass. 10 State Street	Philadelphia, Pa. 1421 Chestnut Street	Chicago, Ill. 137 So. La Salle Street	San Francisco, Cal. 424 California Street
Albany, N. Y. Ten Eyck Building	Pittsburgh, Pa. Farmers Bank Bldg.	St. Louis, Mo. Bank of Commerce Bldg.	Los Angeles, Cal. Hibernian Building
Buffalo, N. Y. Marine Bank Bldg.	Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Miners Bank Building	New Orleans, La. 301 Baronne Street	Portland, Ore. Railway Exchange Bldg.
Cleveland, Ohio Guardian Building	Baltimore, Md. Munsey Building	Kansas City, Mo. Republic Building	Seattle, Wash. Hoge Building
Cincinnati, Ohio Fourth Natl. Bank Bldg.	Washington, D. C. 741 15th Street, N. W.	Minneapolis, Minn. McKnight Building	
Detroit, Mich. 147 Griswold St.	Atlanta, Ga. Trust Co. of Ga. Bldg.	Denver, Colo. First National Bank Bldg.	London, E. C. 2 Eng. 36 Bishopsgate

Bonds Short Term Notes Acceptances

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Government
and
Municipal Bonds
Just At This Time

Present high interest returns, and exceptional opportunities for investment have resulted from extensive government financing and will probably cease to exist when normal conditions return.

Municipal Bonds

offer unusually attractive returns. Our latest list affords a wide selection of issues free from Federal Income Taxes yielding 4½% to 6%. Denominations $100, $500, $1,000.

Government Bonds—All Issues

Send for booklets "Bonds As Safe As Our Cities" and "A Nation at War—Its Financial Needs"

Address Dept. B-6

William R. Compton Co.

Government and Municipal Bonds

"Over a Quarter Century in This Business"

NEW YORK
14 Wall Street

ST. LOUIS
408 Olive Street

CHICAGO
105 So. La Salle St.

CINCINNATI
305 Union Trust Bldg.

Booklets You Should Have

EVERY investor should have a copy of our valuable new book, "Safety and 6%," telling how the *Straus Plan* has protected investors for thirty-six years without the loss of a dollar. Write for it, together with our booklet, "Acid Tests of Investments in War Time" and our current Investment List, describing sound first mortgage 6% serial bonds, in $1,000, $500 and $100 amounts. Ask for

Offering No. F-810

S.W. STRAUS & CO.

Established 1882 — Incorporated

NEW YORK
150 Broadway

CHICAGO
Straus Building

Detroit · Minneapolis · San Francisco
Philadelphia · Kansas City

36 years without loss to any investor

Financial Situation, continued from page 46

test of the Austrian press that Germany need not expect Austria to fight for Germany's territorial conquests, and the assertion of the leading Dutch newspaper of the German foreign minister that there was nothing to fear from Holland "as long as Dr. Von Kühlmann must give his signature," but that "Kühlmann's position becomes weaker as the military gain in power," showed at any rate what was going on in the mind of other nations.

Possibility of a War of Endurance

IT is quite conceivable that, even yet, the conflict may narrow down to one of physical or financial endurance—which would mean primarily the relative capacity of the two opposing groups of belligerents to produce, first the materials of war, second, the means of clothing and feeding both armies and civilian population, and third, the money necessary to finance the war. In all three respects, there is much material of interest in the recent course of events.

Germany and her allies have held out far more strongly in production of war munitions than at one time had seemed probable. Iron and steel Germany has certainly had in great abundance—largely because of her occupation of northern France and Poland—and the result of such large supplies has been presented, both in the huge expenditure of ammunition during the recent battle and in the persistent out-turn of new submarines, to replace the very great number of vessels of this class which have met their proper fate in being sunk at sea.

The Allies also have evidently been abundantly supplied with war material for use at the battle front. This has been so, notwithstanding the reduction in volume of America's exports of such material to her allies because of shortage of ships—a reduction which was reflected in a decrease, during the eight months ending with last February, of $83,500,000 in our total exports to Great Britain and of $104,000,000 in what we sent to France. Both in England and in the United States, complaint has been bitter over the slowness of each nation in building new merchant ships to offset the ravages of the German submarines, and results have certainly seemed at times disheartening. The English "White Paper" of March calculated the net loss in shipping by the Allied and neutral nations, between the outbreak of war and the end of 1917, at 2,632,000 tons, or 8 per cent of the tonnage afloat in August, 1914. The actual losses, through German submarines and other causes, had been 11,827,562 tons out of the total 33,000,000 tonnage of 1914. These had been offset through 6,606,275 tons of new ships built by the Allies and the neutral

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

states, and through 2,589,000 tons of enemy shipping captured at sea or commandeered in Allied ports.

A net loss of 8 per cent was very large, especially in view of the abnormally large demand on shipping facilities of the Allies, for use as army transports. Furthermore, the rate of loss, both gross and net, had been increasing rapidly. In the one year, 1917, the tonnage sunk exceeded the new tonnage built and the German tonnage seized by 2,861,768 tons; which meant that the net decrease in available shipping space of the war period had occurred entirely during that single twelvemonth. Nor was this the only consideration; for the ratio of net loss in English ships alone, up to the end of 1917, was no less than 20 per cent.

Troubles of the Shipping Board

THIS decrease in ocean transportation had been only in part offset, since 1917, by the commandeering, under the recognized right of international law applying to such cases, of a million tons of Dutch ships, left idle for many months in the harbors of the Entente Allies. It was a drain on shipping facilities which, if long continued at such a ratio, would have very grave results—especially in the face of the coming large requirements to carry the full American military force to France. The figures of themselves explain the outcry over the slowness of our own Shipping Board in turning out new merchant ships to make good the losses.

Our achievement thus far has certainly been disappointing to those who expected that production of steel ships in quantity waited only on the congressional appropriation. But that was an expectation based on ignorance of the whole problem of ship production and of the existing situation. The chairman of the United States Shipping Board in March told the Senate committee that when the board undertook the work, "there was no shipyard in existence in which we could place an order." Existing yards were strained to capacity in working on orders already placed, and 70 per cent of their space was taken up with construction for the navy.

What had to be done was first to build new shipyards, and that is precisely what has been accomplished. Whereas the American yards equipped to build steel ships, when we went to war, numbered 37, there have since been located and equipped, for steel and wooden vessels, 81 more yards, and 18 of the existing yards have been enlarged. The result of this programme, when completed, will be 235 new shipways in which a steel vessel may be built and launched, which is 26 more than all the shipways now existent in England. No such

Financial Situation, continued on page 50

ESTABLISHED 1865

Investments Secured by Essential Industries

Netting 6¼% to 8%

Such unusually attractive rates are made possible by present conditions and great demand for capital from industries essential to victory.

Farming, mining of coal, the manufacture of steel, paper and labor-saving equipment, are typical of such industries.

In investing your surplus funds, it is for the best interests of your country to choose sound securities of this character. Denominations of $100, $500 and $1000.

Write for circular No. 1006 SC.

Peabody, Houghteling & Co.

(ESTABLISHED 1865) [A876]

10 South La Salle St., Chicago

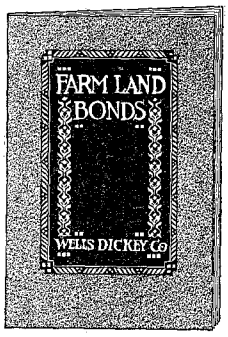
ESTABLISHED 1865

A Convertible
Short Term
Bond
Due in three years.
Based on a prosperous
Public Utility.
Yield to maturity 8¼%
Convertible provision
indicates substantial profit.

Henry L. Doherty & Company

60 Wall Street, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



YOUR COPY AWAITS YOU

The financing of large farms and ranches and how it creates essential, safe, profitable investments is told in this illustrated 16-page booklet. Write today.

WELLS-DICKEY COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 1878
MINNEAPOLIS · MINNESOTA

Forman Farm Mortgages

Safe
Profitable
Convenient

BECAUSE—

1. Our examiners, unbiased, working on salary, and having no personal interest in any loan, visit and inspect each farm and investigate each prospective borrower before a loan is granted.
2. Every loan we negotiate must be good business for the borrower as well as for the investor.
3. Our farm mortgages yield 5% to 6% net, and can be had in denominations of from $250 up to any desired amount, maturing from 5 to 10 years.

Send for booklet, "HOW FORMAN FARM MORTGAGES ARE MADE."

GEORGE M. FORMAN & COMPANY
Founded 1885
FARM MORTGAGE BANKERS
11 South La Salle Street, Chicago.

Financial Situation, continued from page 49

programme of maritime construction has ever been carried out in the history of the world, and many of the new shipyards are already busy with the work of active ship construction.

"You cannot order a ship as you would order a suit of clothes," the chairman told the committee, "and expect it to be ready for you in a couple of weeks." But the work is nearing the period when completion of the shipyard-building programme will introduce the chapter of maximum ship construction. Early in May a 5,500-ton steel merchant ship was launched from one of the yards twenty-seven days after her keel was laid, and her delivery, completed, was promised in ten days more, whereas fifty-five days before launching and one hundred and nine before completion was the highest previous achievement. In the first quarter of 1918, launchings from American shipyards footed up 450,000 tons. Based on the actual progress of the work, the expectations of the yards themselves are now for 810,000 tons in the second quarter, for 1,180,000 in the third, and for 1,560,000 in the fourth. Practical men in touch with the work of the largest of the new construction plants estimate that, in the later months of 1918, this one yard will be launching one seven or eight thousand ton vessel every two days. We are presently to see a striking change in the ocean situation, and the time approaches at a moment when the destructiveness of the German maritime assassins has decreased so substantially that even marine insurance rates have been brought down.

The Tide of Supplies Running Against Germany

IN the matter of resources for clothing and feeding armies and civilians, the tide is running heavily against Germany. We have yet to see whether the Central Empires—whose expectations regarding Russia's stored-up wheat were so grievously disappointed that Austria had to send train-loads of her own grain and flour to the Ukraine to feed her armies—will fare any better from a Russian harvest of 1918. It is not to be forgotten that Russia herself is in a present state of famine, and that the raising of the old-time "surplus crops" depends not only on the weather, but on conditions in Russian labor and on settlement of the disputed ownership of land. Indeed, one of the numerous grim humors of the Russo-Teutonic peace has been that thus far, instead of the inrush of captured Russian grain to German and Austrian markets, the chief result has been an outcry of anger from the Teutonic landlords, at the treaty pledge to send home the Russian prisoners.

Financial Situation, continued on page 52

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONAL SERVICE
for Investors

For 22 years we have negotiated Iowa Farm Mortgages on terms acceptable to the most conservative investors.

WE DO NOT STRIVE to do a large investment business. Our preference is to serve a few clients in that personal way which is possible only in a small, closely supervised organization.

In six counties in Central Iowa we negotiated farm mortgages which net the investor 5%, 5½% and 6%.

When you have funds to invest we hope you will investigate our offerings and our services.

H·B·ALLFREE, INC. ABA **NEWTON, IOWA**

IOWA FARM MORTGAGES

The Farm Mortgage as an Investment

Investor's Service Bureau
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
597 Fifth Avenue New York

A pamphlet giving some reasons for the popularity of farm mortgages among experienced investors will be sent, upon receipt of 2c. postage, to any reader of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

A Quarter Century of Experience

Backs every farm mortgage we handle. We handle only the choicest to be had in the prosperous farming sections of this Middle West.

SIX PER CENT

Our Mortgages and Land Bonds net 6%. They are the class of mortgages purchased by some of the largest corporations and most conservative investors in this country. Denominations $100 and up.

It will be a pleasure to submit offerings and tell you why our service is different. *Ask for Circular S.*

GOLD-STABECK CO.
FARM MORTGAGES—MUNICIPAL BONDS
MINNEAPOLIS · · · MINNESOTA

AN INVESTMENT WITHOUT SPECULATIVE UNCERTAINTY

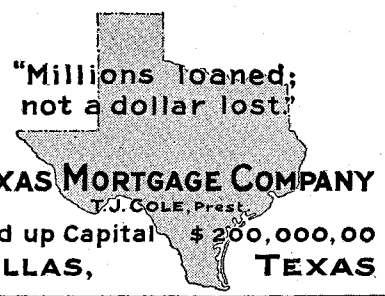
Although practically every investor has his own conception of the difference between a safe investment and an uncertain speculation all of those who are informed consider our mortgage loans secured by farms in the "Black Waxy Belt" of Texas as the highest type of investment.

A bound and illustrated book, just received from the press, entitled

INVESTING

presents some important facts which you as an investor should know. We would be glad to have you read this book.

For a free copy write us on your business stationery



TEXAS MORTGAGE COMPANY
T. J. COLE, Prest.
Paid up Capital $200,000.00
DALLAS, TEXAS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Book for Investors

In order that prospective investors may have full information relative to the methods which have enabled this Bank to handle many millions of dollars of Northwestern first mortgage farm loans without a dollar of loss during twenty-seven years of business, we have just published a booklet entitled:

"Mortgages on Money Making Farms"

A copy of this booklet together with our offerings of 5½% and 6% Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana First Mortgage Farm Loans will be sent upon request.

CAPITAL TRUST & SAVINGS BANK
Chartered 1890
Capital and Surplus $500,000.00
St. Paul, Minnesota.

DETROIT

REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE BLDG.

$850,000 1st Mortgage

6% Serial Bonds

A shrinkage-proof, sound and stable investment. Bonds in denominations from $100 to $5000. Directly secured by First Mortgage on new office structure and site in fee. Value of property, $1,771,755.

Send for Booklet
"A Buyer's Guide to Good Investment"

Federal Bond & Mortgage Co.
Harry W. Ford, Pres.
90 South Griswold St. *Detroit*

(101)

Financial Situation, continued from page 50

It is this virtual slave labor which had been the main dependence for harvesting the German and Austrian crops. The agrarian districts have protested that, without these prisoners, they cannot get in the harvests of 1918, and that interesting state of affairs may possibly explain the recent cable despatches from Petrograd, reporting that Germany, while insisting angrily on the return of all the German prisoners in Russia, was now stipulating that no Russian prisoners should be returned from Germany except those who were ill or incapacitated. Even with the assistance of these prisoners of war, Germany and her allies, who had raised in years before the war as much as 642,000,000 bushels of wheat (which Germany herself had to supplement with imports of 90,000,000 to 100,000,000 bushels) produced only 430,000,000 in 1917.

The Great Advantage of the Allies in Cotton and Grain

WITH Germany's enemies the case is very different. Cotton the German people can no longer obtain; the reason being that virtually all of the cotton raised in the world is produced in America or in English possessions, and that none of it slips into Germany surreptitiously any longer, since the blockade was tightened when America entered the war. In the matter of food, the contrast holds. Outside of the Central Powers and Russia, the world produced 2,500,000,000 bushels of wheat in 1912 and 3,000,000,000 even in the war year 1915. That the product fell to 2,127,000,000 bushels in 1916 and 2,276,000,000 in 1917 resulted partly from war conditions in western Europe's grain-fields and labor supply, but very largely from the bad luck of the United States with its harvests of the two past years; our country's wheat crop of the period decreasing a hundred million bushels as compared with 1912 and 350,000,000 from the results of 1915.

This well-known fact gave the largest interest to the early forecasts of the present year's grain yield. The season had begun inauspiciously. In the United States especially, an autumn drought, with extreme cold weather following, had threatened another year of shortage to the winter-sown wheat, which contributes ordinarily two-thirds of the country's wheat yield. Toward the end of December, however, came the extremely heavy snowfall throughout the West. The much-needed snow covering continued; the young grain was protected, the spring began with abundant moisture for the soil, and in April the government's forecast of the probable winter wheat yield named a figure 142,000,000 bushels above the actual crop of 1917, and exceeded by

Financial Situation, continued on page 54

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INVESTMENTS BASED ON WORLD NECESSITIES

As war-time conditions tend to decrease these things which are strictly essential, the necessity of increasing agricultural production, particularly on wheat farms, becomes more apparent.

The thoughtful investor seeking a profitable investment in an essential security, and one free from uncertainty, should read our booklets

"The Great Wheat Way"
"Farm Mortgages as Investments"

which present facts about Kansas, the leading wheat growing state. Send for these booklets and for a list of our 6% Kansas and Oklahoma First Farm Mortgage Investments.

THE FARM MORTGAGE CO.
TOPEKA KANSAS

Farm Mortgages

5½% **on Improved Farms in** 6½%

Texas, Oklahoma and Louisiana

Have the backing of a variety of types of fertile soil, together with a long growing season, making wide diversification in crops successful.

Write Dept. S. for illustrated booklet.

DALLAS·TRUST AND SAVINGS·BANK
CAPITAL $1,000,000
UNITED STATES BOND & MORTGAGE CO.
DALLAS TITLE AND GUARANTY CO.
AFFILIATED ORGANIZATIONS
DALLAS, TEXAS

E J L C EST. 1883

Never A Dollar's Loss To Clients

This has been our record in handling Real Estate Gold Bonds and First Farm Mortgages for more than 34 years. Our many satisfied clients testify to the value of our watchful service.

We're right on the ground ready to serve you at all times. Bonds in $100—$200—$500 and $1000 denominations. Mortgages $500 and up.

Let us send you Pamphlet "G" and current offerings.

E. J. LANDER & CO. (A562) **Grand Forks**
Capital and Surplus $500,000 **North Dakota**

Farm Mortgage Loans

Carefully selected and conservatively made in the best agricultural sections of

Kansas and Oklahoma

by one of the oldest farm loan companies in this part of the country. This business was established in 1872 by L. U. Humphrey, later Governor of Kansas. Write for booklet and list.

The Humphrey Investment Co
Farm Loans
Independence, Kansas
McAlester, Oklahoma

6% NET

For 36 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of $200 and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation. Please ask for Loan List No. 726. $25 Certificates of Deposit also for saving investors.

PERKINS & CO. LAWRENCE, KANSAS

An Investment Rule Without an Exception

A rule practically without exception is to invest (1) so that the principal is safe and (2) so that the income is as great as safety will permit.

Our 6% farm mortgages and 7% city mortgages conform to this rule. During the 20 years that we have been in this business no client has sustained a loss.

Write for our booklet, "Safe Investments."

R.O. CULP & CO.
MORTGAGE LOANS AND INVESTMENTS
TEMPLE, TEXAS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We Offer for Sale Our Own Farm Mortgages

We have already invested our own funds in the farm mortgages that we offer you. The security is appraised by our own salaried examiner, who has no incentive to value it at other than its true worth. The priority of the lien secured by the mortgage is absolutely guaranteed. These desirable investments yield 5%, 5½% and 6%.

Booklet describing Fidelity Farm Mortgages free on request.

FIDELITY TRUST COMPANY
MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE BANK
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS $2,000,000
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

WE SELL 6% TEXAS FARM MORTGAGES

and guarantee principal and interest. For 32 years we have protected every client. Inquiries solicited.

THE W. C. BELCHER LAND MORTGAGE CO.
Incorporated 1885. Capital & Surplus $350,000
FORT WORTH TEXAS

7% BONDS ISSUED BY CITIES OF CALIFORNIA

For the Improvement of Streets

Write for Circular S 11 and Prices

OAKLAND STREET IMPROVEMENT BOND CO.
Hall & Jennison, Oakland, California

Financial Situation, continued from page 52

harvest results in only two years of our history.

Planted acreage had been very largely increased, and with the beginning of spring, both the Chicago grain market and the Middle Western farmers raised their tentative estimates of the possible total yield to the neighborhood of 900,000,000 bushels; a figure never heretofore reached, except in the thousand-million-bushel harvest of 1915. Necessarily, all such forecasts depend on the weather vicissitudes of the next five months; but meantime, it is also to be observed that Canada has planted far more wheat than ever before in her history; that England's acreage of wheat, with the government's guaranteed minimum price and the strong pressure put on farmers to increase the home production, has been very extensively increased, and that the condition of the crops in France and Italy is the best in at least three years.

Germany's Financial Expedients

THE sinews of war, as embodied in financial power, present equally interesting contrasts. The eighth German War Loan, for which the subscription closed on April 18, was again a success; applications were stated by the Imperial Finance Minister to have reached $3,625,000,000, whereas $3,192,000,000 is the largest total subscription made to any preceding German loan. On the other hand it was calculated, when this loan was placed, that the imperial floating debt and temporary loans had reached $11,250,000,000. War loans are designed to take up such indebtedness; but the German loan had evidently failed to cover it by $7,750,000,000. Yet it must, at some not very distant future date, be extinguished either by taxes or by new loans.

New taxes have been created grudgingly. It was stated, in the recent "budget speech" to the British Parliament, that whereas England, up to the end of last March, had collected $5,220,000,000 through war taxation, Germany had in the same period levied and collected only $1,825,000,000. That tax revenue falls far short even of the interest paid on the German war debt during the period; not to mention the other war expenses. That the German Government itself understands the meaning of such a financial balance-sheet has been shown in many ways. It could not have been better illustrated than by Count Roedern's apologetic remark to the Reichstag, when presenting his budget of expenditure in April, that "we do not yet know the amount of indemnity we shall win."

Reversion to this gambler's calculation—which Germany's finance ministers were discarding even as long ago as 1915—illustrates both a leading purpose of the military

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"drive" and the real financial condition of the German Empire. The German Government is certainly not bankrupt, as is sometimes loosely alleged; no one is bankrupt who pays his bills and can raise the money to pay them. But the question really has to do with the period after war, and the Chancellor of the British Exchequer was not wholly unreasonable when he said to Parliament, in regard to this imperial German balance-sheet, that "if this were our position, I should say that bankruptcy was not far distant."

Taxation in Great Britain and the United States

THE position of Germany's enemies, in this same matter of meeting war expenses, has been brought into strong light by the recent announcement of new taxation in Great Britain and by the course of events in the United States. On April 22, the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated to Parliament that $339,000,000 would be added to the revenue through such new taxes; primarily by the raising of the income tax from 25 per cent to 30, with similar increase in the "supertax" on large incomes. He estimated that the annual revenue would thus reach $4,200,000,000, whereas only $991,200,000 was collected in the year before the war.

No such revenue has been raised from taxes by any government since the beginning of history; yet we have still to see whether the United States will not match it in this fiscal year. The Treasury's estimate of last December, for taxation revenue in the twelvemonth ending June 30, 1918, was $3,620,000,000, not including postal revenue, and the amount compared with only $809,364,000 in the fiscal year which ended with last June. This would have been an increase in a single year nearly as great as the increase in the annual tax revenue of England during four years of war.

But this does not tell all the story; for both the banking community and the Treasury Department have reached the opinion, since statements for the income and excess-profits taxes have been filed with the government, that the yield of those two taxes, which in December had been estimated as $2,427,000,000, will probably run $500,000,000 to $1,000,000,000 higher. If so, then the total American revenue from taxation would run well beyond even England's expected $4,200,000,000 for the present fiscal year, and would exceed all the records of history; this at a time when the subscription to American war loans, during the twelve months since we entered the conflict, have been at least half as large again as the war loans raised in an equal stretch of time by any European belligerent.

Financial Situation, continued on page 56

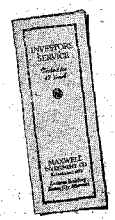
At 6% or 7%

would you loan $1000 secured by a first mortgage on a productive farm which would easily sell under foreclosure for $2,500? Such is the security back of our Southern Farm Mortgages.

Write for booklet and list 6% and 7% farm mortgages of denominations of $300 and upward

SESSIONS LOAN & TRUST CO.
ESTABLISHED 1887
DRAWER 366 — SESSIONS STANDS FOR SAFETY — MARIETTA, GA.

INVESTORS SERVICE



Write for a free copy

TESTED FOR 47 YEARS

Many investments are sold entirely on their future prospects.

You may judge Maxwell Farm Mortgages on their record for 47 years.

Maxwell Service both for small and large investors.

MAXWELL INVESTMENT CO.
Established 1871 — Kansas City, Missouri

THE QUESTION OF
SAFETY

You have but to experience one loss through a speculation to realize that safety is more important than profit. You should not seek a greater income than you can obtain without sacrificing safety.

Experience has proven that our farm mortgages are safe. Millions have been invested in our loans; no investor has lost money in them. They yield 5½% to 6% net.

If you have saved $100 or more you should write for our booklet:

"Investing for Safety and Profit"

LIBERTY TRUST COMPANY
FORREST C COCHRAN - Pres
CAPITAL - - - $ 250,000
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Facilities and Services For Conservative Investors

Stocks and Bonds

Outright Purchase

Conservative Margin

Partial Payments

Investor's Booklets

Partial Payments for Investment Securities

Foreign Bonds

Inquiries solicited

HERRICK & BENNETT

Members New York Stock Exchange

66 Broadway New York

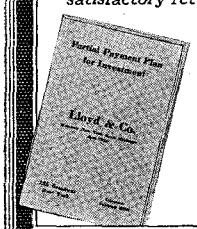
PARTIAL PAYMENT INVESTMENT

Larger Purchasing Power

INSTEAD of limiting your purchase of securities to the amount of cash you now have available for investment, you may buy a larger amount by depositing 20% to 30% and paying the balance in monthly installments. Thus you can take FULL Advantage of the exceptionally low prices now prevailing for highly rated securities.

A Sound Method

If the securities are selected with care there is little risk especially as your equity in the stocks purchased is constantly increasing. A satisfactory return on the investment may be obtained with a possibility of appreciation in value.



Our booklet "***Investing Your Monthly Savings***" together with tables illustrating this method of acquiring both stocks and bonds will be mailed you on request. Our booklet "***Par Value of Stocks Listed on the New York Stock Exchange***" is also available for free distribution.

LLOYD & CO.

MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE SINCE 1879

135 BROADWAY - - - NEW YORK

Financial Situation, continued from page 55

EVEN this is not the whole story of the contrast in financial resource between Germany and her powerful antagonists. The economists have been laying great stress, in this war, on the proportion of war expenditure paid from taxes, as a measure of relative financial staying power. If the calculation is made on the basis of all disbursements of every sort, then the indication for the present fiscal year's results in the United States would show 35 per cent of expenditure paid from taxes and the British estimate for the pending fiscal year would fix the percentage around 28. The German Empire's actual revenue and expenditure are not easy to discover; the budget speeches of her finance ministers are models of obscurity. But on the basis of the known votes of credit by the Reichstag, and the published estimates of expected proceeds from the lately established war taxation, Germany would appear to be paying, even now, not much more than 12 per cent from taxes.

Great Strength of Our Economic Position

For the United States, the matter may be put even more strongly. If the money disbursed in loans to our Allies is deducted from total expenditure in reckoning the share which taxes have borne in actual outlay of the war—and since those loans are productive investments it is fair to deduct them—then the probability is that the fiscal year will end with more than half of the war expenditure met from taxes; an achievement wholly without precedent.

THE STORY OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

I. What Is the Stock Exchange?

By William W. Craig

(This is the first of a series of short articles on the Stock Exchange to be published in the Investment Department of Scribner's Magazine.)

THE Stock Exchange is the product of a growth which has its origin far back of the period when men began to buy and sell pieces of paper representing partnership rights in a business enterprise, or evidences of its credit obligations. There have always been men with goods to sell and others who desired to buy, and their needs have drawn them together. Stocks and bonds are goods as much as clothing or groceries or grain, and the establishment of prices for them has been a matter of negotiation, quotations being adjusted more finely between

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the bidder and the offerer as the number of participants in the market has increased.

The New York Stock Exchange is such a growth as is here mentioned. It is an association of men whose members aid the public in arriving at prices for securities which satisfy both buyer and seller. It supplies both a market-place and the instruments for doing business in stocks and bonds, yet has no direct part in the dealings put through from day to day. The members of the Stock Exchange are responsible to the organization for the proper conduct of business under its roof, but they do not share with the Exchange any of the proceeds of the transactions handled for their clients.

The chief interest for the general public in the Stock Exchange lies in the fact that it affords a market-place where one may buy, sell, or learn at any time the price at which a particular stock or bond is appraised. Simply as a market-place, the tracing of its history in the early days of New York's business undertakings is somewhat difficult. Prior to the Revolution such transactions as occurred were largely in British securities, and were conducted mostly in offices and the taverns and coffee-houses, directly between the owner and the prospective buyer. The stock brokerage business did not exist as such, the scanty operations which might be placed under this head being combined with mercantile transactions.

The first important step toward the establishment of an open market conducted by brokers followed closely the funding of the country's war debt in an issue of $75,463,000 bonds in January, 1791. John Adams had previously written from Holland that the credit of America was dead, "never to rise again," but the eagerness with which the people bought the bonds belied the pessimistic utterance from abroad. In the following month, under the suggestion of Alexander Hamilton as Secretary of the Treasury, the Bank of the United States was formed and 80 per cent of its $10,000,000 capital stock offered for public subscription. The result was surprising to the government authorities and of deep significance in respect to the future of the stock exchanges. The allotment when offered in Philadelphia was oversubscribed in fifteen minutes, and a natural result of so active an interest in securities was a widespread speculation in the bank shares.

These two flotations were potent in their

Continued on page 58

What Are Liberty Bonds?

What Are Their Market Possibilities?
What Is Their Cash Value?
What Is Their Collateral Value?
Should the 3½s and 4s Be Converted?

These questions and many others concerning Liberty Bonds are answered in detail in the Liberty Bond issue of our fortnightly publication

Securities Suggestions

This publication, which currently discusses important developments in the financial world, will be sent to you, with booklet describing

The Part Payment Plan

To get these free booklets, write us for 14-K

R. C. MEGARGEL & CO.
Established 1901
Members New York & Chicago Stock Exchanges
27 PINE STREET NEW YORK

10%
Capital Stock
Century Steel Co.

No Bonds **No Preferred Stock**

The new plant of the Century Steel Co. at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., is producing 100 tons per month of high-speed crucible steel. The industry is stable as old customers take the entire output. Application will be made to list the stock on the Boston Stock Exchange.

Directors

Pres. F. B. Lown, Formerly with Midvale Steel Co.
Vice-Pres. H. E. Hildreth, Dir. Waltham Watch Co.
Treas. H. E. Schatz, Treas. Federal Bearings Co.
W. S. Kidd, Pres. Kidd Drawn Steel Co.
E. E. Perkins, Pres. First Nat'l B'k, Poughkeepsie

We offer a limited amount of treasury Stock at par ($10) to yield 10%.

Send for illustrated booklet and circular "C."

Earnest E. Smith & Co.
52 Devonshire Street **Boston, Mass.**
Members New York and Boston Stock Exchanges

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRESENT PRICES OF STOCKS
COMPARED WITH OTHER YEARS

Prices of all securities have declined to so low a level that many good investments will produce a high-interest return. A recent number of the **Bache Review** contains a selective list of such investments, showing present price, dividends, and yields compared with the high price since 1906; also comparisons of prices before the war and now, showing that a large number of high-class stocks are selling around the lowest price in ten years. Copies will be sent on application to

THE BACHE REVIEW

J.S.BACHE & COMPANY
Members New York Stock Exchange
42 Broadway - New York

"On Going Into Debt"
Partial Payment Plan
Bulletin—17. Sent on request.

John Muir & Co.
SPECIALISTS IN
Odd Lots
Main Office, 61 Broadway, New York
New York, N. Y. Bronx, N. Y.
Brooklyn, N. Y. Newark, N. J.
New Haven, Conn.
Members New York Stock Exchange

MUNICIPAL BONDS HAVE GOVERNMENT APPROVAL

Only United States Government, State and Municipal Bonds are acceptable as security for Postal Savings Deposits. Thus the Government has placed its seal of approval on the safety of Municipal Bonds.

May we send you "The Ideal Investment," a booklet outlining seventeen advantages of Municipal Bond Investments?

MUNICIPAL BONDS
KAUFFMAN-SMITH-EMERT
INVESTMENT COMPANY
ST. LOUIS MISSOURI

***One Thing You Can Buy* NOW**

Lacey Profit Sharing Bonds have certain inherent qualities which make them an especially desirable purchase in these times of hesitancy. The Lacey interests have never lost a cent for an investor in their 38 years of experience.

ASK FOR BOOKLET T-208

JAMES D LACEY TIMBER CO.
332 S. Michigan Ave. Chicago

Continued from page 57

effect, from one point of view, as they supplied the people with securities to buy and sell where before none of the sort had existed. Before there could be a market there had to be something to trade in. Speculation probably accounted for much of the early interest in the issues, and this answered its purpose in paving the way for the future growth of the security market by drawing more attention from the public than an ordinary investment market would have commanded. For some time the Stock Exchange continued in its embryonic state, with dealings centred in the Wall Street coffee-houses, but the expansion of interest in securities would not long permit these restricted conditions. When the Tontine Coffee House was completed in 1793, the brokers handling stocks—which rapidly increased through canal and additional bank issues—gravitated to rooms in the building and there held brief meetings.

The country's business grew rapidly, bringing more and more security issues, and in 1817 the brokers found need of a formal organization. Three years later the association became known as "The New York Stock Exchange Board," and the security brokerage business was by that time so enlarged that it had been fully separated from commercial and mercantile lines. The War of 1812 was instrumental in increasing the importance of a Stock Exchange, through the increase of the public debt to $123,000,000, and the reconstruction period following the conflict emphasized the need of a market where sellers could find buyers as readily as in the earlier days the government sought buyers for its securities. At one time United States Government 6-per-cent bonds of 1814 sold as low as 50 in specie and 70 in the United States Bank currency.

The purpose of mentioning this decline is not to emphasize the post-war conditions, but to show that liquidation must have been on a heavy scale. Money was needed by manufacturers and traders to repair their business, hurt by the war, and they raised part of it by selling the government bonds which they had bought to support the army and navy while the war was on. Had there not been by this time a fairly well co-ordinated body of brokers to act as intermediary between seller and buyer, it stands to reason that the conversion of securities into cash would have been a slow and painful process. During the war the brokers were able to assist the government in attracting the savings of the people; following the war, the fledgling Stock Exchange helped holders of se-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

curities who needed new working capital to reach persons who were ready to buy securities at prices subject to negotiation.

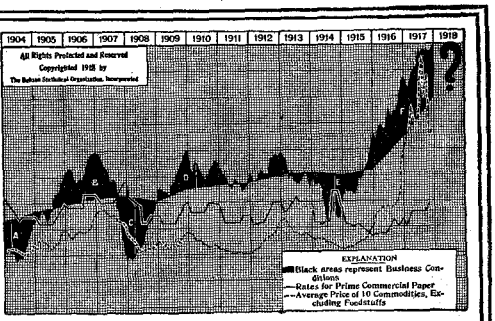
In May, 1827, the Board of Brokers took rooms in the new building of the Merchants Exchange Company at Wall and Hanover Streets, and for a time held one session a day. The names of the securities were read, the brokers with orders in particular issues named their prices as the names were read, and purchases and sales were completed rapidly as the "call" proceeded. In the following year the security markets came under the influence of a new undertaking in American business. The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad was started, forecasting the great output of railroad securities which was to come. The panic of 1837 proved more than any preceding event that the Stock Exchange had taken its place among the valuable parts of the country's financial machinery, again facilitating liquidation in as orderly a way as was possible in a market where sellers were far more anxious to dispose of their holdings than buyers were to buy.

In more recent years the Stock Exchange has kept abreast of the increasing size of the nation's industries, and the growth of transportation, with a broadening application of its facilities, since the Great War began, to the matter of foreign loans and credits in the United States.

Primarily furnishing a meeting-place for buyer and seller, the gradual extension of Stock Exchange functions had not gone far, as has been noted, before another fundamental use appeared. This had to do with credit. With investment made easier for the public's funds, the market supplied by the Stock Exchange has through the years brought to itself the seekers of money and credit, the railroads, the steel mills, the steamship lines. The broadening of corporate organizations has made necessary the combination of the savings of many people into large sums, and this can be done only through the sale of securities. It is safe to say that the credit position of a corporation whose securities are listed on the Stock Exchange is reflected more quickly in the prices for those securities than anywhere else. The product of many minds working to establish the value of a particular stock or bond must be a delicate adjustment of the market quotation at all times, an adjustment which is easily affected by factors favorable or unfavorable to the credit of the company back of the security.

From one point of view, the very structure of the Stock Exchange furthers the ability of security prices to reflect corporate credit conditions by insuring a free market. Certainly the basic principles of the organization tends to protect the investor who is seeking lodgment for his funds. The abuses of the Stock Exchange privileges by members, which have been reported occasionally, have not been found to have root in the regulations of the Exchange, but in infringement made upon them.

The Stock Exchange is not incorporated, and has fought successfully attempts to force incorporation, because the authorities have always held that a voluntary organization has more control over its members and their business morals if it be unincorporated under State law. The Exchange has never permitted incorporated firms to hold membership for the reason that the governors have believed it desirable that a member's liability should not be limited in case of failure, as it might be if a firm held a State charter.


1904 1905 1906 1907 1908 1909 1910 1911 1912 1913 1914 1915 1916 1917 1918
All Rights Protected and Reserved
Copyrighted 1918 by
The Babson Statistical Organization, Incorporated
EXPLANATION
Black areas represent Business Conditions
—Rates for Prime Commercial Paper
- - -Average Price of 10 Commodities, Excluding Foodstuffs

Conscription of Income

As the war goes on, new and unexpected demands will be made on individual resources. Big incomes must bear a large share of the cost of permanent peace.

How deep into private pockets will it be necessary to go? That's the question. Babson's Reports will keep you informed as to what to expect—and what to do.

Particulars sent free.
Write to Dept. H-24 of

Babson's Statistical Organization

Engineering Building — Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Largest Organization of its Character in the World

MUNICIPAL BONDS

For Safety and Assured Income

No class of investments today offers better protection for surplus funds than high-class Municipal Bonds, free from the Federal Income Tax. Write for complete information regarding attractive issues on our current list. Bonds yielding 5% to 5½%.

STACY & BRAUN
INVESTMENT BONDS

Second National Bank Building, Toledo
New York — Cincinnati

HAYTIAN AMERICAN CORPORATION

The Haytian American Corporation, operating public utilities under government concessions and manufacturing sugar in Hayti, has considerably exceeded the estimate of progress made a year ago. A review of the present status and outlook of this company has just been prepared.

Write for Circular "S"

HARTSHORNE & BATTELLE

MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE — INVESTMENT SECURITIES — TWENTY FIVE BROAD STREET NEW YORK CITY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INVESTMENT LITERATURE

To SCRIBNER readers interested in investment and finance, we recommend the following literature. It saves time to write for literature direct to the issuing houses. Application may be made through us, however, by the using of the coupon below.

INVESTMENT COUNSEL

Readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE may consult our Financial Department for information regarding their investments.

We do not prophesy the future of the speculative market or make decisions for our readers, but we do furnish relevant information to assist investors.

Inquiries should be addressed to the Investor's Service Bureau, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.

CURRENT INVESTMENT OFFERINGS

The Century Steel Co.: *Earnest E. Smith & Co., 52 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.*

Essential Investments: *Peabody, Houghteling & Company, Chicago, Ill.*

Haytian American Corporation: *Hartshorne & Battelle, 25 Broad St., New York.*

June Investment List: *S. W. Straus & Co. 150 Broadway, New York, or Straus Building, Chicago.*

Foreign Bonds: *Herrick & Bennett, 66 Broadway, New York.*

6% Real Estate Bonds Secured by Real Estate Exchange Building, Detroit: *Federal Bond & Mortgage Co., Detroit, Mich.*

INVESTMENT AND FINANCIAL SUBJECTS

A Nation at War—Its Financial Needs: *Wm. R. Compton Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

Bache Review: *J. S. Bache & Co., 42 Broadway, New York.*

Bonds and the Investor: *Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.*

Combination in Export Trade Under the Webb Law: *Guaranty Trust Company, New York.*

Dividend Possibilities of the Railroads: *R. C. Megarge & Co., 27 Pine Street, New York.*

Getting the Most Out of Your Money: *Babson's Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Mass.*

How to Invest: *Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.*

The Lacey Profit-Sharing Bond: *James D. Lacey Timber Co., 332 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.*

Laying the Rails for Future Business, with a Synopsis of the Law for the Federal Control of Railroads: *Guaranty Trust Company, New York.*

New England Investment Securities: *Earnest E. Smith & Co., 52 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.*

Odd Lot Investment: *John Muir & Co., 61 Broadway, New York.*

Our Foreign Bond Holdings: *Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.*

Par Value of Stocks Listed on the New York Stock Exchange (when par varies from usual $100). *Lloyd & Co., 135 Broadway, New York.*

Stock Dividend Outlook for Standard Oils: *R. C. Megargel & Co., 27 Pine Street, New York.*

Street Improvement Bonds: *Oakland Street Improvement Bond Co., Oakland, Cal.*

Sugar Stocks: *Hartshorne & Battelle, 25 Broad St., New York.*

The Management of Your Estate: *Union Trust Co., 80 Broadway, New York.*

United States War Financing: *National City Company, New York.*

MUNICIPAL BONDS

Bonds as Safe as Our Cities: *Wm. R. Compton Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

Drainage Bonds: *Kauffman-Smith-Emert Investment Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

The Ideal Investment: *Kauffman-Smith-Emert Investment Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

The Investment Position of Municipal Bonds: *Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.*

The South and Southern Municipal Bonds: *Stacy & Braun, Toledo, Ohio.*

PARTIAL PAYMENT PLAN

Acquiring Doherty Securities by Monthly Payments: *Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York.*

Investing Your Monthly Savings: *Lloyd & Co., 135 Broadway, New York.*

Partial Payment Investments: *Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.*

Partial Payment Plan: *John Muir & Co., 61 Broadway, New York.*

Partial Payments for Investment Securities: *Herrick & Bennett, 66 Broadway, New York.*

The Part Payment Plan: *R. C. Megargel & Co., 27 Pine Street, New York.*

FARM MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS

6% Central Texas Farm Mortgages: *W. C. Belcher Land Mortgage Co., Fort Worth, Texas.*

6% Farm Mortgages and Farm Mortgage Bonds: *Gold-Stabeck Company, Minneapolis, Minn.*

Farm Land Bonds: *Wells-Dickey Company, Minneapolis, Minn.*

Farm Mortgages: *Fidelity Trust Co., Kansas City, Mo.*

Farm Mortgage Investments: *Wells-Dickey Company, Minneapolis, Minn.*

Farm Mortgages as Investments: *The Farm Mortgage Co., Topeka, Kansas.*

Federal Farm Loan Act: *Geo. M. Forman & Co., Chicago, Ill.*

How Forman Farm Mortgages Are Made: *Geo. M. Forman & Co., Chicago, Ill.*

Investing: *Texas Mortgage Company, Dallas, Texas.*

Investing for Safety and Profit: *Liberty Trust Co., Kansas City, Mo.*

Investor's Service Tested for 47 Years: *Maxwell Investment Company, Kansas City, Mo.*

Kansas Farm Mortgages: *Perkins & Co., Lawrence, Kans.*

Mortgages on Money-Making Farms: *Capital Trust & Savings Bank, St. Paul, Minn.*

Our Investment Methods: *Dallas Trust & Savings Bank, Dallas, Texas.*

Safe Investments: *R. O. Culp & Co., Temple, Texas.*

Simplify Your Investment Problem: *H. B. Allfree, Inc., Newton, Iowa.*

Southern Farm Mortgages: *Sessions Loan & Trust Co., Marietta, Ga.*

The Farm Mortgage as an Investment: *Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.*

The Farmer Must Be Financed: *Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.*

The Great Wheat Way: *The Farm Mortgage Co., Topeka, Kans.*

The Verdict of Our Clients: *Humphrey Investment Co., Independence, Kans.*

"We're Right on the Ground": *E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks, N. D.*

REAL ESTATE MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS

A Buyer's Guide to Good Investments: *Federal Bond & Mortgage Co., Detroit, Mich.*

The Key to Safe Investment: *Federal Bond & Mortgage Co., Detroit, Mich.*

PUBLIC UTILITY SECURITIES

Doherty News: *Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York.*

The Investment Position of Cities Service Co.: *Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York.*

INVESTOR'S SERVICE BUREAU 6-18
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
597 Fifth Avenue, New York

Kindly have sent to me the investment literature which I have checked above.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED